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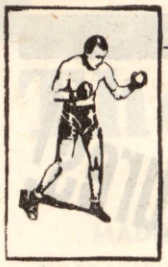

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In Our Next Issue

The February issue of THE RING Magazine will be the banner issue of the year, as it always is.

For the twenty-sixth consecutive year, THE RING Magazine will rate the boxers of the world on the basis of actual achievement during 1950.

American, British and French, Australian, and other foreign fighters will be placed on the scales of accomplishment, and their actual places in the world scheme of boxing will be allotted.

Fight fans and fighters all over the world wait for this annual feature with keen interest and avid expectation.

If there is one issue of THE RING Magazine which you cannot afford to miss, it is the February issue, with the ratings of the boxers of the world.

There is an increasing interest in foreign boxers. In Laurent Dauthuille, the French middleweight, for example, who has taken the place of the late Marcel Cerdan. In Detroit, Dauthuille was within 13 seconds of taking the title from Jake LaMotta, when the Frenchman was knocked out.

This increasing interest in foreign boxers will be reflected in the more detailed treatment of that fraternity of the ring in our next issue.

The Fighter of the Year. . . . The Fight of the Year. . . . The Round of the Year. . . . For 1950. . . . All in the February issue of THE RING Magazine. . . . With many pictures.

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Ezz's Personality Story Stresses His Humility

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Mrs. Alberta Moss, of New York, who is Charles' mother. His father is superintendent of an apartment house in Lorain, Ohio.

ON the night of September 27, 1950, in Yankee Stadium, Ezzard Mack Charles outpointed Joe Louis in a fifteen-round bout for the heavyweight championship of the world.

This victory—an easy one, by the way—gave the heavyweight division its third Negro champion, and for the first time, its second Negro titleholder in succession. Jack Johnson was the first, and Louis, of course, the second.

The Charles victory recalled the night of the Johnson knockout of Jim Jeffries at Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1909.

The crowning of an undisputed Negro champion touched off bloody riots in Chicago and New York, and immediately organized a White Hope campaign.

The Charles victory touched off nothing except sympathy for Louis, thoroughly beaten, and acclaim for Charles, hitherto under-rated.

All photos from the Chicago Tribune

Ezzard trying out a dish which Great Grandma Russell and Grandma Foster are preparing for him in their modest home on Lincoln Drive in Cincinnati. Charles is no fancy eater, but a good one.

What manner of man is this Charles? What are his antecedents? What is his background?

His achievement of the undisputed championship suddenly brought boxing followers face to face with the fact that they knew so little about this conqueror of Louis.

It is our intention to trace Charles' history, and with the aid of family, friends and neighbors, to fill in the breaks in his more intimate biography.

CHARLES just had whipped Louis. A onetime errand boy had become undisputed king of all the pugilists from Jacobs Beach to Tierra Del Fuego, from Sydney to London.

Louis, with his face puffed and an eye closed, thoroughly beaten and undoubtedly suffering from shock, since he never could have foreseen so total an eclipse—ignored pleas to come to the microphone, and say something about what had happened. His refusal was not hard to understand.

Charles, on the other hand—not unmarked himself, jubilant—was truly humble in the face of his strident achievement.

Speaking into the microphone, Charles said, "I'd like to give thanks to God for giving me the strength and courage to win the fight, and since I won the championship, I feel very proud about it.

"I'll try, and do my best, to keep it as clean as the previous fellow who just stepped down."

Millions of people who had no particular interest in pugilism—Mrs. Sven Olsen in Minnesota, Mrs. Smith down in the Louisiana cane brakes; John Jones on his farm north of Albany; the plain people of America—heard Charles deliver this complete and highly articulate commentary on his victory. They were impressed.

"Here is a fighter, who just has won the world championship, and the first thing he thinks about is to give thanks to his Maker, for the spirit and the courage which gave him the victory," they said. And the effect was marvellous.

Charles had good reason to be thankful. He was especially cognizant of assistance from a kindly and supervising Providence because, prior to his victory over Freddy Beshore, not so long before the Louis engagement, Ezzard was sidelined for months with an injury to the heart muscle.

FOR weeks, it was a question whether Charles ever would fight again. But the injury, suffered in training, healed. Charles went on to triumph over Louis, and now we have before us one of the most dramatic success stories in the history of the ring.

In beating Louis, Charles had trounced his idol. As Ezzard, starting as a featherweight in amateur competition while he still was in grammar school, fought his way up, slowly, gradually, the man to whom he looked for inspiration, for high incentive, was Joe Louis.

Now Champion Charles says, "Bring them on. I will fight anybody with a chance."

And faded Louis says, "I believe I will take on Cesar Brion." The motion pictures of Joe's meeting with Charles shout "Quit, you have had enough. You are through." But Louis hears not the shouting for the din of his financial troubles, and possibly, too, his battered ego.

Charles' achievement of the title was not just a thing that happened. It was the consummation of a long campaign. Ezzard had mapped it years before he beat Jersey Joe Walcott, and made the wise men of the East give him closer examination.

Charles is not what you would call a flamboyant fighter. No man to knock out a Max Schmeling in one round, for example.

But Ezzard is a methodical, highly ambitious, determined boxer with a brighter offensive flair than he generally is credited with

and a defensive system that defied even the cunning of the faded Louis. Ezz is a thoroughly sound technician.

From time to time, boxing is regaled with spurious "students" of the Bible, and phony budding "evangelists."

Charles' interest in the Good Book, Charles' history as a churchgoer, are authentic. His religious bent has had much more to do with his ring success than his biographers have appreciated. In short, Ezzard Mack Charles is a very humble man, and genuinely and sincerely so.

CHARLES was born at Lawrenceville, Ga., on July 7, 1921. You will find no bronze plaque commemorating the event on the shack in which it happened. There are some 2700 folks in Lawrenceville, and there were lots fewer twenty-nine years ago.

Where did he get the Ezzard? He explains: "The doctor who brought me into the world was Webster Pierce Ezzard. My mom thought a lot of him, so Ezzard I was named.

"The Mack for a middle name? That came from my grandpa. I stopped using the Mack part in school. Too much trouble writing it."

Charles is musical. He plays the bass viol quite well, and is an ardent disciple of the school of bebop.

The marriage which produced Ezzard Charles was not a family success. When the boxer was only nine, William Charles, his father, a truck driver, decided to move on. He now is superintendent of an apartment house in Lorain, Ohio.

Mrs. Alberta Charles moved to New York and got a job in a dressmaking establishment. Later she married a man named Moss. She still makes her home in the Big Town.

His father gone one way, his mother gone another, Ezzard came to Cincinnati to live with Mrs. Maude Foster, his grandmother, and Mrs. Belle Russell, his great-grandmother.

Mrs. Foster now is 65, and Mrs. Russell, former slave, is 90. It was Mrs. Russell who had much to do with instilling in Ezzard a love for the Bible, and a kind word for the church.

Mrs. Foster did not exactly need the nine-year-old Ezzard to fill in a quorum in the Foster-Russell home. Maude already had five sons and two daughters. However, Ezzard was a likeable, well-behaved, quiet cuss, and another mouth to feed didn't mean too much.

Ezzard had had a younger sister, but she died when she was only four months old.

"GREAT grandma kept after me about the Bible, grandma kept after me about praying, so I guess I had no time to go wrong," Charles reminisces.

Mrs. Foster said after Ezzard's fight with Louis, "You can't scare a clean living man, and my grandchild is clean living. That boy wasn't scared of anything because he got courage from clean living."

When Charles returned from his victory over Louis, he got a public reception in Cincinnati.

It was quite a riot. Noisy, thousands of celebrants, and Ezzard

Miss Gladys Gartrell, of Madisonville, Ohio, who is the romance in Charles' life. "We are not engaged, but we have an understanding," the beauty says.

impressed with the fact that this near-Southern city had turned out for him.

"It does me proud to know that you are happy over my victory," Charles said from the steps of the City Hall, where he had arrived in an open car covered with flowers. Mayor Albert Cash had received him.

"There is no other land where a Negro could get the reception I have had from you," Charles concluded.

Walter Houston, Cincinnati undertaker and Charles' chief booster for years, calls the fighter's humility and modesty his chief qualities.

However, the 340-pound Houston is not satisfied with the situation in Cincinnati, where the old adage about a prophet being without honor in his own home town has some connotations in the Charles situation.

"We have been up against a problem here," Houston said. "Ezzard lacks the common touch, and it isn't his fault. We have been working on it. However, the reception he got when he returned from New York was 100 per cent sincere."

HOUSTON becomes quite voluble when approached on the subject of the heavyweight champion of the world.

"Ezzard never swears, I never have seen him touch hard liquor," said the gigantic undertaker-press agent.

"Our boy does a fine job on the bass viol, he writes poetry, and he can read it with effect.

"Yes, sir, you should hear that man read poetry. He is a fine dancer, can ride a horse well, and is a nut on phonograph records. Bebop stuff. I keep telling him they swipe that bebop from the classics. But he says no." Houston smiled, shook his head.

Is there a romance in Ezzard's life? Yes, there is, emphatically. The girl's name is Gladys Gartrell, and she lives in Madisonville, near Cincinnati. Gladys is 23, and is quite a beauty.

"We are real close, and I like Miss Gartrell well enough to marry her," says Charles

"But first I got to get myself straightened out financially."

Miss Gartrell says they are not engaged, but "We have an understanding."

Money still bothers Charles. Now he is in a position to get some important dough and relax.

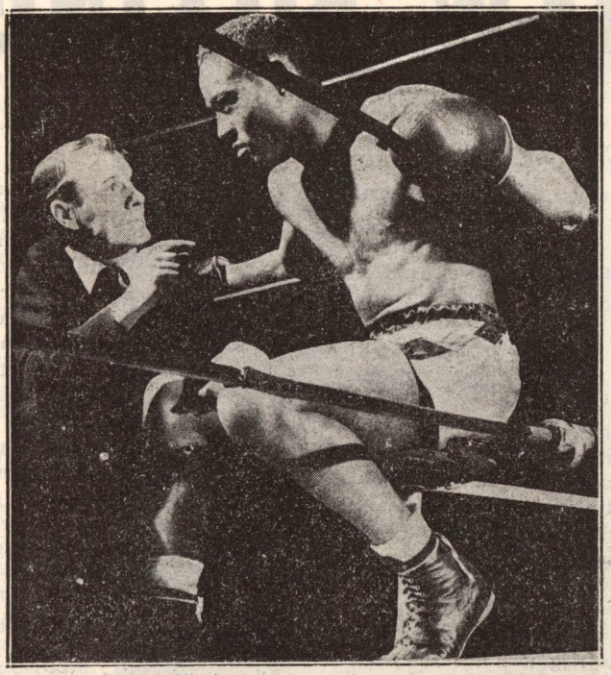
"What would you do if you had a million dollars?" Charles was asked.

"I'd get a nice home, and then see that everybody in the family was protected with a steady income," Ezzard replied.

"I would like to build a community housing project and rent it out. I would like to devote some time to boys' clubs. I'd like to put on entertainments weekly, and hide a sound lecture to the kids in each. They need talking to."

Somebody said, "When men get rich, they are hard to handle."

He laughed. "I'd be hard to handle, too. Let me lay my hands on, say, five million dollars, and you will see a man hard to handle. I would be downright nasty."



Charles early in his career. He is getting his final instructions from Bert Williams, the little Welshman who then was his handler, and now trains the Cincinnati Mohawks hockey club.

"DON'T believe that," chuckled Theodore Berry, Cincinnati lawyer, who is on the City Council and who used to be Charles' guardian.

"Charles is the right sort. He comes from a home in which the grandmas' influence has been very important."

Just when did Charles begin to show an interest in boxing? Nobody in the family quite remembers.

"The boy never did any fighting in the streets," Mrs. Foster said. "Seems like he was always boxing in the backyard. But when the boys jumped him in the streets, my son, Henry Johnson, did the fighting for him."

Mrs. Leonora Russell, Ezzard's aunt, offered more definite information on the start of his fighting career.

"'Pears to me he still was in school when he set up a dummy filled with sand in the backyard, and kept punching away at it."

"I did start in the backyard," Charles explained. "I used to train hard, and much to my surprise, discovered that I could beat the other kids of the neighborhood.

"I worshipped Joe Louis, and my favorite comic strip in the papers was about a fighter. I just lived boxing.

"Well, in time the boys said I had some fighting talent, and advised me to go to a gym.

"I got 50 cents from my grandma, and went to a gym. They threw me out. Said I never would be a boxer.

"I would not be discouraged, and tried another place. There I worked with Bert Williams, my first trainer."

Williams is sore because, after he had developed Charles, he lost him. Bert, a Welshman, now trains the Cincinnati Mohawks hockey team.

LET us listen to what Williams has to say about Charles. "The first time I saw Ezzard, he was a skinny, gangling kid who weighed around 130. Seemed to me he did not get enough to eat. He had no strength. But he had the heart and the determination.

"I worked with him for some time and I saw he had courage and ambition. He wanted to live in the gym. He did everything I told him to do.

"Why, the boy never went to a show unless he got my okay. No women, no liquor. I said, 'Ezzard, you keep talking about Joe Louis. Well, you can be a fighter like Louis, if you do as I say, and behave yourself.' However, it wasn't long before I had lost the boy."

One of Charles' early "owners" was Max Elkus, a Cincinnati merchant. When he died, he left a 50 per cent interest in the fighter to his son Gene, who sold it.

Gene says, "I first saw Ezzard Charles in my dad's store. He used to run incessantly up and down the stairs. Said it strengthened his legs.

"Even after he had made his place in the ring, he was not above lending us a hand during the Christmas and Easter rushes. He would help sell, and never accept a dollar."

To which Charles says, "I owe a lot to the Elkus family. They gave me jobs when other people would give me nothing, not even the time of day."

Charles made his first big mark as an amateur in the Chicago Golden Gloves in 1939 as a middleweight. Five years earlier, Joe Louis had won the light-heavy title in that tournament.

In 1940, Charles decided to turn professional. He talks little about things from then on. There was a time when it looked as if he would give up on a fight career, and that was in 1948, after the death of Sam Baroudi of Akron following a contest with Ezzard.

CHARLES fought Baroudi on February 20, 1948, in the Chicago Stadium. In the tenth and last round, Baroudi was knocked down—for the first time in his career, it was said. A few hours later, Sam was dead.

Ezzard announced that he would fight a benefit for Baroudi's family, and then retire from the ring.

Three months later, Ezzard stopped Elmer Violent Ray in the ninth round, avenging an earlier defeat by that heavyweight. Out of that night's purse, Charles donated $5,000 to Baroudi's family.

"No one ever will know how difficult it was for me to go back into that same ring with Ray, how tough it was for me to knock him out," says Charles.

Rev. Robert G. Morris, who was Charles' pastor in Cincinnati and now has a church in Chicago, had much to do with inducing Charles to go on with his ring career.

"Ezzard was heart-broken over the accident and was determined not to fight again," Rev. Morris says.

"We prayed for his peace of mind. I told him that it was an accident, part of the profession he had chosen for himself."

Charles lives at 929 Lincoln Park Drive, not far from the Cincinnati ball park, where he goes every time the Dodgers are in town. He is a friend and booster of Jackie Robinson.

No. 929 is a three-story brick structure. Two grandmothers, two aunts, four cocker spaniels and a couple of bass fiddles, for which he paid $375 and $125.

Charles also owns a tenement on Blair Street, has an interest in a business, and owns the gymnasium at Clark and Central Streets, which he opened some time ago, with an investment of $10,000.

Says Ezzard about money and such, "I am about the poorest heavyweight champion, financially, the game has seen in years and years.

"On my way up, I never made much. Then there was that sports arena which I owned. While I was away in service, they piled up $8,000 of unpaid amusement taxes on me, and on my return, I had to start paying that off. I sold the arena, but the debt hung on. I still owe three grand. *(Continued on page 42)*

HE KNEW BOXING, TOO

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE death of George Bernard Shaw recalls his interest in boxing, one phase of his remarkable life that wasn't touched upon in any of the numerous stories that appeared in public print following his passing. On the day when the news of the end of his wonderful career had been broadcast around the world, I chanced to be in the company of Col. Eddie Eagan, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, former Rhodes scholar who, two years ago, with Gene Tunney, had visited the great novelist and playwright. We discussed Shaw's interest in pugilism, particularly in Georges Carpentier.

In my capacity as Sports Editor of the New York *Telegram*, it was my pleasure to arrange with George Bernard Shaw for several articles on the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. The Irish Man of Letters held a fascination for the Orchid Kid of France. He saw in him everything that added up to the assets of a great fighter, and so he wrote.

Particularly was he intrigued by the speed of Carpentier's movements and his jabs. And he picked Carpentier to win the fight and to relieve Jack Dempsey of the crown. He was a much disillusioned boxing fan when his ring idol was knocked out by Dempsey in the fourth round.

In his obituary in the American journals we read of his many interests but not a line about boxing. The New York *Times*, for example, in a four-column review of George Bernard Shaw's life, states among other items: "Shaw preached socialism all his life. He was always fascinated by dictators, from Caesar down through history to Stalin, which seems inconsistent with pure socialist doctrine. Furthermore, Shaw spilled over into so many other areas—theatre, music, art, religion, science, philosophy—he made dazzling excursions into all of them."

But nothing about his excursions into the field of boxing!

PERHAPS those assigned to write the story of George Bernard Shaw's activities, four score years of which were devoted to writing, were not boxing enthusiasts, hence they forgot to mention that portion of his vast interests. When Shaw decided to write about a prize fighter, he followed in the footsteps of many celebrated British authors who took a fancy to pugilism, among them William Makepeace Thackeray, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Charles Dickens and William Hazlitt. The ring possessed great fascination for each, though, with few exceptions, most of the celebrated British literary men who wrote articles or books in which boxing played an important part, didn't mix much with members of The Fancy.

When George Bernard Shaw chose a prize fighter for his hero in the novel, "Cashel Byron's Profession," in 1882, when he was only 26 years old, the British ring had entered a decadent period, so far as producing good heavyweights went. Gloves had not yet taken the place of bare fists in regulation ring battles. The great Jem Mace had retired in 1871 after his 12-round battle with Joe Coburn in St. Louis, Mo., which ended in a draw. Charley Mitchell was coming to the front in England as a middleweight and the best substitute England had to offer for the marvellously scientific Mace was an ordinary fighter, Jem Smith.

In America, John L. Sullivan had won the heavyweight title by stopping Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City in nine rounds on February 7, 1882. That year Mitchell was victor in a middleweight competition at Chelsea, England, and some months later Billy Madden, representing Richard K. Fox, owner of the *Police Gazette*, visited London to arrange a heavyweight tournament with the object of seeing if an English fighter, worthy of being matched with Sullivan, could be developed. Fox, like George Bernard Shaw, was an Irishman, who had become enormously wealthy with his pink sporting sheet in America and his hatred for Sullivan was such that he was willing to spend any amount to have him defeated.

Charley Mitchell won that British tournament, beating a big fellow named Jack Knifton, known as the "81 Tonner," and Madden took Mitchell on a tour of England to meet all-comers. Among others, Charley defeated Alf Greenfield and Tug Wilson.

Despite the lack of British first-rate talent—a situation which also exists today—British love for the boxing game was as strong as ever and numerous glove contests were staged in London. George Bernard Shaw, then a rising young journalist in his twenties, was a spectator at one of Mitchell's fights. He wrote a piece about Mitchell and so intrigued was he with the exhibition that he decided to see other sparring matches. Witnessing these affairs seems to have awakened in Shaw a desire for information regarding the ins and outs of pugilism.

In an interview he gave when he celebrated his 75th birthday, Shaw said that, in pursuit of fistic knowledge, he went to the British Museum, where he delved into the pages of Pierce Egan's *Boxiana* and other works dealing with men of the prize ring. The result of the expedition into the scrapping field bore fruit in the literary birth of "Cashel Byron's Profession."

I am proud to say that I am the possessor of two first editions, one with an inscription, autographed by Shaw, and four copies of the second edition.

THE hero of this romance is Cashel Byron, an English public school boy. Cashel is big for his age, of an adventurous disposition, unhappy in his surroundings and on bad terms with his mother, a widow and prominent actress of great beauty, whose will constantly clashes with that of her son. Cashel determines to run away and seek his fortune. He leaves the school secretly one night, knocks out a master who meets and tries to intercept him, makes his way to Liverpool and stows away on a ship for Australia.

In Melbourne he becomes acquainted with ex-heavyweight champion Ned Skene, who teaches boxing and runs a gymnasium in that city. Skene hires the boy to work around the gym and takes a deep fancy to this well-built lad, whom he believes to have the makings of a successful fighter in him. Cashel picks up boxing science with amazing speed and, backed by Skene, wins his first professional battle. Thereafter his ring career is one of constant triumphs.

Cashel returns to England several years later, a full-fledged heavyweight champion. Skene, the latter's wife and daughter, accompany him. Cashel is matched to fight the "Flying Dutchman." He is backed by a well-known English sportsman, Lord Worthington. As bare knuckle fighting is under a legal ban, it is necessary that his training be conducted with the utmost secrecy.

Lord Worthington moves in exclusive society circles and friendly with Lydia Carew, a talented, cultured, handsome young orphan heiress. Lydia's country residence is Whitsticken Castle. On her large estate here she lives with a female companion. She devotes herself to art and literature. The estate is of wide extent and on one of its vistas is located the Warren Lodge, originally used as a shooting box when Lydia's dead father resided at the castle.

AS the lodge is of no utility to Lydia, who does not number sportsmen among her acquaintances, she decides to rent it and agrees to accept a tenant recommended by Lord Worthington. The said tenant is none other than Cashel Byron, but all Lydia knows about the new tenant, whom she does not see, is that he is an invalid gentleman seeking absolute quiet and retirement. There Cashel is established with his cockney trainer, Mellish.

Once while walking alone on her estate, Lydia catches a glimpse of Byron clad in white jersey and knee breeches, a striking athletic figure, but she hurries away thinking that she has unwittingly intruded on her new tenant's privacy. Later, she sees Cashel at the railroad station in ordinary attire while each

is waiting for a train. He is in the company of Lord Worthington and she recognizes Cashel as the same person whom she had seen dressed in athletic attire.

Lord Worthington boards the train, but before he does, he introduces her to Byron and together they walk back to the estate. In the ensuing conversation, Lydia gets the impression that her tenant is some kind of a celebrity but doesn't know that he is a fighter. Cashel has fallen in love with her at first sight but doesn't know that she is an heiress.

They meet again and this time Lydia guesses that her tenant is some kind of a professor. She leaves for the social season in London, while Byron continues his training for the fight with the Flying Dutchman, whom he knocks out quickly.

Lord Worthington, who attended the fight, is invited to a party given by a London society leader, Mrs. Hoskyns, who informs the Lord that he may bring one guest with him. He decides to take Byron with him. There Cashel delivers a talk on physical culture which the guests fail to understand. They imagine it is a talk on some form of art. None knew that Cashel was a fighter, except Lord Worthington. Lydia is among those present and like the rest of the party, she is at a loss to understand the nature of Cashel's discourse.

CASHEL tells Lydia that he would like to marry her but that he has a secret which he cannot at present divulge, and they part good friends. Shortly after that meeting, Lydia goes shopping for a book in Soho, and becomes lost. She pays a shilling to a lad to show her out of the district and is accosted by a ruffian.

Cashel chances to be close by and admonshes the hoodlum for his treatment of a lady and an argument ensues that results in a street fight at which Lydia insists on having a close-up view. The ruffian gets a taste of Cashel's strength, but the battle is halted by a butcher who pleads with Byron to let go a strangle hold he has on his opponent. As Cashel does so and takes the arm of Lydia to escort her from the scene the little man whose plea had halted the combat remarks:

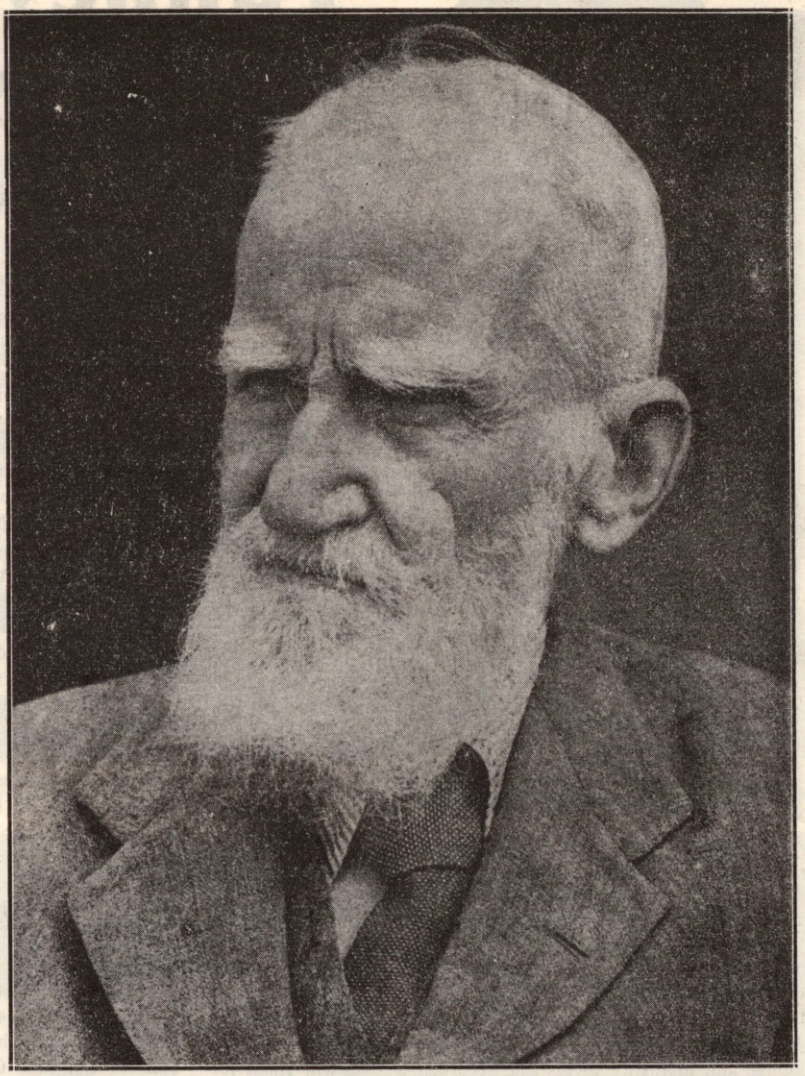
"The British Lion forever. Three cheers for Cashel Byron."

The crowd takes up the cheers and after Lydia and Cashel had cleared the street, she remarked how surprised she was at seeing Byron but still more surprised was she at the attention the folks on the streets through which they were walking were giving her escort.

Shortly after, she learns of the true profession of her escort.

SHE first resolves to drop his acquaintance altogether, but grants him an interview in which he tells her how he became a fighter. She learns that his mother, a distinguished actress whose stage name is Adelaide Gisborne, is about to appear in a Shakespearean revival in a London theatre. Mother and son haven't met since Byron ran away from school. He tells her that he intends to quit the ring after he has fought Billy Paradise and that he will then be worth £10,000 and he implores her to marry him.

Lydia's revelation that her income is all of £40 000 a year is a shock to Cashel, who blurts that he has been making a fool of himself. He is about to leave, when Lydia assures him that she is complimented by his offer, especially because she knows that he is not after her money. They part on good terms, especially because Cashel realizes that there is a chance Lydia will accept him.



George Bernard Show whose first two novels had as their heroes boxing characters. He picked Carpentier to knock out Jack Dempsey in a series of articles he wrote for a New York paper.

In the fight with Paradise, Cashel is well on the way to victory when a police raid occurs. Paradise is on the verge of defeat when the interference takes place. Cashel, bleeding and bruised, makes his escape to the castle, where Lydia conceals him and misdirects the police when they arrive in pursuit. But she is so disgusted when the officers are gone, she tells him she never again wants to see him. Cashel, spirit broken, surrenders himself to the authorities, who have already captured Paradise.

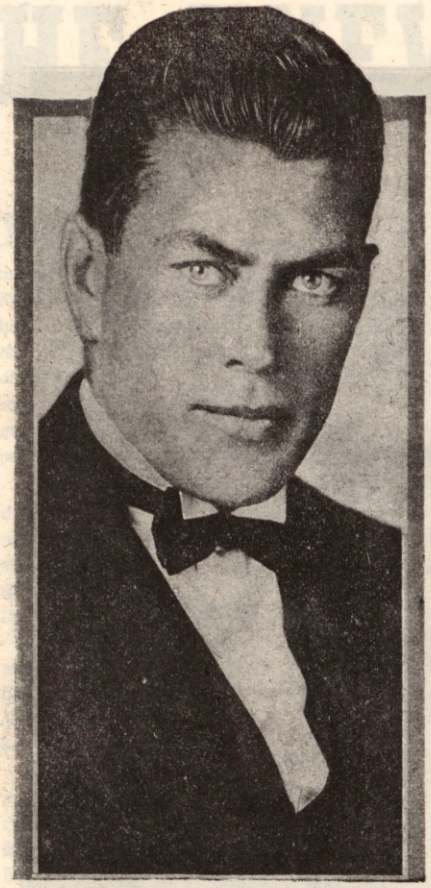
At the trial, both are acquitted when the police fail to prove that a prize fight took place and Mrs. Skene, wife of Byron's tutor, pleads with Lydia for Cashel with considerable effect. She forgives and brings together Cashel and his actress mother. The course of true love finally runs smoothly for the fighter and the lady of his heart and they are wed, after which Cashel retires from the ring.

"CASHEL Byron's Profession" was George Bernard Shaw's second experiment in the fiction field. The first novel he wrote was "The Irrational Knot," a capital love story, highlighted with timely comedy flashes, and perfect in its technical ring lore. Its author benefited not only by careful research of ancient fistic archives but by the knowledge gained as a spectator of glove bouts.

He was an enthusiastic fight follower even up to the last year of his life. He had personal *(Continued on page 52)*

Tunney Decries Louis Comeback

By ED VAN EVERY



Gene Tunney who doesn't think that any of the veteran heavyweights can take the crown from Ezzard Charles.

EZZARD CHARLES has no serious threat for his fistic honors, in the opinion of Gene Tunney. The former world heavyweight king, sitting in his busy office on Vanderbilt Avenue in New York City, where he is a director of a prominent tire concern, the man who retired and remained retired, discussed with THE RING reporter the present heavyweight situation, especially as it relates to Charles. Tunney said:

"I see where Joe Louis has decided to try again to regain the crown he had relinquished. I think that will be a grave mistake on his part. It will do him no good, nor will it help boxing. Joe showed in his bout with Charles that he is through as a fighter and in justice to his fine record, one that will stand for many years, he should hang up his gloves and let some of the younger fighters go after the crown now held by Charles."

With that off his chest, Gene paused to edit an article on the late George Bernard Shaw, a personal friend of the former fistic king, something Gene had written for a British publication. Then he tackled the revision of a story for a national magazine. And with that completed, he got back to the current heavyweight situation.

"It was always a pleasure to see Louis in action. I enjoyed watching him and he was the real Joe Louis, but like thousands of others who saw him in his fight with Charles, I felt sorry for him. That's why I feel that Louis should abandon his plan to meet Charles again. His reactions as a pugilist are no longer what they were when Joe was at the height of his career, the man who successfully defended his world heavyweight crown more often than any of his predecessors."

PAUSING to reflect, Tunney seemed to be thinking of the time when he called a halt to his career after he had knocked out Tom Heeney. He looked at a picture I held of the Louis-Charles fight and then remarked:

"Pity he made that comeback. It would have been so much better had he let the fight enthusiasts remember him as an undefeated, retired world heavyweight king.

"Louis knew what he was talking about when, a few years ago, immediately after his second fight with Billy Conn, he remarked: 'I don't see so fast as I used to.'

"That lack of coordination was glaringly evident in the fight with Charles. He missed frequently. He wanted to do something, yet couldn't act. That's what comes with age and rustiness. When one keeps harping on old age in boxing, he must remember that age in itself is not wholly responsible. If one keeps in condition and has his eyes properly trained through ring activity, he can overcome a few years.

"In Louis' case, ring rustiness more so than the fact he had reached his 36th birthday was largely responsible for his lack of coordination. And, combined with that, was the intelligent handling of his heavier opponent by the ring-wise, clever Charles. He employed the proper style and came through with a splendid victory," said Tunney.

"How about Bob Fitzsimmons?" I inquired. "Wasn't he an old man when he won the title from Corbett?"

"Don't bring up that argument," said Gene. "Fitzsimmons won the crown when he was close to 35, but Bob had been active and didn't have the tendency to take on weight the way Louis did once he had passed his pugilistic prime. But in his very next start Fitzsimmons was knocked out by Jeffries, a heavyweight who had little to offer, in my book, aside from bulk and an iron jaw. That Jeffries' coordination was slow was evident when he came close to losing the crown to Corbett, who came out of retirement when close to 34. Had their fight been at the present-day title limit of 15 rounds, Corbett would have regained the title," argued Tunney.

CONTINUING on Louis' next comeback attempt, Gene remarked that Joe, should he meet Charles again, will be 37, at which period in life his reflexes will be even slower than they were in their first engagement. "I hate to think of such a fight taking place next summer. Charles is a good fighter and for the next few years he is certain to keep on improving.

"There are no heavyweights around right now who, in my opinion, can take Charles' measure. I think that when he disposed of Elmer Ray, he eliminated his most serious threat. Ray was the only one to take a decision over Charles in the past seven years, and in a return bout he was knocked out by Ezzard. When Charles did that, he started his real rise to the top."

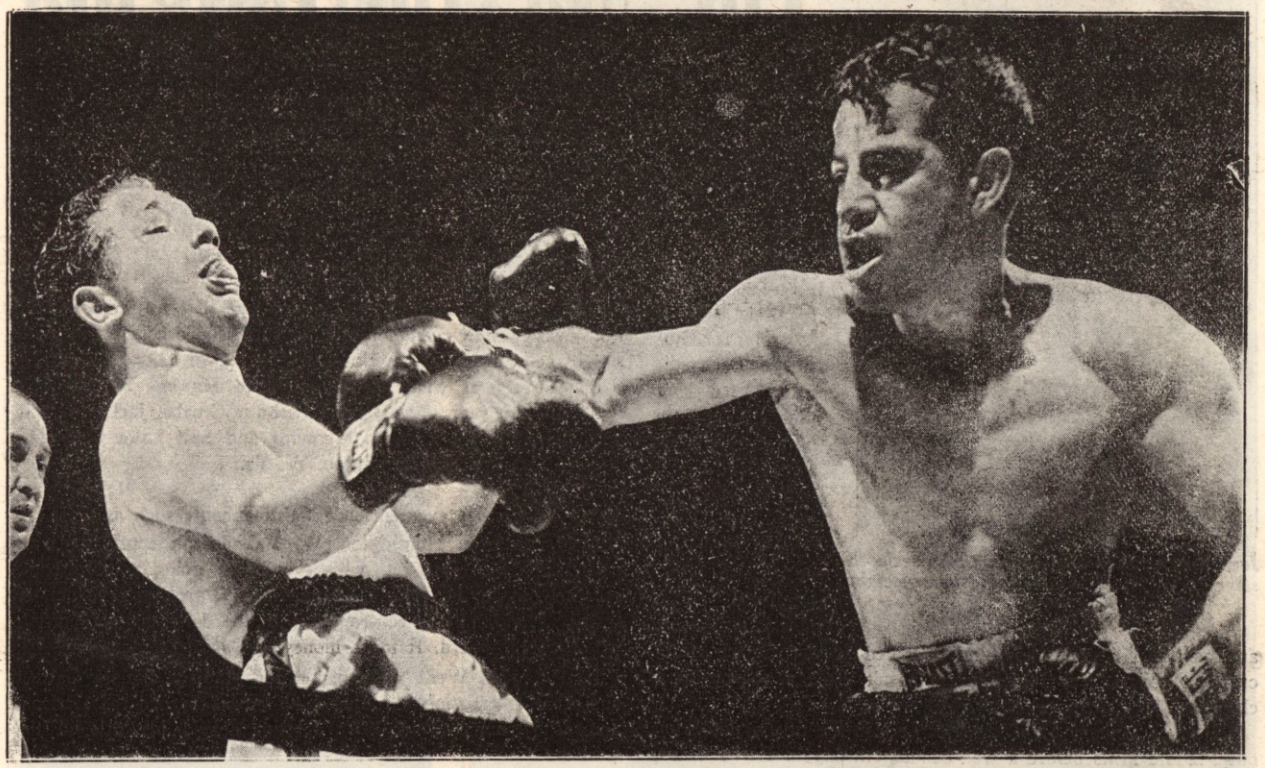
Tunney was asked who among the present heavyweights he thought would be the best challenger. The names of Lee Savold, Joey Maxim, Joe Baksi, Jersey Joe Walcott and Lee Oma were brought up. Taking them in the order named, Tunney remarked that none of these veterans is likely to give Charles much trouble. He figures that when Charles loses his title it will be to one of the young promising heavyweights who are coming along—Rocky Marciano, Bob Baker, Bob Murphy, Roland LaStarza, among others.

"Savold," said Gene, "like Louis, has been too inactive to be a threat to Ezzard. One fight in a year and a half is insufficient to keep a heavyweight contender in proper condition. While he knocked out Bruce Woodcock and gained recognition as heavyweight champion in the eyes of the British Board of Boxing Control, I think he would be beaten by Charles. Ezzard is too sharp, hits accurately and is too fast for a fellow like Lee, though from what I heard, Savold made an excellent showing in London.

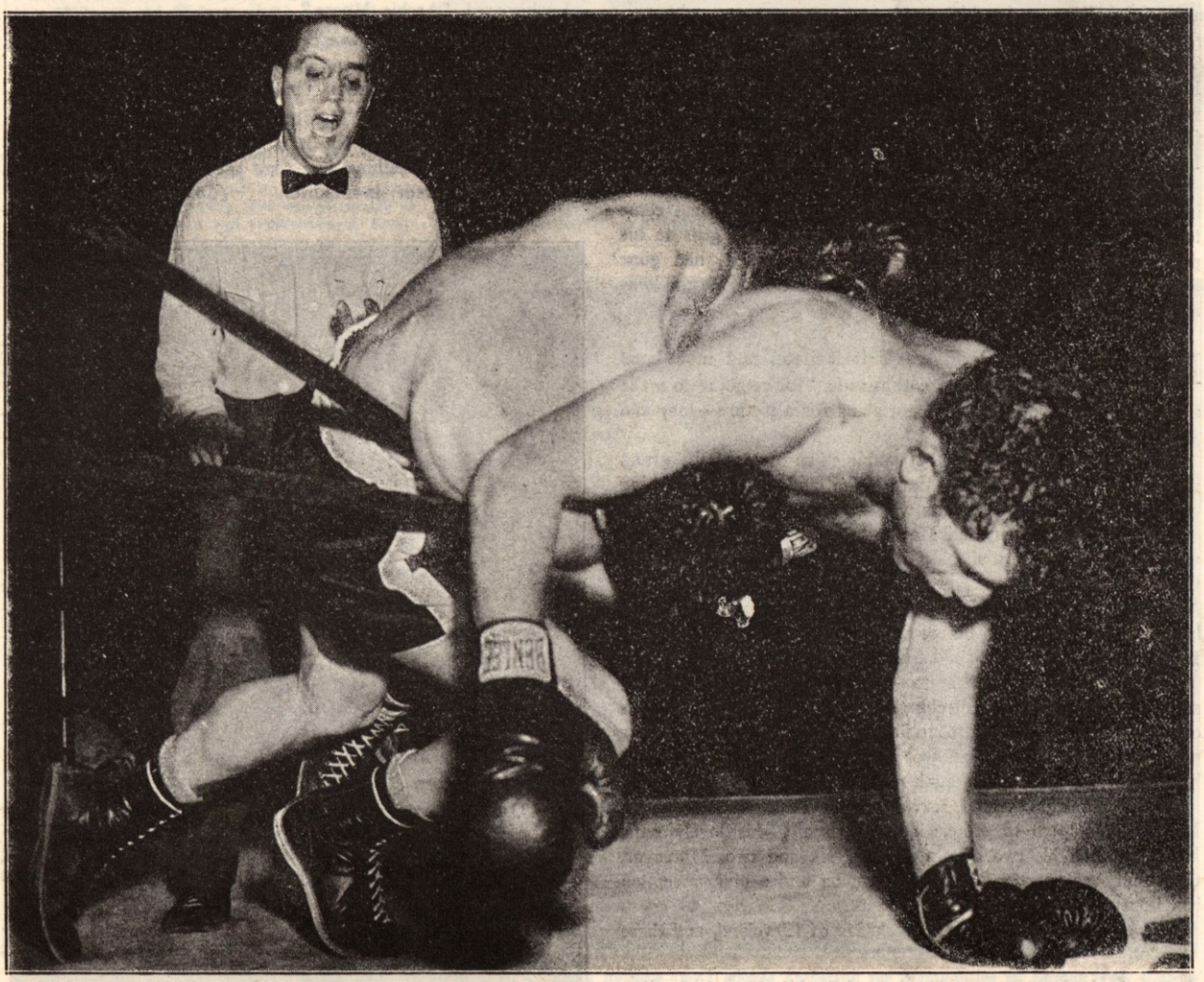
"At any rate, I think it would be a good thing for boxing to have Savold and Charles clash. Such a bout would put the British at ease and show them that we are not averse to giving the man they say is world champion an opportunity to prove his mettle against the fighter who is universally acknowledged to be world heavyweight king.

"Joey Maxim, who holds the light-heavyweight title, in my judgment, stands out as the challenger likely to provide the most serious opposition for Charles, yet *(Continued on page 48)*

THE SERIES HAS ONLY BEGUN



Too strong for his opponent, Rocky Graziano slam-banged his way to a close decision over Tony Janiro in their return ten-round batt'e in Madison Square Garden. Janiro had the better of the early rounds, but faded before Graziano's free-swinging assaults in the latter stages. Rocky is seen staggering Tony with a right.



More reminiscent of a wrestling match than a fight is this scene of Rocky Graziano and Tony Janiro tumbling through the ropes as the bell clanged the end of their ten-round brawl in Madison Square Garden. Referee Ruby Goldstein hustles over to pull the boys apart.

The Maxim Enigma

Capable, Clever Light-heavyweight Champion Can't Get Lucrative Bout Since Winning Title—Jack Kearns Seeks Charles Match for His Joey

By BARNEY NAGLER

Jack Kearns, the ballyhoo king who seeks to steer Joey Maxim into a world heavyweight title bout.

SING a sad song for Giuseppe Bernardinelli. And sing the same for Joey Maxim, for they are one—the light-heavyweight champion of the world. First his name was Bernardinelli, and now it is Maxim, and as the 175-pound boss, he is hailed as one of the ring's craftiest boxers. Yet Joey Maxim hasn't made a quarter as a champion.

Not since January 24, 1950, when he won the title by knocking out Freddie Mills before a wall-bending throng in Earl's Court, London, has Maxim latched on to a solid purse. Nor, for that matter, has he had a major fight. He is a hard-luck champ. There are few challengers for his gaud. And there are few who will fight him.

Go back to February, when Maxim and his manager, Jack Kearns, the veteran, came home from England. They dined with the press in a New York hotel and told of plans for the future. "We want to fight Lee Savold," Kearns said, "and Joe Louis, if he comes back. We're going to do all right."

These were happy words coming from a man who was flat in the kick. Mills' purse from the title-winning fight had come to $25,000. He got $9,000 for his end. Kearns, who goes to his pocket faster than any manager, when he's got it, had gone through most of the rest while telling the world Maxim was a great fighter.

NOW they were back in the United States and in a hotel dining room Kearns was enthusiastic. "We're going to make a lot of money," he exulted. "I got plans for a picture—Joey and Jack Dempsey as the stars."

That was on February 16, but nothing has come of the grand proposal to enrich the celluloid art of the land. Nor has anything come of Kearns' plan for fights with Louis and/or Savold.

The day after Kearns and Maxim had sat at the festive board with the fight writers of New York town, they went back to Cleveland, Maxim's home town. Maxim was glad to get out of New York. For him it is a hard-luck town. Once, some years before, nine days after his discharge from the Army, he had fought Johnny Thomas in old St. Nick's.

Maxim has always been a master boxer, but on this occasion, so soon after his Army discharge, he was fat and beyond his old speed. He fell victim to Johnny Thomas, which was a low point in his career. On another day, in shape, Maxim would have been boss of the ring against Thomas.

So Maxim didn't mind leaving New York for Cleveland. Mostly, he wanted to get back to his family—his lovely wife, Michelene, and his two daughters, aged six and two. Moreover, Cleveland was proud of its new champion and a civic reception had been planned in Maxim's honor.

He went home to receive the adulation of Cleveland, and there he has remained, largely, despite the fact that he is the world light-heavyweight champion and, as such, supposedly a guy who should be working at his trade and raking in loot.

Instead, this is what has happened to Maxim: He has had five fights this year, against Joe Dawson in Omaha, Jack Marshall in Dallas, Bill Peterson in Memphis and Salt Lake City, and Johnny Swanson, in Huntington, W. Va.

NO fighter was ever enriched fighting bouts such as these. A champion in Huntington, W. Va., doesn't come out with pockets bulging. Maxim, who should be going to the bank regularly to put in, probably is making the trek to take out. A man with a family is confronted with the daily task of putting wheat on the board. It takes money.

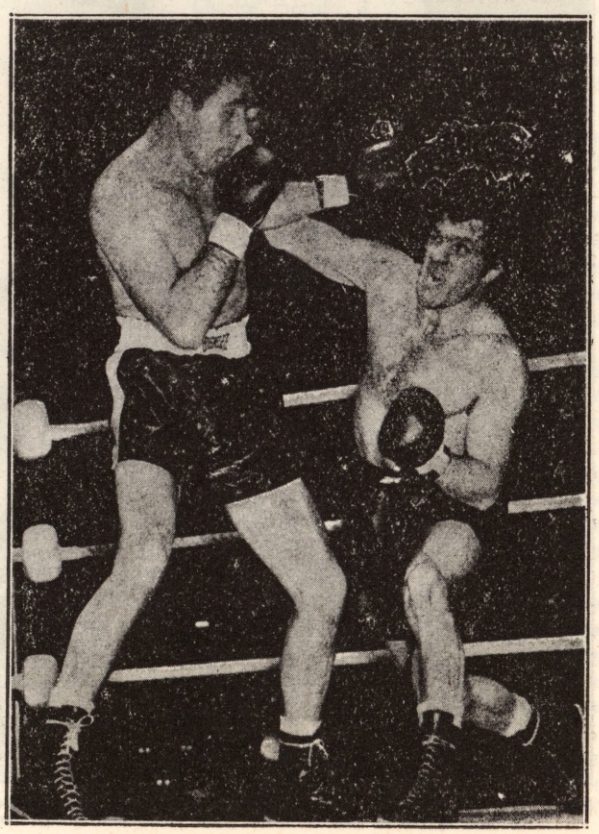
I went to Al Weill, matchmaker for Madison Square Garden and other International Boxing Club venues beyond the Hudson, and asked him: "Why can't Maxim defend his title in the Garden?"

Weill looked at me, disbelief burning in his beady eyes, and replied with a question. "Against who?" he asked.

I whispered, "Archie Moore."

Weill laughed. "That won't draw," he said. "We've got to develop a young challenger, somebody like this Bob Murphy, out of California, for Maxim. That's the only way."

He didn't explain why Maxim couldn't be employed against heavyweight competition, but it is known that the 28-year-old Clevelander was something less than spectacular whipping Olle Tandberg, the Swede, in Madison *(Continued on page 37)*



A scene in the bout between Maxim and Freddie Mills in London in which Joey won the world light-heavyweight crown.

OLD TIMERS

Seen in their training quarters at Jack Doyle's famous club in Vernon, Cal., in November, 1912, are Ad Wolgast (left) and Eddie Campi. Two weeks after this picture was snapped, Wolgast lost his world lightweight title to Willie Ritchie in Daly City.

A tough combination to beat was Jim Jeffries (left) and Tommy Ryan. Much of Jeff's success against Jim Corbett in their memorable battle at Coney Island in 1900 was attributed to the clever teachings and supervision of Ryan.

Early in 1925, When Jack Dempsey threatened to retire from the ring, Tex Rickard (left) started preparing for eventualities by signing Tom Gibbons (center), the champion's leading white challenger, to appear in any elimination match that may have developed. At right is Eddie Kane, Gibbons' manager. Dempsey's retirement failed to materialize, and in June of that year Gibbons was knocked out by Gene Tunney at New York's Polo Grounds.

Exit Bobo: NEXT?

Ray Robinson Scores Clean-Cut Knockout in Philadelphia Over Touted Visitor from Honolulu and Eliminates Another Obstacle on Way to Crack at Jake LaMotta

By JERSEY JONES

BY way of forcing the inevitable showdown with Jake LaMotta, Ray Robinson is conducting about as thorough a job of mopping up the middleweight division as he did in cleaning out welterweight opposition.

With LaMotta himself disposing of Tiberio Mitri and Laurent Dauthuille in recent months, Robinson has been taking care o the rest of the field with his accustomed aplomb and dispatch.

By flattening rugged Carl (Bobo) Olson in the 12th chapter of their Philadelphia Story, Sugar Ray added another impressive middleweight performance to a collection that had already embraced masterful productions with Steve Belloise, Robert Villemain, Jose Basora and Joe Rindone.

About the only outstanding 160-pounders still undisposed of in the international scene are Dave Sands of Australia and possibly Randolph Turpin of England.

How much longer LaMotta will be able to dodge the issue with Robinson is anybody's guess. Jake, according to Jo. Triner, chairman of the Illinois Commission, is matched with Sugar Ray for a February 14 date in the Chicago Stadium but the odds are heavily against the bout being held then or there. Nobody's ever accused LaMotta of lacking in business acumen. The guy knows his dollars, and if and when he finally does step into the ring with Robinson, it will be for the limit of what the traffic will bear. There are no bargain sales with Jake. The Bronx financier knows that an outdoor shot in one of the New York baseball parks, with a special television and radio deal tossed in, would net him a much more robust bundle o' cash than an indoor meeting as part of the International Boxing Club's present TV-radio setup.

MEANWHILE, Robinson continues to blast his way through what still remains of the middleweight field. In eliminating Bobo Olson from the scene, Sugar Ray was his usual superl self. He handled his opponent so easily in Philadelphia's Convention Hall that at times it looked as though he was being unduly charitable to the visitor from Honolulu.

Actually, however, Robinson fought a smooth, heady battle against a rugged individualist who was a much tougher problem than he appeared to be to the onlookers. With an aggressive, awkwardly clever style, vaguely reminiscent of Robert Villemain's, Olson moved forward continuously, his head bobbing and weaving behind a tight defense of arms and gloves. He offered a difficult target to hit solidly, and Robinson, never one to waste effort, was content to pile up points by outboxing Olson at long range, tying him up in close quarters, and waiting for the right openings before firing his heavy guns.

The bout, billed for 15 rounds, was advertised as for the world middleweight championship of Ox DaGrosa—er, pardon, Pennsylvania—acquired by Robinson when he whipped Villemain in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium last summer.

It was Olson's first appearance on the American mainland since his early preliminary days. Bobo started his ring career in San Francisco in 1945, before the family moved to Honolulu. Matchmaker Johnny Attell imported him as an opponent for Robinson on the strength of an impressive overall record of 49 wins, 22 by knockouts, in 52 professional starts. Two of Bobo's three defeats had been wiped out in return matches. He had never been stopped, and only a few months previously had gone the 12-round route with Dave Sands in Australia.

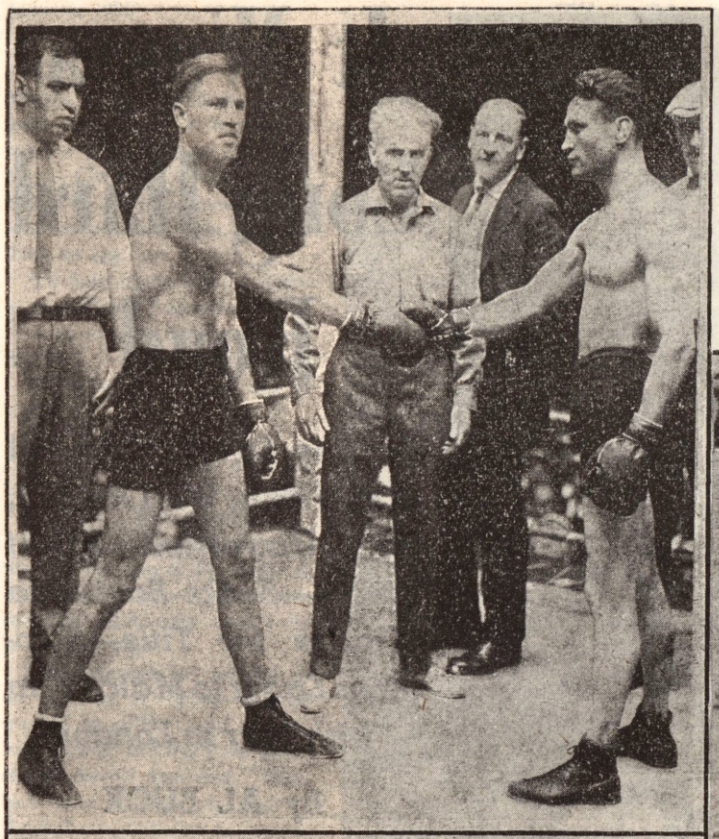
Another victim of Sugar Ray's all-conquering march is Carl (Bobo) Olson of Honolulu. A vicious left hook to the chin and explosive right to the body dumps Olson on his face as Referee Charley Daggert starts fatal count in twelfth round.

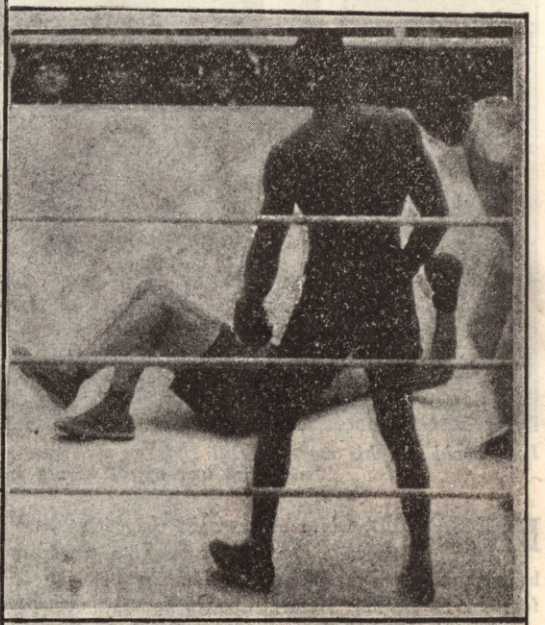
NO one, of course, expected Olson to beat Robinson, but off his record he certainly figured to make things interesting for the most polished fighting machine in the ring today.

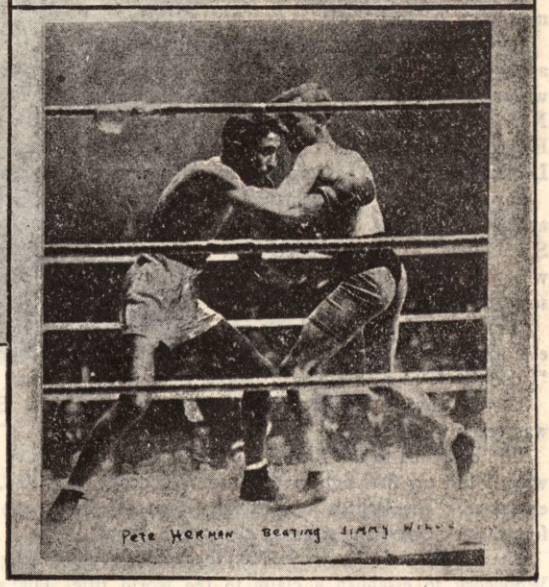
It must be conceded that Bobo tried. He didn't have the speed or skill to cope with Robinson, but he kept plugging away and succeeded in reaching Ray's face or body with an occasional left jab or hook, and he even clipped Robinson with rights to the chin in the seventh, tenth and eleventh rounds. For the most part, however, Olson lumbered futilely after his elusive opponent. At the close of the eleventh frame, the best that could have been credited to Bobo were an edge in the sixth and an even split in the fourth, though he also was credited with the eleventh when it was taken away from Robinson for an inadvertent low punch.

The end arrived with spectacular suddenness. The twelfth stanza had gone about a minute *(Continued on page 47)*

Famous Fights Recalled







(Upper Left)—The bout that practically marked the finish of Richie Mitchell (left), as a lightweight headliner was the Milwaukeean's meeting with Charley White at the New York Velodrome on July 18, 1923. Mitchell had previously been stopped by White in ten rounds in Madison Square Garden, but he wasn't satisfied and clamored for another chance. He was accommodated, but too many tough battles had finally caught up to him and he was battered into defeat in four rounds. The referee was Patsy Haley.

(Upper Right)—Luis Angel Firpo's hopes for another meeting with Jack Dempsey were shattered at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, on September 11, 1924, when the "Wild Bull of the Pampas" was soundly thrashed by the "Black Panther," Harry Wills. Wills dropped Firpo for a count of three in the second round, and gave him a thorough drubbing for the rest of their 12-rounder. (Lower Right)—Even a great ringman like world flyweight champion, Jimmy Wilde (right), learned that it was dangerous conceding weight to a mechanic like former bantam titleholder, Pete Herman. Too strong for the Mighty Mite, Herman boxed and punched his way to a knockout triumph in seventeen rounds in London on January 13, 1921.

(Lower Left)—In the last of the "marathon" brawls for the world lightweight title, the veteran champion, Battling Nelson (left), proved no match for the rugged, two-fisted youthful challenger, Ad Wolgast, in a Washington's Birthday clash at Point Richmond, across the bay from San Francisco, in 1910. Scheduled for 45 rounds, the one-sided affair was halted in the 40th by Referee Ed Smith with Nelson, blinded and battered beyond recognition, reeling helplessly around the ring.

Lee Savold and his manager Bill Daly as they returned to America after their successful tour of the British Isles.

It Was a Long Hard Road

But Lee Savold Climbed It, and Now, Well Heeled, He's Unworried About Future—Seeks Bout with Charles for Title—Solomons Eager to Match Him with Farr in London

By AL BUCK

LEE SAVOLD, world heavyweight champion in the British Isles and nowhere else, is satisfied with the treatment he has received from the International Boxing Club. He is looking forward to fighting Ezzard Charles for the undisputed title next June in New York.

"Up to this point everything has been all right," said Savold, as he sipped a cup of tea with Manager Bill Daly and the writer in Jack Dempsey's New York restaurant. "Promoter Jim Norris promised me a fight with Joe Louis before I went to England. He made the Charles match instead, and Ezzard beat Louis. Now Norris has assured me of a match with Charles."

Savold has had an opportunity to fight Charles before, but at last he's ready. "Yes, I'd like to try and beat Charles," Savold said. "The only stipulation is that I will have to fight where I'd get the most money. That goes, even if I have to fight somebody else.

"I'm not going to sit back and let Charles fight somebody else for the title. If I'm sidetracked, I'll yell," Savold continued. "I don't have to go begging at Norris' door to get a fight."

There's always England, the writer suggested, and Savold was quick to agree.

"I'm obligated to the British fans. My career might have ended when I lost my first fight with Bruce Woodcock on a foul," Lee explained. "The British insisted that I get a square deal. They forced Jack Solomons to make the return bout."

The return fight drew 60,000 fans, and Savold knocked out Woodcock to establish a claim to the world title. That's why he is in a position to deal on equal terms with Norris and the IBC.

"JACK SOLOMONS gave me my chance, and I am not going to forget him. I've promised to fight for him in London during the Festival of Britain next summer," Savold said. "However, Solomons has been very fair about the situation. He is willing and able to bid for the title match. I hope he gets it.

"In fact, if Charles doesn't want to fight, or if Norris doesn't want to make the match, Tommy Farr and I would draw 100,000 people in London next year. I went to the movies and saw Tommy knock out Jan Klein in his comeback. If he beats two or three more fellows, a fight with Farr would be the biggest match Solomons could make.

"You'd be surprised if you saw Farr," Savold added. "He looks no older than he did when he was over here. And that was back in 1937 and 1938. He can still fight, judging from what I saw in the movies."

"Farr is saying the right things, too," commented Manager Daly. "He's on record as making his comeback only because he's grown tired of seeing the Yanks, as he calls us, beating British heavyweights. Tommy claims he's going to halt the American invasion."

ACCORDING to Daly, the British boxing writers were surprised when Louis and Charles drew only 22,000 people. They were even concerned since in their before-the-fight stories they had predicted a much larger crowd. They had based their opinions on what Savold and Woodcock had drawn in London.

"What the British writers forgot is that in England there is not the menace of television," Daly said. "Solomons is willing to have any of his fights telecast free of charge, provided the television people agree to pay for every empty seat in the arena. So far the government-controlled video has not been willing to assume this financial obligation."

Since Louis is making a comeback, Savold was asked if he would like to fight the Brown Bomber. The answer was a prompt "Yes."

"It's a funny thing, but Louis never wanted to fight me. I don't know why, but he didn't," Savold said. "I've been ranked anywhere from one to ten in the heavyweight ratings in THE RING for the last ten years. Even when he was making his 'Bum of the Month' tour, Joe always turned me down.

"My guess is he didn't want to take a chance with a puncher when he was swinging the circuit. The fellows he fought on the road—Al McCoy, Red Burman, Gus Dorazio, Abe Simon, Tony Musto—were good enough fighters, but they weren't punchers. Buddy Baer was a fair, but not a great, hitter."

DALY said he had frequently talked with Mike Jacobs about a Louis-Savold bout in the year just before World War II.

"What do I want with a clown like Savold?" was the answer Uncle Mike always gave.

"Maybe Jacobs was right. He was managing Louis, and while Mike was around, Joe was a well-managed champion," Daly commented.

Naturally Savold is interested in Louis' latest comeback. He doesn't think he should make it.

"I think Louis is making a mistake in fighting again. I suppose he is doing it because he feels a little letdown after losing to Charles," Savold said. "I realize he wants to prove to himself he can still fight. I don't think he can.

"I'd fight Louis, but I'd prefer to meet Charles," Savold declared. "I want to clear the heavyweight title."

We asked Savold how old he was.

"I'm 34," he answered.

We also asked him how old Louis was.

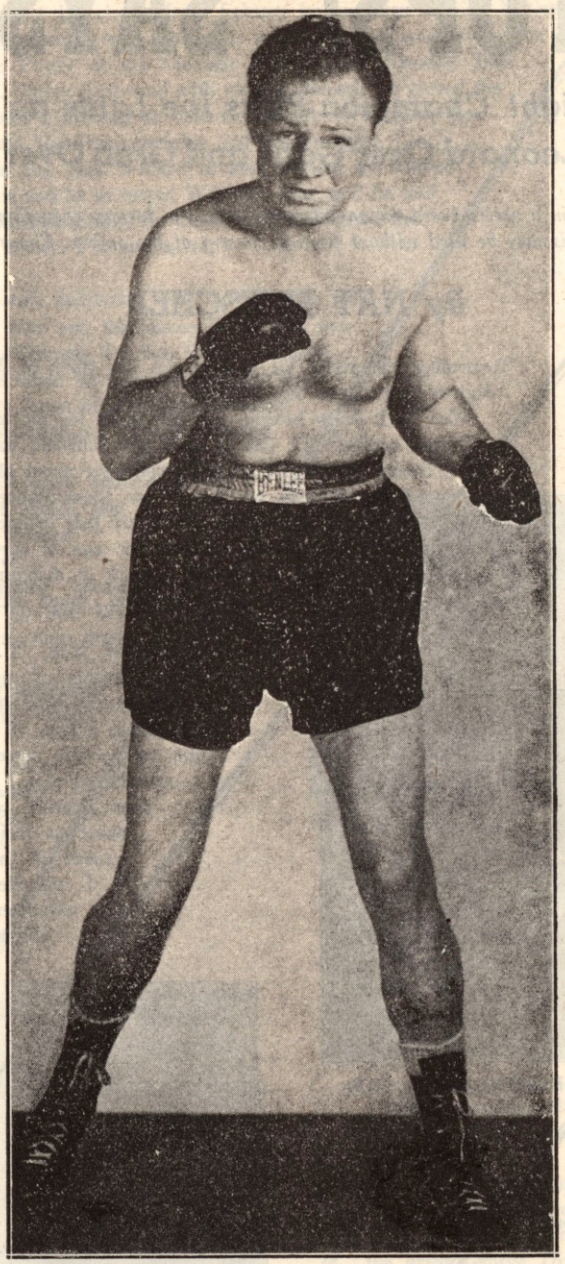
"He's 36," Savold replied.

Then if Savold can fight at the ripe old age of 34, wasn't it reasonable to assume that Louis can still fight even though he is 36 years old?

"The calendar has nothing to do with it. A fighter can be washed up at 23. Louis' reflexes have slowed, and that's the whole story," Savold answered. "Why, back home in Minnesota, Charley Retzlaff was 29 before he became a fighter. Tom Gibbons was 24 when he had his first fight."

Savold feels, naturally enough, that he would have been a better attraction against Charles than was Louis. He recalled that when he landed from England, the mayor of Englewood, N. J., where he lives, and the sheriff of Passaic County, also in New Jersey, were on hand to greet him at the pier. The American Legion band was present, and there was a parade of automobiles all the way from the dock to Lee's house.

"The Legion voted Daly and I leading citizens for 1951. The people who came to greet me would have gone to see me fight Charles," Savold said. "These same people stayed home when Louis fought Charles. Instead of going to the Yankee Stadium they watched the fight on television."



The latest fighting photo of Lee Savold, who is recognized as world heavyweight champion in the British Isles.

"I used to have trouble getting Lee into a gym," said Daly. "Now I have to watch him for fear he'll overdo it."

A NATIVE of Minnesota, Savold credits the great St. Paul fighters with giving him the ambition to become a fighter. He has never had any other ambition.

"They were great fighters, Mike O'Dowd and Mike Gibbons, and Tommy Gibbons, of course," Savold said. "There was Jock Malone, too. I've never even thought of being anything else except a fighter. I've always dreamed of being champion."

Maybe that's why Savold will have no objection if his 15-year-old son, Dick, wants to become a boxer. Dick is a big boy, almost as tall as his father, and is a student at Englewood High School.

"He likes boxing, but he never talks about becoming a fighter," said Savold. "If he wants to be, it will be all right with me. Boxing is as good as you make it."

Savold owns his own home in Englewood, where he lives with his wife, his son, and his two daughters, Sundra, age 11, and Sharon, age 7. His fights in England have made him independent financially.

"I don't have to worry about money, so I'm not worried about how I'm treated by the IBC, or by what Jim Norris may do," Savold said. "I know Charles can't make important money unless he fights me. If I decide to fight in England, where will that leave Charles? He can make more money with me."

"It'll leave Charles on the street corner talking to Jake Mintz," said Daly.

SAVOLD conceded that he had retired several times himself. In fact, he said, the first time he retired he was only 17 years old. One of his comebacks was made when he was only 21 years old.

"All the time I was kidding myself," Savold said. "I was never in what was real good physical condition.

"How could I be? I'd smoked since I was ten years old. I didn't stop drinking until I made my last comeback in 1948," Lee explained. "I've made raw carrots standard equipment in my automobile. Whenever I feel like smoking, or think about having a drink, I munch on a raw carrot. Daly calls my automobile the vegetable wagon.

"Another thing, I didn't used to do roadwork. Ever since I came back from England I've done roadwork every day. I do from 10 to 15 miles, and I never miss. All I'd need to be in shape for a fight is a little roadwork.

"That's why I'm confident I can beat Charles. I know I'm in shape," said Savold. "I know now that there is no substitute for condition," he continued.

SAVOLD was away six months. After he defeated Woodcock, he boxed exhibitions in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the Isle of Man, France and Italy. Everywhere he was hailed as the world heavyweight champion.

"The people were wonderful. I can't say enough for the British fans," said Savold. "They're real sportsmen. Even when it is going against an English fighter, the people insist that the visitor get a square deal. Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, was with me in England. He told his readers how wonderful the British were to me.

"I hope every foreign fighter who comes to America is as well treated as I was in England," Savold continued. "I haven't any plans to return to England at this time, but I'm hoping a fight for me will develop and that I'll be able to box for Solomons again."

Since he returned, Savold has been busy. He toured New England, boxing exhibitions in Boston, Providence and several other cities. He's been doing benefits and visiting hospitals, and getting acquainted again with his family. *(Continued on page 36)*

"JEFF TOPS!" SAYS ROOT

First Light-Heavyweight Champion Picks Joe Louis as Second Best Heavyweight of All Time—Leonard Over Gans and Greb Over McCoy and Ketchel

(This is the last in a series based on an interview with the former champion in Hollywood. No part of this may be used without written consent of the author. Copyright, 1950.)

James J. Jeffries, heavyweight

By NAT FLEISCHER

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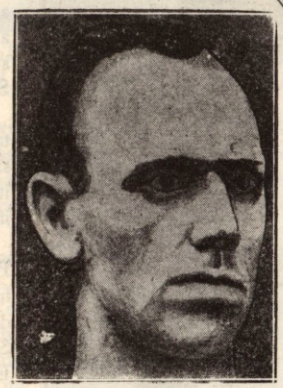
"THE flood of reminiscences, once loosed, is difficult to check," said Jack Root, as we sat in a Los Angeles restaurant prior to attending some fights at the American Legion Stadium. "Though retired from the boxing game for many years, I have never lost my interest in the sport," he continued. "I attend all fights in this city whenever possible, because I still get a kick out of seeing the boys engage in glove contests, and now and then I do have a little wager just for the fun of it, usually with a neighboring spectator."

We already had discussed the present-day boxers as compared to the past and as is the case usually with every old-timer, he can note the progress made in the sport but he'll invariably tell you that the present crop, with a few exceptions, would be little more than second-raters compared to the kings of his era. And so it is with Jack Root.

He declared that of all the fighters he has seen in action since the retirement of Jack Dempsey, he has seen so few top men whose all-around ability was equal to that of the past masters, that he doubts they would reach the twenty mark. Among the leading figures he named were Billy Petrolle, Jimmy McLarnin, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Lou Ambers, Henry Armstrong, Tiger Flowers, Mickey Walker, Tommy Loughran, Joe Louis, Ray Robinson, Billy Conn, Tony Zale, Kid Chocolate, Willie Pep and Pancho Villa.

"These," remarked the former king of the light-heavyweight division, "would have done well in my time because they possessed all the assets of the great fighters who held the reins in my days. And great they were. My period was one that probably never again will be matched in our ring history, so many pugilistic stars were there in every division."



Bob Fitzsimmons, light-heavyweight

"Remember the series we had on the life story of Jack Curley?" I asked. "He paid high tribute to you as a fighter."

"Yes, Jack knew boxing, and did much for me to enable me to climb to the top," Root replied. "I'd like to give you sufficient data to write such a series on my career, but frankly, I think you have about all I can tell you," Root continued. "My interests are broad, my acquaintances are many, yet I still find my greatest interest in the sport that enabled me to be where I am today," said the man who, at the age of seventy-six, stands erect, is keen of mind, and hasn't a mark of disfigurement which would call attention to the many thrilling, tough battles in which he engaged as a young man.

"Some day," said Jack, "I might sit down with you and chronicle the events of my era as seen in retrospect, but if I ever get to that stage, you'll have to do a lot of preparation. I hope if that day ever arrives, you'll lean me on as you have for this short series of three articles, so that I will renew acquaintances through your queries with old, odd characters, recall humorous incidents and relive twenty or more years of the life I so much enjoyed when I travelled around the country meeting all-comers and seeing myself rise from an obscure young fistically inclined youth to a place in the fistic firmament."

I asked Root if he would oblige by ending my interview with a list of the fighters he considers the greatest in each division. He obliged. He started by telling me that this topic has so often been discussed with him that he feels he knows the answer al-

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Harry Greb, middleweight

Tommy Ryan, welterweight

most by heart and that he would make his choice from fighters he has seen in ring battles.

"You know," he remarked, "the first time I ever heard this topic discussed was when Jack Curley was interviewed by George Pardy of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* following Jack Dempsey's knockout of Jess Willard. Curley conferred with me and, though we picked the same boxer in several divisions, he and I differed on others. Particularly was this true when we figured on the middleweights, light-heavyweights and heavyweights.

"Jack, as you know, was keen on Big Jess Willard because he had an interest in him. He staged his fight in Havana and he arranged Willard's tour, and he told me that, in his opinion, had Jess trained faithfully, he would have been rated the best of all heavyweights. In this, of course, I cannot agree.

Jimmy Wilde, flyweight

"OF the great fighters I have seen, beginning with flyweights, I pick Jimmy Wilde as tops. Not, mind you, the Jimmy Wilde who was stopped by Pancho Villa at the Polo Grounds, for that Wilde had gone over the crest and was ready to be taken by the first topflight boy whom he faced. I refer to the Mighty Atom of several years before who gave many marvelous demonstrations of scientific boxing and hard hitting.

"Both Curley, with whom I spent many months touring the country, and I agreed on that choice, and we also agreed on our second choice in that division."

"Who was that fighter?" I enquired.

"Jimmy Walsh of Boston," he replied. "Remember him? I watched him in several of his best battles and believe," continued Root, "he was some boxer and all-around fighter."

"Anyone around now whom you have seen who reminds you of either Jimmy Wilde or Walsh?" I asked.

"I can't think of anyone. This is an era when we don't seem able to develop such top boys. As I previously remarked, I think it is the type of training they undergo that prevents them from reaching the heights of either of my choices."

"What about the bantams?" I inquired. "We have had some pretty fine fellows in that division since the first World War. Would

Jimmy Barry, bantamweight

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boys like Joe Lynch, Pete Herman, Johnny Buff, Young Jack Sharkey, Midget Smith, among many others, figure in your ratings of the world's best?" I asked Jack.

"They were all splendid boys. I saw each of those you mention, but when it comes to picking a truly great bantam, there is no one I can think of who excelled Jimmy Barry.

"There was a fighter! He had everything—speed, a punch, boxing, countering. I cannot think of any asset a great fighter should possess which wasn't in Barry's make-up. He's my choice for No. 1 bantam.

"I was your guest at the Pep-Famechon fight, and I greatly admired the performance of the champion. His ring actions brought back to memory the days of the great George Dixon, Abe Attell, and several others who were in the spotlight at the time. Pep exhibited skill and punching power and maneuvered his opponent around the ring, as did many of the old stars of my period, something that has passed out of the picture to a great extent in this era. Yet I can't see wherein Pep figures to be rated above the old-timers. He undoubtedly is the best all-around ringman of his division now and has rated tops among the featherweights of the past two decades, but there are a number of feathers I can name—fighters whom I had often seen—who ranked far above him.

"Most of those who pick Abe Attell as the best feather of the last half-century are not far off the beam. I often argued with Jack Curley and Ed Smith, one of America's greatest referees, and Billy Roche, another great referee, about the relative merits of Abe and George Dixon, and invariably I found myself beaten to the punch. The score for Abe was always greater than that for my man, Dixon, but so far as I'm concerned, Little Chocolate was tops.

"I never saw a boy in the featherweight class who could equal the all-around ability of Dixon, and that goes for the great Attell, Jem Driscoll, Pep and others of their calibre. I place Abe a very close second to George, with Terry McGovern behind him. Terry was the hardest hitter of the lot, but he lacked much of the science that Abe and Dixon and even Pep possessed. I would place Pep among the first ten of all time, and that I believe, is a great tribute to a great little fighter, but give me Dixon, Attell and McGovern above all others.

"Coming down to the lightweights, I for one, differ from the majority of the old-timers who pick Joe Gans as the best. I saw Gans in many of his fights and I saw Benny Leonard, and my choice

George Dixon, featherweight.

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Benny Leonard, lightweight

is Leonard above the rest. He possessed every asset of a great fighter and boxer. There was nothing he didn't know and couldn't do. He was truly a ring marvel.

"Gans was a skillful boxer and a sharpshooter, but in many points Benny had it on him. I hold a tremendous admiration for Joe, but I rate Leonard above him.

"This choice won't meet with approval among many veterans who hold steadfastly to the belief that in his best days Benny would have been soft pickings for Joe, but there I must disagree. Benny was safer, surer, a greater money fighter, just as smart, just as clever, and game, and possessed a quick thinking brain that enabled him to know every move of his opponent seconds in advance of that opponent's actions.

"As for punching, I doubt that Gans could hit any harder or better from all angles. In spite of the aura of invincibility that has been cast about Gans, there were many of his opponents who came close to beating him, whereas Leonard, in his prime at a time when the field was loaded with great lightweights, was so far superior to his contenders that there was little legitimate comparison between him and them.

How Jack Root Rates 'Em

Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde, Jimmy Walsh, Pancho Villa.
Bantamweight—Jimmy Barry, George Dixon, Casper Leon, Cal McCarthy, Pete Herman.
Featherweight—George Dixon, Abe Attell, Terry McGovern.
Lightweight—Benny Leonard, Joe Gans, Jack McAuliffe.
Welterweight—Tommy Ryan, Joe Walcott, Mysterious Billy Smith.
Middleweight—Harry Greb, Kid McCoy, Stanley Ketchel, Mickey Walker.
Light-heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Root, Kid McCoy, George Gardner, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.
Heavyweight—James J. Jeffries, Joe Louis, Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Corbett, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey.

"TOMMY RYAN is my choice for the greatest of all welterweights, with Joe Walcott on his trail. They were great fighters. Show me one their equal the world over today!

"When Ryan grew into a middleweight, he was almost as great in that division as in the lower class. Ryan, like Ray Robinson today, dominated two divisions at one time. He could fight in each and show supremacy. He was so good that I honestly believe he could lick every middleweight and light-heavyweight, and most of the heavyweights of this era except Louis. He gained a place among the world's best for all time.

"Coming down to the middleweights, my choice here is Harry Greb. I pick Harry rather than name one man, Ryan, at the top of two classes. Had Greb trained faithfully, he would have made his mark in the top three divisions, rating with the world's foremost fighters of the last fifty years. But since he did most of his best work as a middleweight, there is where I place him.

"I think he was better than Kid McCoy, my second choice, a wily, tricky, hard-hitting and scientific battler, but one who lacked some of Greb's talent. Stanley Ketchel and Mickey Walker are the two I name behind Greb, and here again I'm afraid I fail to meet with the approval of the old-timers who invariably choose Ketchel as the best of all in his class.

"In fact, I'm not quite so sure that Mickey Walker, my fourth choice, wasn't every inch as good a fighter as was Ketchel. This may shock many of the Ketchel worshippers, but I for one, having seen Walker in most of his ring battles, and having been present at almost every contest Ketchel had following his rise to fistic fame, feel that way about Mickey and Stanley. I think that too much has been taken for granted in placing Ketchel on the high pedestal he occupies in the minds and writings of most fistic critics. He was a tremendously powerful hitter, but so was Walker. But aside from his punching power, Ketchel possessed none of the qualifications that are usually attributed to great ring men.

"Stanley had a lot on the ball. He was a fiery, two-fisted, colorful battler, a crowd pleaser if ever there was one. He had a deadly wallop which, when it connected properly, spelled 'doom' for the victim.

"But that alone doesn't make for greatness. Other ring assets must be considered, and in that respect I think no one in the division had more than did Greb.

"Harry had a shade on Kid McCoy, who, in my opinion, was a wonder. As tricky as they come, a fighter with a baleful of tricks which varied for each fight, he also was a clever boxer and a sharpshooter. But it was in the rough tactics of the game that Greb had it on the Kid and summarizing all their good and bad points, I think Greb rates above the Kid, with Ketchel third, and Walker almost on a par with Stanley.

"That choice no doubt will be thoroughly disputed by the majority of RING readers, but let us not forget that, whereas our readers have gained their knowledge of the fighting qualities of each mostly from ring lore, from the writings of fistic experts, I saw them in most of their fights. Hence I am a better judge. But rating of boxers always brings on arguments, hence here is food for thought. Fire away, boys. I'll let THE RING Editor take your pot shots.

"In the light-heavyweight division, Bob Fitzsimmons stands out like a huge mountain. No one can dispute his right to first choice. I place myself as the No. 2 man, Kid McCoy third, and George Gardner and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien following in that order. I believe that McCoy was a far greater light-heavyweight than he was a middleweight. His class showed best in that division where he faced talent such as we cannot find today.

"Fitzsimmons, like Leonard, was a ring marvel. He was much better than George Gardner, who is credited with having won the title in that division by knocking me out in the twelfth round at Buffalo, but in view of the fact that I whipped Kid McCoy at Detroit on April 22, 1903, to become the first crowned king of the division, I feel that I am entitled to place myself in the position below Fitz. When Gardner beat me only two months after I had won the title, he proved himself a top fighter. He had a good record, but not as good as mine. Though I was halted twice by Gardner, once in seventeen rounds and again in twelve, I beat him in six after Fitzsimmons had licked him, and previously had defeated him in seven rounds on a foul, and I drew with him in six.

"SO far as the heavyweight division is concerned, no one can convince me that they came any greater than my friend, James J. Jeffries. They may talk about Dempsey, Louis, Fitz and Corbett and Johnson, but when Jim Jeffries was at his best, he could have stopped every one of those men in their prime.

Jack Johnson, often called the greatest all-around heavyweight of all time, was a great defensive fighter. He was clever. He could counter as few others could. He had a beautiful left. But with all his great assets, I doubt that he could have stood up against the mighty, powerful Jeffries I knew in Jeff's real fighting days. Take it from me—Louis and Dempsey would never have gone beyond eight rounds against the real Jim Jeffries.

"It is my opinion that those who select Johnson as the best of all heavyweights base their choice on a false premise. They take the Jeffries fight as a basis, whereas when Johnson and Jeffries fought, Jeff should never have attempted a comeback. He was a sick man, yet public clamor forced him out of retirement.

"Go through the record of Johnson and compare the men he fought with those who faced Jeffries in his prime. Do the same with Fitzsimmons or Corbett, and you'll see what I mean when I refer to the false premise. Even Louis, the Bomber I saw batter Max Schmeling into submission, would have taken Johnson. At least, that's my honest opinion.

"I think, in order of greatness, that Jeff takes first place, with Louis second, Fitzsimmons third, Corbett fourth, Johnson fifth, and Dempsey sixth. Louis certainly has not been given proper credit for his ability.

"Any man who faced all comers, who always showed a willingness to clash with anyone who was considered a contender, who rolled up a record of twenty-five *(Continued on page 36)*

Irish Eyes *on* Maxim's Title

By NAT LOUBET

IT was just off the boxing beat, near Lindy's and Stillman's Gymnasium. Dewey Fragetta, Irving Cohen and a few more of the brotherhood were present, among them a carrot-topped character with a friendly grin and a warm handshake. But something was out of place. At first it was hard to fathom. His deeply-set blue eyes didn't smile. His face had a firmly set, determined look.

The "Face" spoke: "My first time in the East for business, and I'm going to make it a successful trip."

He was a boxer, a good boxer, from San Diego, who'd come up the pike the hard way, with 51 wins in 54 fights. He was Bob Murphy, swashbuckling ex-gob, contender for light-heavy honors.

Cohen said: "Here's the lad who'll be the next light-heavy champ. . . . This boy is good."

Murphy didn't need a build-up. Didn't he render 46 opponents *hors de combat*—46 knockouts in 54 fights? A southpaw, who is a puncher with either hand.

At the time, the day before his fight with Dick Wagner, it was only natural to weigh Murphy's reputation against the man standing there in street clothes, so completely poised, self-confident, an aggressive personality.

First mention of this big, tough Irish boy, who, at 28, after nine years of boxing, was at last on the threshold of the big time, had come out of the Navy. He had been listed as having won the middleweight championship of the U.S.S. *Lexington*.

Small type in a service publication at the end of the war had said that Edward Conarty, alias Bob Murphy, had been awarded six action medals for service in 12 major battles.

BOB entered the Navy when he was 18, with no thought of doing any boxing. The time was March 18, 1941, the day after St. Patrick's Day—a fitting day for an Irishman to join a fighting service.

A short time later Bob was doing his chores on board the *Lexington* when a petty officer touched him on the shoulder. "Report downstairs for the weigh-in."

"Weigh-in?" retorted a completely puzzled sailor. "What for?" The wrong thing to say to a petty officer.

A shorter time later, Eddie found out, "what for."

He was to fight in the ship's tournament that day. He'd never laced on a glove prior to this time and the ship's crew gave him little chance in the tourney, with the exception of his close friends. They had seen his ability repeatedly when on shore leave he had helped them out of many a tight spot.

Four fights and four knockouts later Eddie Conarty was the middleweight champion of the *Lexington*.

This was the beginning. As a simon-pure he had a total of 50 fights, of which he won 48, losing 1, drawing in 1, and knocking out 35.

In 1945, Eddie turned professional. In order to box and remain in the Navy he adopted the Murphy alias, an Irish name for a fighting son of Erin.

Bob Murphy, San Diego, Calif., contender for light-heavyweight honors.

Fragetta was talking about a recent business trip, Cohen about Walter Cartier, a superb middleweight, who deserved more of a break, and Murphy was telling about how happy he had been to be rated in THE RING, and how he wanted to live up to the faith placed in him.

"I always wanted to show in the East. Not that I'm not thankful for everything that has been done for me on the Pacific Coast and by my manager, Travis Hatfield, but it is every fighter's wish to fight in New York, especially in the Garden," Bob went on.

One of the group put in: "Irving's taking care of your Eastern jaunt, isn't he?"

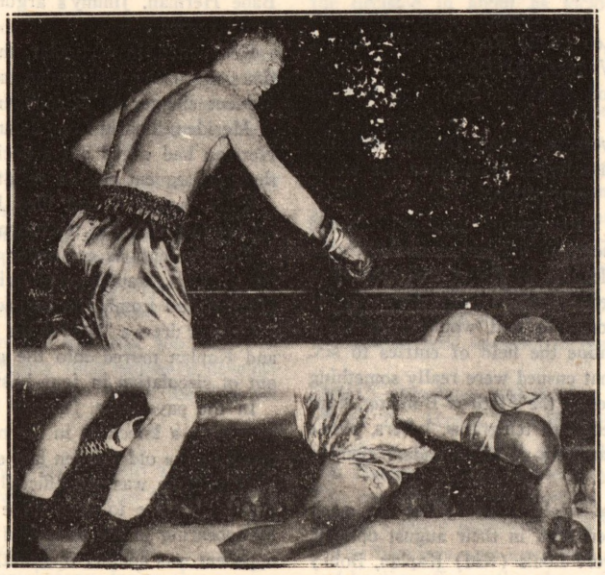
Cohen said: "That's right. I'm representing Bob here, but Hatfield is his manager."

A day later Murphy climbed into the ring and in less than a round had disposed of Wagner, considered a good trial horse for men crashing into the select circle.

Murphy had delivered! His favorite dish. A left hook to the jaw, a right to the midriff, and Wagner was on a shutter.

Just the opposite from Jack Dempsey, who liked to throw a hard right to the body and then a murderous left to the jaw.

Murphy has dispatched 14 foes before the third round. He's a solid puncher with either hand and is pure homicide when in with another puncher. Any trouble he has had has been against cuties, the punch and dance away boys. With the exception of a few, he has caught up with these Dapper Dans.



Murphy knocking out Lloyd Marshall in fourth round. Marshall hit Murphy hardest of anyone to date but it stood him to no avail.

BOB is of the Graziano school, the type the fans love. He does everything "The Rock" does, only he is a better boxer.

A few days after his fight with Wagner, Bob was visiting me in THE RING office. He reminded us of Tony Zale.

"Did anyone ever tell you that you resembled Zale?" Murphy was asked.

"Yes, indeed, and he's my idol of the present school," answered Bob.

Asked about his favorite of times gone by, he replied, "Stanley Ketchel. He had every-

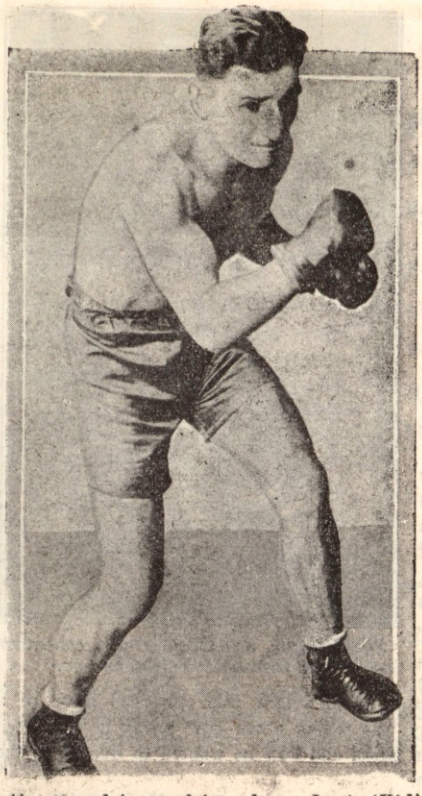
(Continued on page 35)

WHEN THE

Second Boxing Card Offered in House That Tex

(This is the second in a series of articles on outstanding fights staged during the 25 years' existence of "New" Madison Square Garden.)

By JERSEY JONES



After one defeat and four draws, Louis (Kid) Kaplan finally won decision over Babe Herman in closing chapter of series.

WITH the sensational Paul Berlenbach-Jack Delaney battle for the light-heavyweight title having officially launched boxing in "New" Madison Square Garden the previous week, Tex Rickard and his matchmaker, Jess McMahon, came back on December 18, 1925, with another world championship offering, this one for the featherweight laurels.

The principals were two of the most evenly-matched feudists of the era—the short, stocky, barrel-chested slugger, Champion Louis (Kid) Kaplan, and the stylish, sharpshooting boxer, Challenger Babe Herman.

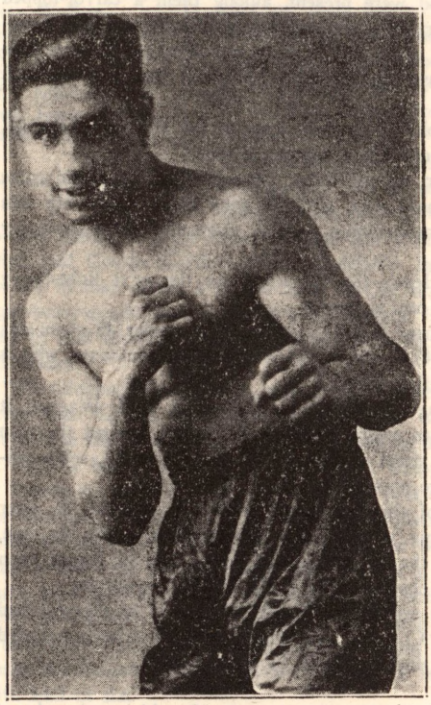
There was no livelier division in those days than the 126-pound brigade. It fa'rly teemed with both quality and quantity of outstanding talent. Along with Kaplan and Herman, there were Bobby Garcia, Red Chapman, Dick (Honey Boy) Finnegan, Danny Kramer, Chick Suggs, Billy DeFoe, Mike Dundee, Lou Paluso, Danny Frush, Eddie Brady, Tommy Noble, Joey Fox, Willie Ames, Ernie Goozeman, Joey Sangor, Jose Lombardo, Eddie Weygant, Johnny Farr, Leo (Kid) Roy, Curley Wilshur, Andy Chaney, Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Al Corbett and Cuddy DeMarco among the many good 'uns who kept the feathers flying high.

It was early in 1924 that the veteran Johnny Dundee, deciding he could no longer make the class limit, relinquished the world title and tossed it out into open competition.

The New York State Athletic Commission announced it would sponsor an elimination tournament to determine the "Scotch-Wop's" successor. The board decided to make the tourney a limited affair that could be settled in two or three shows rather than a wide-open, free-for-all scramble that would drag along for months. It was voted to confine the field of entries to six.

The tumult and the shouting that ensued were really something to behold. The commission's offices in the Flatiron Building, hard by Madison Square, were deluged with telegrams, letters, phone calls and personal visits from managers of 126-pounders clamoring for the chance to compete.

The fistic fathers spent several weeks weeding out the many applications, and finally announced that, in their august opinion, the six most logical candidates were Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Bobby Garcia, Mike Dundee, Danny Kramer, Jose Lombardo and Lou Paluso.



Stylish Babe Herman, who missed chance to take featherweight title from Kaplan in disappointing Madison Square Garden match.

AS was to be expected, the commission's selections failed to meet with unanimous approval. One of the most vociferous complainants was Jimmy Kelly, New York representative of Babe Herman. Jimmy's argument was well supported by Herman's record.

Kelly cited, in particular, the Babe's series with Kaplan. Four times the flashy Californian had hooked up with the stocky Connecticut slugger in 12-rounders—twice in the Kid's home town of Meriden, then in Long Island City, and finally in New Haven. Herman had edged out a decision in the first meeting, with the three subsequent clashes resulting in draws.

Kelly, however, had filed his protest too late. The pairings for the first round of the tournament had already been made.

The eliminations got under way in the old Garden on November 21, 1924, Kaplan outslugging Garcia, Kramer whipping Mike Dundee, and Lombardo decisioning Paluso in three ten-rounders.

Kramer drew a "bye" in the semi-final round, held December 12, and Kaplan moved into the grand finale by blasting Lombardo out of circulation in four blistering stanzas.

In the payoff, on January 2, 1925, Kaplan outlasted Kramer to win by a knockout in the ninth round of as vicious a Donnybrook as the old Garden had ever seen.

Though he was not officially in the tournament, Herman was given a chance to keep alive his claim to titular consideration by appearing in the semi-final to the Kaplan-Kramer affair. His opponent was another disgruntled rejectee, cagey old Billy DeFoe. In a brilliant exhibition of boxing and punching, the Babe battered the St. Paul veteran into a helpless mess in eight rounds.

KID BEAT THE BABE

Built Featured Rugged Kaplan Against Flashy Herman in Battle for Title

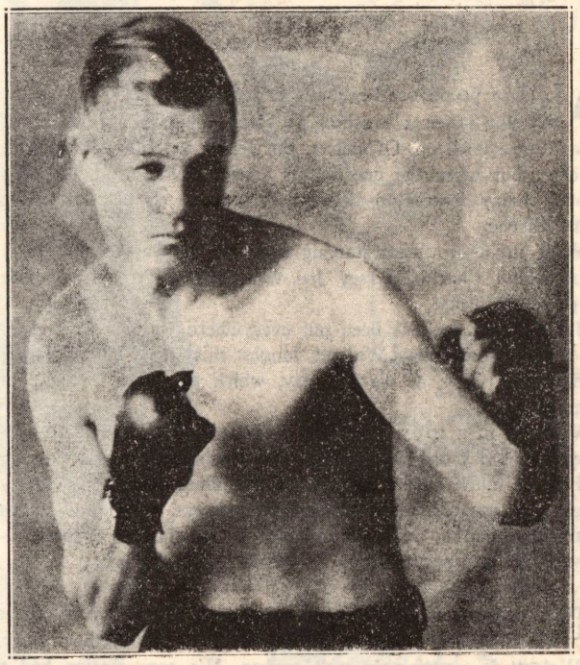
WHILE Kaplan hopped out to California for a brief campaign, Eastern rings produced a real scramble for the Kid's first opponent in a championship match.

Bobby Garcia, that savage-punching Texas Mexican, who held the U. S. Army title, moved out ahead of the pack when he whipped Herman in Waterbury after drawing with him in New York. But Garcia lost ground by dropping decisions to Leo (Kid) Roy in Montreal and Danny Kramer in Philadelphia, while Herman came on to take the lead again by putting together nine straight wins, topped by a kayo of Lombardo in New York

Returning home early in the summer of 1925, Kaplan announced his readiness to defend the featherweight title. George Mulligan, Waterbury promoter, outbid his Connecticut rivals and signed the Kid for an August 27 date at Brassco Park. Herman was named as opponent.

The scrap drew what still stands as Connecticut's all-time top for boxing receipts, close to 20,000 clients contributing a gross gate of $59,180.50. The champion's percentage netted Kaplan $19,685, while Herman drew down $9,892.

To avoid any possibility of a howl by the Herman contingent that Kaplan would be favored by a local referee, Tom Donahue, Connecticut's one-man commission, imported Jack Sheehan of Boston to handle the assignment of third man. But from the standpoint of the Herman menage, no home-town pro-Kaplan arbiter could have done a better job for the Meriden Buzzsaw. It was almost a unanimous opinion with the assembled scribes that Herman had won. But Sheehan called the bout a draw The verdict precipitated violent repercussions in the sports columns of the nation.



Lanky Honey Boy Finnegan, former Navy champion, won on foul over Army rival, Bobby Garcia, in hectic semi-final to Kaplan-Herman bout.

TEX RICKARD was among those present at the shenanigans in Waterbury. Ever the alert opportunist, Tex needed no prompting to appreciate that another Kaplan-Herman meeting would be a "natural" for his new Garden, then nearing completion. He lost no time bidding for the match.

Further fuel for the flames of ballyhoo was supplied a few days later when the New York Commission announced it had accepted Manager Jimmy Kelly's certified check for $2,500 to bind Herman's challenge to Kaplan, and the Kid would not be permitted to box in New York unless it was in a title affair with the California Portuguese.

Almost immediately, Kaplan's managerial board, headed by Dinny McMahon, announced that it had accepted terms offered by Rickard for a match with Herman in the new Garden. Not certain just when the Garden would be ready, no definite date was set for the bout, but "sometime in December" was tentatively agreed upon.

While Kaplan elected to remain inactive, Herman kept himself busy fighting around the country, but after a couple of no-decision affairs with Ray Miller in Aurora, Ill., and Johnny Farr in Cleveland, the Babe nearly jammed up the title match by getting himself held to a draw by Joey Celmars in New York and beaten by Dick (Honey Boy) Finnegan in Boston.

The Kaplan-Herman bout, however, was still too "hot" an attraction to be affected seriously by any such untoward developments. Rickard finally announced December 18 as the date for the match.

MATCHMAKER McMAHON came up with an exceptionally attractive semi-final between those two former service rivals, the Army's Bobby Garcia and the Navy's Honey Boy Finnegan, who had just beaten Herman in Boston.

Garcia and Finnegan had met once before, during the summer of 1923. Harvey L. (Heinie) Miller was promoting at the time in Berwyn, Md. (Yes, the same Heinie Miller who is now chairman of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission, Executive Secretary of the National Boxing Association, and boxing coach of the University of Maryland.)

Though Finnegan had been discharged from the Navy, he was still hanging around Washington, and the enterprising Miller thought it would be a terrific idea to match him with Garcia, stationed at Camp Holabird, near Baltimore, in a bout for the "unofficial" all-service featherweight title. Heinie paired the two in a 12-rounder. and Finnegan, a tall, rangy southpaw, eked out the decision in about as vicious a brawl as Miller probably ever sponsored.

Now, more than two and a half years later, the rivals were meeting again, this time in the semi-final to a world championship attraction in New Madison Square Garden.

The ruckus that ensued was a continuation of their riotous get-together in Maryland, except that it wound up with Garcia disqualified for low punching in the sixth round. It was a wild Donnybrook while it lasted, Garcia nearly finishing Finnegan in the second with a thunderous right to the chin that sent Honey Boy crashing to the canvas for a count of eight. The rangy Boston Irishman survived that rough spell, however, and was slightly ahead on points when Garcia was ruled out for pegging a couple of wild ones out of bounds.

THE attendance and receipts for the second fight card staged in The House That Tex Built fell somewhat short of expectations. They didn't quite match the figures set by Kaplan and Herman in their Waterbury episode four months previously. The crowd was announced as 13,299 and the gate as $54,705. Kaplan's purse amounted to $19,488; Herman's, $6,496.

The bout was even more of a disappointment. It was a tugging-and-hauling affair rather than a fight. Neither Kaplan nor Herman seemed up to his normal standard. *(Continued on page 36)*

PERENNIAL CHALLENGER

Jersey Joe Walcott, with Three Shots at World Title, Continues to Rate Number One Contender—Has High Praise for Swedes and Germans in Treatment of American Fighters

By TED CARROLL

A LOT of people are beginning to feel that Jersey Joe Walcott is being given a brushoff as future opponents for Ezzard Charles are lined up. Of course, the Jersey veteran is no spring chicken, but when the question is asked, "Who of the heavies around today figures to lick him?", outside of Charles, there is no answer.

With public sentiment starting to swing his way as the No. 1 man behind Charles, Jersey Joe walked into THE RING office to present his case.

Jersey Joe's age has been put everywhere between 35 and 50 by various estimates. Walcott laughs this off while claiming January 31, 1914, as his birthday, which puts him in his 37th year on earth.

Walcott, in a natty gray suit, with fancy suede shoes, manicured and spick and span, looked like anything but the doddering old fogey much of the fight public presumes him to be. Jersey Joe's skin has a healthy glow. His eyes are bright and minus scar tissue marks. His teeth are perfect and there is a sprightliness to his step remindful of his native Jersey bounce.

THE Jerseyman shook hands all around, starting with Editor Nat Fleischer, and then settled himself on a convenient chair.

Walcott is surprisingly well spoken. His conversation had a pleasant, effortless flow as he started to speak his piece.

"How can anybody talk about fighting Charles for the title without fighting me first?" asked Walcott coming to the point right off the bat.

"Louis barely lasted the limit with Charles and, as everybody knows, my fight with Ezz was close all the way. I really won that fight and the title. At least, the sports scribes and public said so. And those Marcianos, LaStarzas and Brions! I'm not kidding when I say I'm willing to fight the three of them in one night. They all want to fight Charles, but nobody wants to fight me. I'll fight any man in the world and I always would. It looks as if the promoters are trying to shut me out," challenged Jersey Joe.

"I had two fights with Louis and everyone says I won the first one, but still they're trying to give me the run-around," Walcott persisted.

His mention of Louis could not help but bring out the contrast between the physical condition of the two although both are about the same age.

IN answer to a question about his amazing durability at an age when most boxers' best days are years behind them, Walcott grinned as he replied:

"Well, I guess one reason is that I've always had such a hard time getting along I could never afford any kind of dissipation, not even cigarettes. You know, I've never smoked nor drank a drop in my life.

"Then again, I've been a family man since I was 19 and that seems to have helped me. As a kid I went in for all kinds of games. My favorite was football, and I kept so busy that I guess I didn't have time to pick up many bad habits.

"Now take Louis," he went on. "Joe hit the top very early in his life. He did well to last as long as he did with all that easy living he went through.

"I was just the opposite. I didn't know what an extra dollar was until I was 'way over thirty."

Joe, if you have any secrets as to how to stay young forever, you can become a millionaire if you let the world know how you do it, I cut in jokingly. They'll praise you for it.

"I wish I had such a formula," laughed Walcott, "but it's just the same old story of taking care of yourself when you're young—plenty of rest and so on. I even train about the same and eat about the same as other fighters do, so there's no secret stuff there, yet I'm much older than the average boxer."

No fighter ever had a rougher road to the top than Jersey Joe Walcott. With six children at home to feed, the pressure was on him all the time. For years, fights were few and far between, and when there were no fights, Walcott did anything that came along. No work was too tough nor too low for him.

"For a long time I did more garbage dumping for the sanitation department in Camden than I did fighting," he admits, "and I was mighty glad to get it to do."

WALCOTT, born Arnold Cream in Merchantville, N. J., looks upon his choice of a ring name as a very happy one.

"I took the name of one of the greatest fighters of all time and then added to it the name of one of the greatest states," he chuckles.

You hit the jackpot there, I agreed. There's something catchy about the nickname Jersey Joe.

Although he scoffs at the title pretensions of most of the heavy contenders, Walcott is unusually praiseful of many of his former foes.

He considers Bivins at the time they met in 1946 one of the best heavies of recent years. He is open in his admiration of Joey Maxim, a three-time foe.

He calls Curtis "Hatchetman" Sheppard one of the unluckiest of all fighters.

"He never got any kind of a break, but everybody who ever fought him will tell you that he was a terrific puncher and a pretty fair boxer. I was in pretty much the same boat for years, but I finally got lucky," Walcott states.

Jersey Joe considers the fight with Baksi the most important of his career.

"They took me because they thought I was a washed-up old man, but in Camden I beat Baksi, who is a lot better fighter than anybody thinks, and that was my big break," he declares.

"Once that happened, my whole mental condition changed. When I was a young kid, my big family and my other troubles worked on my mind so I couldn't get the most out of my fighting. That, I believe, is the real reason why I came back so good so late," says Jersey Joe philosophically.

WHILE on the subject of fighters, what do you think makes Charles so hard to beat? I wanted to know.

"The way he moves around. He has wonderful footwork and every move he makes has a reason. He's the kind of fighter you have to look for to hit, and he makes it even tougher by sticking you with a fast left hand," was Jersey Joe's analysis of Ezzard's success.

Walcott is a cousin of Jimmy Bronson's old Joplin Ghost, Jeff Clark, also a native of Merchantville, N. J.

How is the old 'Ghost'? was my next query. Did he ever show you any boxing tricks?

"He's fine and back home in Merchantville," replied Walcott. "I'll say he did show me some tricks! Some great stuff, too. It's helped me a lot."

Stateside fans were surprised to learn that Jersey Joe had run into difficulties collecting his purse after his fight with

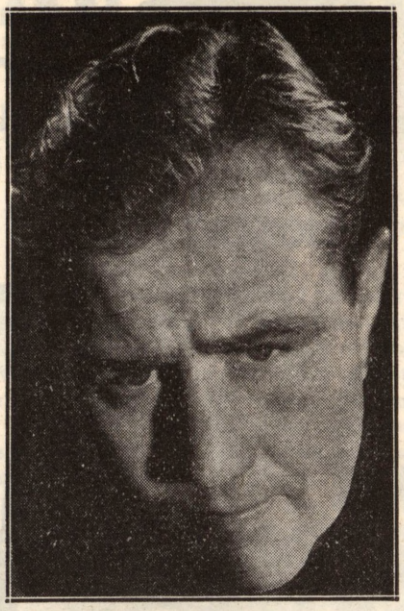
"MY WIN OVER... Joe BAKSI. ...IN 1945 WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT OF MY CAREER.."
..HEIN TEN HOFF INVITED US OUT TO HIS HOUSE.. AND SHOWED US A FINE TIME.."
Jersey Joe WALCOTT.
..STILL VERY MUCH IN THE HEAVY-WEIGHT PICTURE.. SPEAKS HIS PIECE...
"CHARLES KNOWS HOW TO MOVE AROUND AND USE HIS LEFT HAND.!"
SEE ME FIRST!
"I THINK ANYBODY WHO WANTS CHARLES SHOULD MEET ME FIRST..!"
"THINGS WERE SO TOUGH FOR ME FOR YEARS.. I USED TO WORK FOR THE DEPT. OF SANITATION.."
TED CORBETT

Hein ten Hoff in Germany last spring. They figured that had all been taken care of before the boxer left the U.S.A.

Walcott offers this explanation for the money mix-up:

"Fifty per cent of my purse, some $13,500, was deposited over here for me before I left. I was to get the rest after the fight. The original date of the fight was May 7. It was our tough luck that on May 28, the day it was finally held, the Communists pulled off their march on Berlin. This put every American soldier in Berlin on duty that day.

"The Germans who showed up paid to get in with marks. The soldiers over there use scrip, which is just the same as American money and can be carried out of the country without any trouble. But the American Commissioner won't let you take marks out of the country, and most of the money taken in at the gate was in marks because the soldiers couldn't make it to the fight that day. The Germans want to let me take the $14,000 I still have coming, but the American government says no. It looks as if I'll eventually get it, but there's no telling when," discloses Jersey Joe.



Olle Tandberg of Sweden whose friendship Walcott cherishes. Olle and his wife are on a visit to America.

Despite this, Jersey Joe is crazy over Europe and the Europeans. "They treated me so wonderfully in Sweden when I fought Tandberg over there, I felt like fighting for nothing. What a great time I had," the big fellow beams.

Walcott becomes almost ecstatic when he tells about his trip to Germany.

"This is just my opinion, but I believe there are no nicer people in the world than the Germans. It's their leaders who have caused all their trouble. They're hungry for all kinds of sports and they treat visiting athletes, especially boxers, like kings. I think it's a shame that they're not allowing German fighters to come over here. After all, I went over there and fought. Why shouldn't they be able to come over here?" asks Walcott.

The usually mild-mannered Walcott seemed to be really getting steamed up as he continued.

"I never met a finer fellow than that big Ten Hoff. Let me tell you what he did. I went over there to see about getting my purse in September. I brought my oldest son over with me. On the way back home, we were to take a plane out of Hamburg. Ten Hoff, who lives in Hamburg, found out somehow that I was in town. He got hold of me at the airport and made me delay my trip back a day because he wanted to entertain me and my kid at his home.

"They wined and dined us. I met his family, and we had one swell time. That's the kind of people I found the Germans to be, and I don't care what anybody says."

YOUR audience with the Pope in Rome got a lot of mention over here. Mr. Fleischer tells us he's a wonderful man, Joe, I put in.

"Wonderful isn't the word for it. I can't find the word to tell you what a great man he is," replied Walcott. "When you leave an audience with the Pope, you feel uplifted like a new man."

Since Walcott's home responsibilities are unusually heavy, I couldn't resist asking what provisions he is making for his future security.

"With a family like mine, I think about that a lot. I own quite a bit of property around Camden. I got $153,000 for the second Louis fight. My 18-year-old son is a football player and he'll be going to college soon. I'm trying to work things out so all my kids will be taken care of, at least until they're able to get out on their own," he declares.

"Another thing, I don't think my manager, Felix Bocchicchio, is given enough credit for what's happened to me. Sure, I do the fighting, but I had a lot of managers before him and I want to go on record saying that he's had a whole lot to do with my success so late in my career. He's been a great friend as well as a manager to me," Walcott revealed.

JERSEY JOE is already the hero of a success story in which he surmounted hardships normally to be expected only by men moiling for gold in the Klondikes.

Walcott's character was shaped by a long, hard battle against poverty. It prevented him from reaching the peak of his only real vocation, boxing, until he was past the age when such things are considered possible. He suffered and he struggled, but he never did anything to reflect on his person because he is intensely and unpretentiously religious.

Jersey Joe can make himself understood with clarity and conviction. Furthermore, his vocabulary is so well rounded that it often hits the first-time listener smack dab in the eardrum. Don't misunderstand. He's not an orator. He gets tangled up in a sentence sometimes and can't extricate himself, but on the whole he can express himself better than 99 per cent of the ringmen in circulation today.

It isn't surprising when you know his full story.

He has plenty of money, with the promise of much more. He wears good clothes in good taste, with a minimum of flash. He drives an expensive car, a Cadillac. He owns a ten-room home and he keeps his wife and six children provided with the best.

In general, he has acquired the manner of a prospering business man. But he hasn't let his new-found prosperity go to his head. He has remembered his many relatives, with whom he shared his hungry days. He is embarked on a program of buying a small home for each of his nine brothers and sisters. Some of them have been installed for months.

If Walcott was a trifle bitter at a world which deprived him for a decade of the opportunity he craved, he couldn't be blamed. When the chance came, his bitterness changed to grimness. But the hard days are over.

Walcott is grim only when the occasion calls for it. He is a rounded personality. He is an intelligent man who has seen it all.

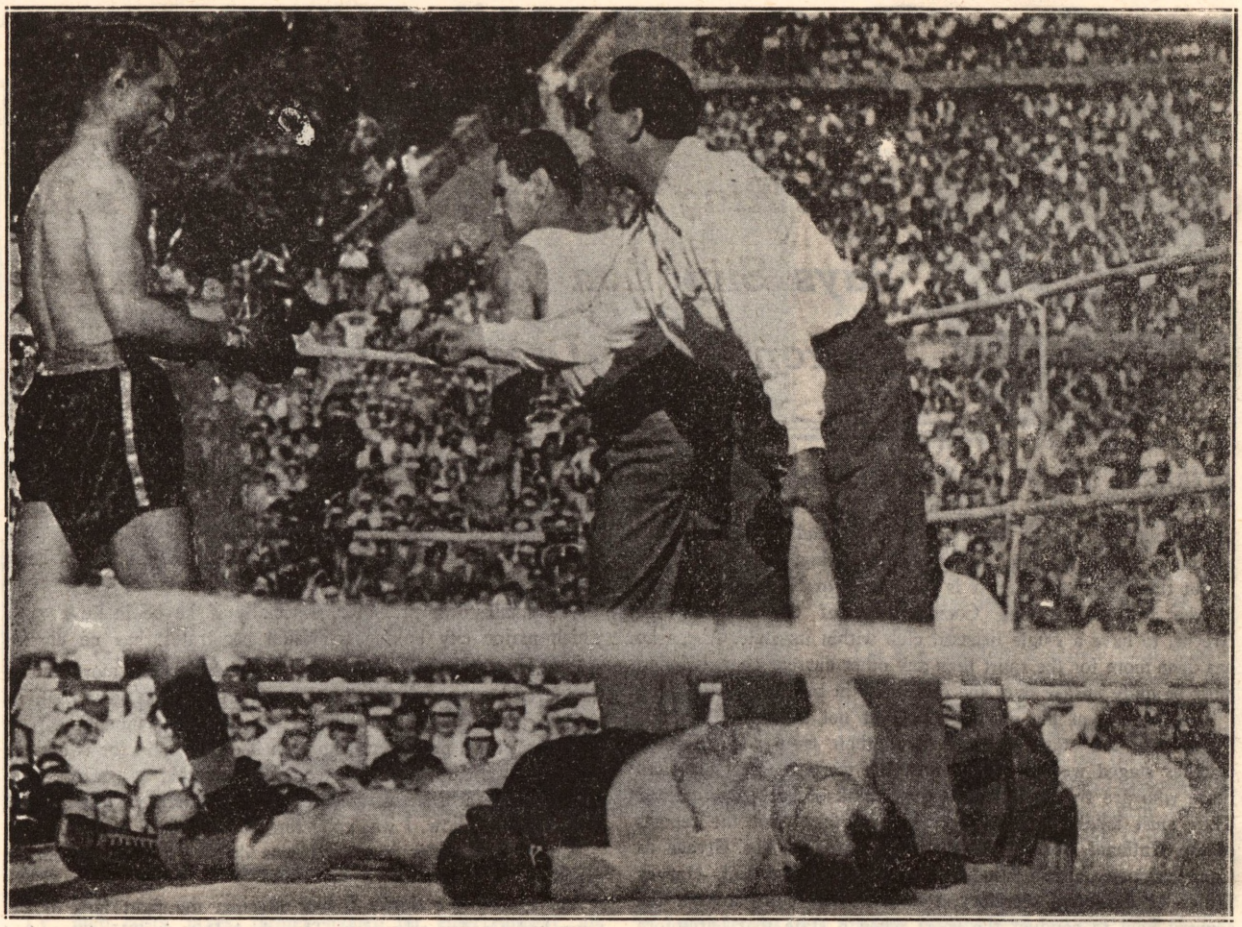
The Jerseyman has had an extended career. A chap of his intelligence knows very well that he can't go on forever. What would he like to do when he finally calls it quits?

The balding, heavy set Walcott looked not unlike a church deacon who has heard the call, as he turned his eyes slightly upward and said with feeling, "I would like nothing better than to return to Germany as some sort of boxing or physical training instructor for the young people there. The Germans love sports; from sports you get a different understanding of other people.

"The Germans have been raised heretofore to worship soldiering. Think what a great thing it would be if they felt the same way about sports. Look what sports, especially boxing, have done in this country getting people of all kinds of races to know each other and think more of each other. I like the German people and they like me. I hope some day I can go over there and help them in sports as much as I can. I'd like to be an instructor over there," he concluded.

THE NYAC

WHEN the first New York State Athletic Commission under the Walker law was appointed in 1920, it inherited a set of rules adopted by the state legislature which provided for junior classes in boxing. These were a junior flyweight class with a limit of 109 pounds, junior bantamweight division with a limit of 115 pounds, junior featherweight, 122 pounds, junior lightweight, 130 pounds, and a junior welterweight class with a limit of 140 pounds.



Former Heavyweight Champion Max Schmeling, now a popular referee, points to Gene Jones as winner after counting out Adolf Kleinholderman in first round of Berlin bout.

BOXING BOOM *in* GERMANY

Berlin, Hamburg, Dusseldorf, Dortmund, Munich and Cologne Among the Leading Centers Consistently Drawing Capacity Crowds — Hein ten Hoff-Gene Jones Bout Expected to Draw 100,000

By BILLY WILLIAMS

BOXING in general may be in something of a slump these days, but the sport is enjoying an unprecedented boom in Western Germany, and sellout crowds have become the rule.

Typical of the tremendous popularity of leather-pushing in "Deutschland" was the crowd of 45,000 which braved unfavorable elements to pour into Dortmund's big outdoor Rote Erde Stadium for the German heavyweight championship bout between Hein ten Hoff and Heinz Neuhaus. The weather was so miserable that, had the match been scheduled in the United States, it would certainly have been postponed. Incidentally, the fight resulted in a bruising twelve-round draw.

On a brief visit to his home in Washington recently, Fred Kirsch, who has been campaigning a troupe of American fighters in Germany, offered some highly interesting comments on the boxing boom there.

"Packed houses have become a regular thing at the Waldbuehne in Berlin," he said. "The place has a capacity of 26,000, and several times complete sellouts, with thousands turned away, have been reported. When only 18,000 were on hand for the Lloyd Marshall-Dieter Hucks bout, it was considered disappointing—yet how long is it since Madison Square Garden housed that much of a crowd?"

WHAT other centers, besides Berlin and Dortmund, have been reporting thriving business in the German sock market?

"Nearly all the big cities have been doing very well," Kirsch replied. "Hamburg, Dusseldorf and Cologne are excellent spots, and Munich promises to be another."

How come the disappointing turnout for the Hein ten Hoff-Jersey Joe Walcott bout in Mannheim? The promoters had confidently predicted a crowd of from 60,000 to 80,000, but the final figures showed less than 25,000.

"It was an unfortunate combination of circumstances," explained Kirsch. "For one thing, Mannheim was too far away from such major boxing centers as Berlin, Cologne and Dusseldorf. And the promotion was poorly handled. The fight was on and off so much the public doubted, right up to the last moment, that it would be held. Finally, there was the weather—it rained the day of the fight, and naturally that had a discouraging effect. Yet, don't overlook the fact that, in the face of all these handicaps, the turnout was better than Joe Louis and Ezzard Charles attracted to the Yankee Stadium."

International competition has played an important role in boxing's surge to popularity in Germany. "So far," said Kirsch, "fighters imported from other *(Continued on page 36)*

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

"The Ring" Editor Outlines Boxing's Ills
Says Situation Countrywide Is Critical
Patronage Is Dropping! Clubs Closing

STRANGE things have happened in boxing during the past year, particularly the falling off of interest in the sport throughout the country. Organizations that had been in the field for many years, the real incubators of boxing, have folded up.

But the oddity of the year is the failure of New Jersey, home of the National Boxing Commissioner of the N.B.A., Abe Greene, to have a single licensed club within its state. Abe, who has done more for the sport than any other current commissioner, must be quite uneasy over the conditions in his state.

The salaries of his office go on, yet not a cent of revenue comes into the state treasury other than from the wrestling matches staged weekly. What must the nation's fight fans, and those who are trying to kill boxing, think of such a situation? They must laugh up their sleeves when they read the reports of the National Boxing Association, signed by Abe Greene as Commissioner, Archie Hindman as president and Col. Harvey Miller as executive secretary, telling boxing clubs around the country how to conduct the sport when a state that heretofore has been one of the leaders in pugilism, can't get a promoter to open a club because there is no boxing patronage in New Jersey.

The same conditions existing in the Garden State are found in many others in N.B.A. territory. Our monthly reports prove that. Month after month our correspondents write, "Sorry that we cannot report any fight news because no bouts were staged during the past two months."

MEN connected intimately with the boxing business, as managers, promoters, trainers and what not, have come to me with protests against exposing the fact that clubs are dying, gates are diminishing, and state commissions are hollow organizations ruling nothing whatever.

"Why belt the game when it is having its troubles?" they say.

I am "belting the game," as they put it, because I believe boxing and many people connected with it must be brought to their senses.

I am "belting the game" because I believe that too many boxing commissioners are sitting around with their eyes shut and their ears plugged, waiting for the millenium, convinced that "boxing always manages to fall upstairs."

I am "belting the game" because I love it, because I think that silence is the worst thing that could be employed in the current situation, because I know that inherently boxing is a splendid activity and deserves saving. If I did not feel that way, I would turn this magazine into the monthly palladium of the Parchesi and Croquinole League of America

BOXING is being ruined, as minor league baseball is being killed, by television.

The small town promoter, especially if he be in an area in which major city boxing television penetrates, has no chance

Boxing club overhead is terrific. Fighters get more money than ever before—a quirk in the market, because good fighters are so scarce. Taxes, rentals, other expenses, keep mounting.

A small town promoter, who took it on the chin for two years before he went down for the count of ten, told me, "It cost me $3000 to put on a show without a standout fighter, just a good, crowd-pleaser show. I was collecting around $2000 a night.

"Come to consider it now, I was doing great losing only a grand plus a week.

"As against the shows I was offering, the fight fans of my town had Garden television. They had Detroit TV. They had Chicago video.

"They remained home, or they bought two beers in one of our taverns, and sat around watching those big town fights on big screens.

"No money to spend for tickets. No bad weather to encounter. No poor seats to put up with. Just half a buck for beer, and a big town show.

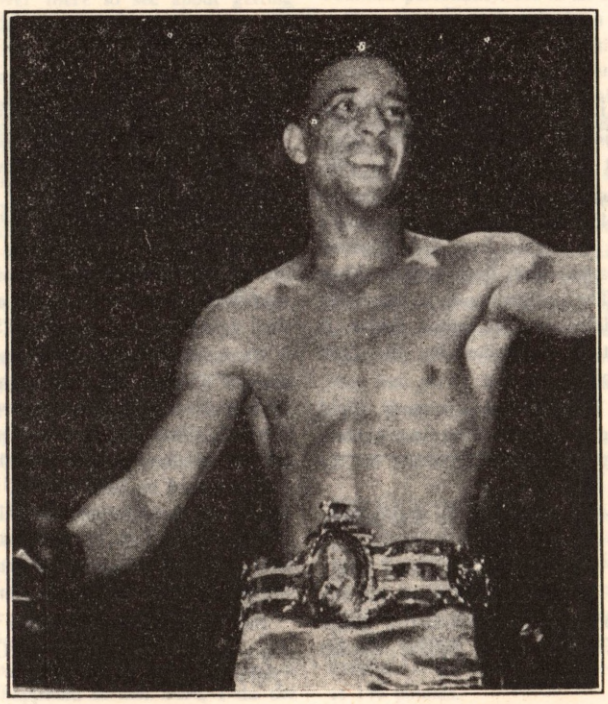
"How in the name of John L. Sullivan could I hope to combat this? I did hope, though. And now I know I was a sucker.

"Within five years, all the fights in the United States will be held in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Boston, and maybe a couple of other localities, and all the small clubs will be dead, and a lot of commissions will be sitting on corpses.

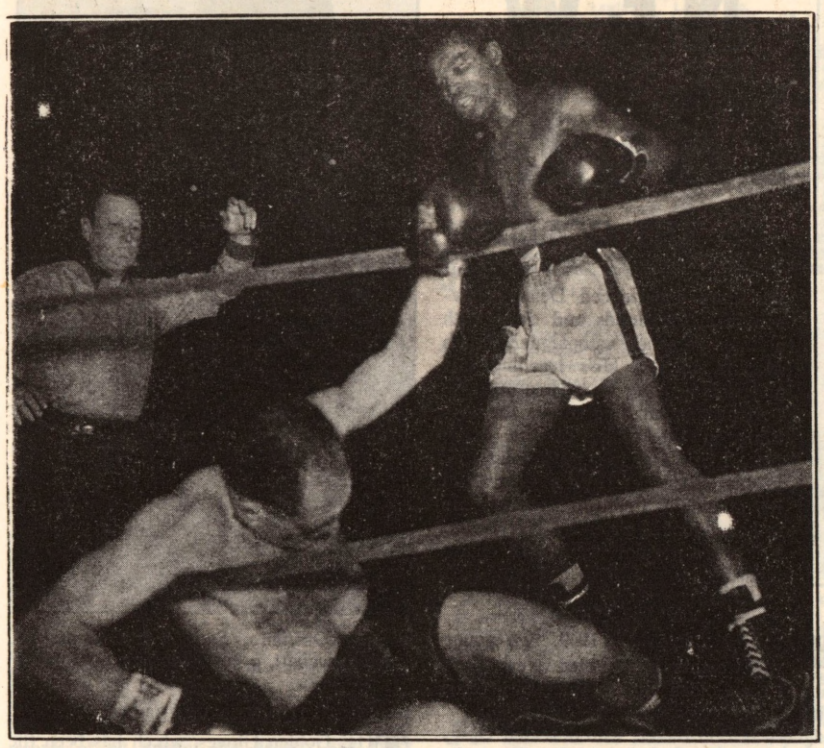
"I HAVE been reading a lot of stuff about bad men being interested in fighters.

"That is old stuff. We have had rough and undesirable characters in the game for as long as it has existed. There would be none around if the commissions were all on the level.

"Granted that these characters hurt boxing. But the fact remains that right now television is doing more harm to



Randolph Turpin of England, in ecstasy as he wears the Lord Lonsdale belt which he gained when he knocked out Albert Finch in the fifth round to capture the British middleweight championship.



Ray Robinson drops Joe Rindone for third and final knockdown in their mill at the Boston Garden. The knockout was scored in the sixth round and followed a kayo that Sugar Ray scored over Carl Olson of Hawaii in Philadelphia. Ray has been putting away all opposition in the middleweight division to prove his right to a title fight with Jake LaMotta.

New York, the Empire State of the Union, which in past years has led the nation in boxing activity, remains at the helm only because of the weekly shows in the Garden and the St. Nicholas Club. They alone are making money. The state revenue on boxing in New York this year will probably reach a new low, but the drop won't affect the large number of political appointees who work as inspectors, deputies, etc. Even with empty arenas, these boys must be paid and the state pays out at the expense of the taxpayer.

On Election Day a report from Washington stated that Federal employees at the Pentagon reached a new high. Governor Dewey might well look into the number of officials on the staff of the Boxing Commission before the Republican organization criticizes the Federal government on appointments. The whole set-up is cockeyed.

boxing in the United States than all the crooks who might be in the game."

TV, high costs, taxes, tighter money for entertainment, all have figured in the illness of the boxing box office.

As for shady characters—let the commissions of the nation beware.

It is common knowledge that the Kefauver Committee, which has been looking into gambling, and the activities of shady characters in general, contemplates investigating boxing.

It would do the game a lot of harm to be dragged into Washington, even if the Kefauver Committee found nothing wrong. Things would be magnified. Things would be talked into the situation.

IT'S not too late for our boxing commissions to act before government investigation takes place. It is a most difficult thing to prove that these characters control boxing, but not when perjury charges can be placed against those who deliberately lie before an investigation committee empowered by law to look into such matters.

Again I say that boxing is being stifled throughout the country, and I blame commissions—all of them without exception, and that includes Abe Greene and Col. Eagan—for what is going on. They have it in their power to curb the rotten system. They have their investigators, or can get them by asking for them. Instead of having political hangers-on collect salaries for jamming up the aisles at fight clubs as inspectors, at $12 per night per inspection, let them put these men to work around the gymnasiums, place them where they can learn the identity of the hoodlums, and act accordingly. It's time for a showdown.

Unscrupulous promoters often do not even offer a halfway decent program, due to laxity on the part of commissions, a condition which has caused many dyed-in-the-wool fight enthusiasts of the past to stay away. Another reason for the marked decline in the patronage and the necessity to shut down arenas that had been carrying on for years.

In Connecticut, as in New Jersey, the state commission will operate in the red this year because the fight crowds have been so disappointing. In the West things are even worse. Many commissions have no boxing clubs over which to rule and were it not for occasional wrestling, there would be no state income on boxing and wrestling.

In New York State the drop in patronage has been terrific.

SINCE the Louis-Charles fight, THE RING has been flooded with letters in-re the poor broadcasting and television reports of the contest. Those who had both television and radio, side by side, declared they were looking at one fight and hearing another, and that often the radio commentator was describing blows that, according to him, were being landed at a mile-a-minute clip while the contestants were already seated in their corners and receiving first aid from their seconds.

There's nothing new about that. I have had the same experience. At least so far as the broadcasting by radio is concerned, we get a very good picture of fights in which Don Dunphy and Bill Corum team up, but I cannot say that of the television "experts." Their work in most cases is abominable.

Either they don't know a lick about the fight game, or are so inexperienced in broadcasting fights that they talk about anything but what is happening in the ring. Descriptions of the color of the fighters' eyes, talks about their home life, their parents, and what not—anything but the fight itself, and often these "experts" hand their listeners the most ridiculous lines on the action. Let's have more of the Bill Corum, Don Dunphy and Steve Ellis type.

My advice to the sponsors, if they hope to continue to hold their television patronage, is to place some one in charge of the boxing talks who knows what he is talking about. Otherwise, let's have no comment at all on television so that we don't have to listen to a lot of flub-dub. It seems to me that when a concern spends thousands for television and radio, such firm wouldn't spare extra expense to obtain the services of sports writers recognized as experts in boxing to help the broadcasters so that the public will not have to listen to a lot of exasperating nonsense given to them by men who should do the listening instead of the talking.

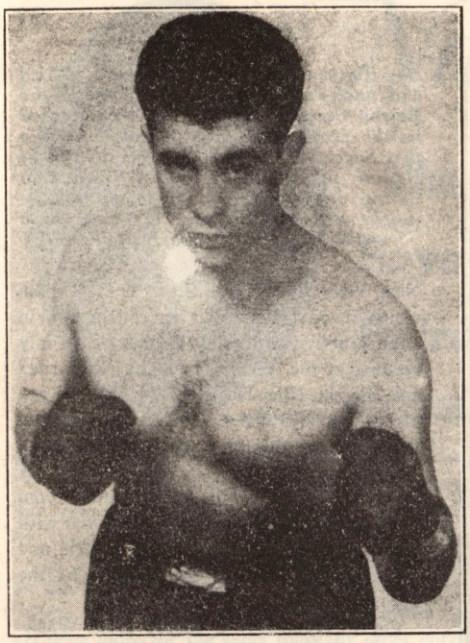
A change is needed if television and radio fans are to be encouraged to watch fights and listen to the broadcasts for only if there are a sufficient number of fans watching and listening, will firms continue to advertise their product on the air.

ENGLAND may soon follow in the footsteps of California in-re cuts. There is a move on foot to bring about a rule to the effect that if a fight is stopped because of a cut, the man who is leading on points should get the decision.

In California the rule stipulates *(Continued on page 49)*

NEW FACES

By ART COLLINS



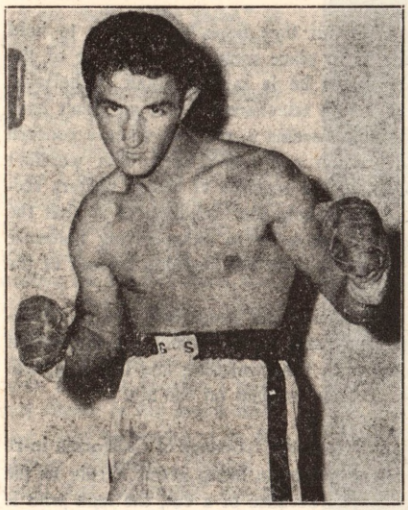
A young heavyweight from New York Ctty, Jimmy Gambino, who is a welcome addition to the new crop.

FREDDIE KING

THE wholesale advent of outstanding amateurs into the professional ring has given British boxing a real "shot in the arm" in recent months. Boys like Jack Gardner, Algar Smith, Terry Ratcliffe, the Marshall brothers (Vince and Bernard), Hugh Riley, Johnny Miller and other top-line developments in simon pure competition have helped to replenish the waning ranks of Britain's punch-for-pay attractions.

Freddie King, 19-year-old featherweight of Wandsworth, and a Covent Garden porter in his more prosaic moments, turned professional in June, 1950, after he had reached the final round of the national A.B.A. championships. Though his pro experience at this writing is limited to only six bouts, the youngster has done a fine job so far of carrying on in the money ranks where he left off in the amateurs. Freddie has stopped four of his opponents inside the scheduled distance, halting Peter Morrison and Jack Osborne in one round each, Johnny O'Gara in four, and Tommy Cummings in five. In the two scraps that went their full routes, King was outpointed by the more experienced Denny Dawson in eight rounds and drew with another seasoned campaigner, Hugh Mackie, in six. He's learning fast and is improving each time out.

If proper handling counts for anything in the realm of the flying fists, Freddie should go a long way in his chase after fistic glory and its attendant financial returns. He is being looked after by Nat Seller, England's popular "trainer of champions."



Rickey Versace, flyweight from White Plains, New York.

JIMMY GAMBINO

BACK on March 28, 1949, two young heavyweights represented New York City in the Golden Gloves Inter-City finals with Chicago.

One was Bob Baker, who defeated Desry Sykes, the other was Jimmy Gambino, who took the measure of Bill Bangert. It was a clean sweep for New York in the heavyweight division.

Since then both have turned professional. Baker has risen to become the sixth ranking heavyweight in the world, and Gambino, who started in the pro ranks a little later, April of 1950 to be exact, has notched eight straight wins.

Gambino hails from the Greenwich Village section of New York City and started out in the boxing field as a member of the Catholic Youth Organization team. Up to the time that professional boxing gave him the nod he made his living as a store clerk by day and boxed as a simon pure by night.

Only 19, Jimmy sports a punch and is of the rough 'em and sock 'em variety of boxer. He's willing to take a punch to land one, and the fans love him.

His manager is Sammy Richmond.

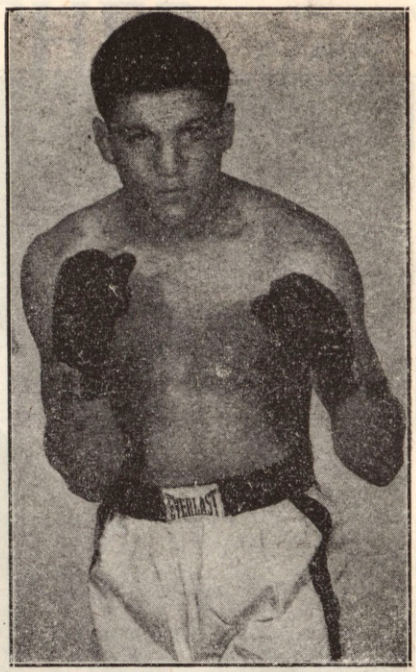
SAMMY GUILIANO

SAM GUILIANO, Stamford, Conn., welterweight, protege of top sportscaster Steve Ellis, is a newcomer in the professional ranks and a youngster who spells action in the ring.

How far he will go depends on how much he learns. At the moment he is a willing lad with a solid punch but he lacks polish and shows the greenness that one expects of a tyro. But he is learning and that is of the utmost importance in the career of any boxer starting along the pro trail.

Guiliano lost his first professional fight in July of 1950 when he tangled with Phil Rizzo in a four-rounder. Since then Sam has won seven straight bouts, including a win over Rizzo in a return match over the six-round route.

Recently he fought a dingdong battle with Al Mouzon until he nailed the Baltimore lad in the second for the doleful count, and in his latest encounter he took the measure of George Burrows over six rounds.



Sammy Guiliano, Stamford, Connecticut, welterweight, a good looking prospect.

RICKEY VERSACE

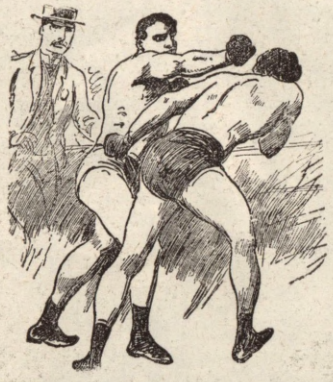
THE Golden Gloves, which has been the breeding grounds for the professional ranks, has added another product to the pro swim in Rickey Versace, who was born on March 23, 1932, at White Plains, N. Y. Incidentally, the scene of his birth was the locale for his latest ring appearance. The 18-year-old youngster fought to a four-round draw with Al Graziano. Previously he had rung up three victories over Willie Orsini, Mike Tocci, in fours, and a one-round knockout over Larry Spencer.

Versace is Italian-American with a penchant for golf and as a hobby he caddies at the Westchester Golf Club. As an amateur he boxed for about a year, winding up his sock without pay career in the Golden Gloves in 1949.

He is trained by Wilbur Ackerly and managed by Nat Rogers.

Great Britain contributes to the New Faces with Freddie King, featherweight.

THE RING QUESTION BOX



Alfred Legere, Port Elgin, New Brunswick, Canada

Q.—Was Leonard Morrow ever knocked out? In what round did Tunney stop Carpentier? What is the age of Beau Jack? Where can I find the complete records of my favorite fighters?

A.—Morrow was stopped by Gil Mojica in two rounds and by Bob Foxworth in four. Carpentier was kayoed by Tunney in the fifteenth round. Beau Jack was born on April 1, 1921. There are no more All Time Ring Record Books available nor 1949 Record Books. The next one will be out in [illegible] and will contain complete records of all present day fighters and every champion, past and present in addition to a load of new interesting material.

Only 2500 copies will be printed hence we advise our readers to act busy immediately and order your copy or like hundreds of readers this year, you won't be able to buy the book within a few months after its publication. This is a hint to the wise. There are no more 1950 books left.

Raymond Cross, Boston, Mass.

Q.—What was the date of the death of Joe Goddard and where did he die? Was he the equal of Peter Jackson? When did he fight Denver Ed Smith and what were the results?

A.—Sorry I haven't the date or place of Goddard's death. He was not the equal of Jackson. He kayoed Smith at Johannesburg on November 7, 1896 in four rounds and was knocked out by Smith at New Orleans on March 3, 1893 in 18 rounds.

Rene Prulx, Wawa, Ontario, Canada

Q.—Is there a law in boxing that makes it mandatory that a champion defend his title at least once before retiring?

A.—No. There is no such rule. The rule in re champions states that a titleholder must defend his crown at least once every six months. This, however, has been ignored quite frequently without any penalty being imposed. So far as the heavyweight title is concerned, commissions have not forced obedience to this rule because they realize that a heavyweight championship match cannot be staged readily unless there is a good challenger in the field since the titleholder's demands are too great to take a risk. A champion, however, may retire after winning his title without ever having defended it.

Bill Simonson, Geraldton, Ontario, Canada

Q.—What were the dates of the Lesnevich, Pastor Oma and Bivins fights?

A.—Pastor, January 20, 1942; Bivins, March 11, 1942 and Oma, February 22, 1946. You will find all dates of famous fighters in our record books. The 1950 will be out on March 15, 1951, reserve a copy.

Alfred Legere, New Brunswick, Canada

Q.—How often has Ortiz defended his title, both before he lost to Dade and after he rewon the crown?

A.—Fourteen times before he lost the championship and four since he regained it.

Q.—When did Marshall stop Charles?

A.—On March 31, 1943.

Gene E. Palmer, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Was Freddie Dawson ever defeated?

A.—Yes, many times. In 1943 he was stopped by Ray Lewis in 4. In 1944, Ike Williams stopped him in four rounds and he lost to Dorsay Lay in ten. In 1943 Johnny Bratton beat him in ten and the following year Doug Ratford defeated him in ten. Last year he lost to Ike Williams in ten rounds and to Johnny Williams in the same number.

George Elder, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—Where and against whom did Beau Jack fight on September 30? What was the result and the weight of each?

A.—Jack beat Livio Minelli, Jack scaled 140 against 146 for the Italian. The bout was fought in Chicago

W. G. Lewis, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—Did Jack Johnson fight Jim Flynn?

A.—Yes. They fought on November 2, 1907, at San Francisco and Johnson scored a kayo in the eleventh round. They fought again at Las Vegas, Nevada, on July 4, 1912, in a world heavyweight title bout and the police stopped the bout in the ninth round.

Gordon Cohn, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What was the result of the Eddie Lander vs. Johnny Bratton fight? Is Bernard Docusen a brother of Maxie? Was King Levinsky an outstanding fighter? Were his wins and losses against top men?

A.—Bratton won decision. Yes, they are brothers. Levinsky was an outstanding fighter when in his prime. Yes, he fought the top men of his division.

BVS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Did Tony Pellone and Kid Gavilan fight? Wnat is the date of Lee Oma's birth?

A.—Yes, November 12, 1948, Gavilan won in ten rounds. Oma was born in March, 1916. He is 33 years old.

Edward Mass, New York City

Q.—In a recent New York columnist's report of the Pep-Saddler fight he stated that when Saddler was asked, "Was it a kidney punch that did it?" the writer stated that Saddler replied, "Yes, it was." The writer then added, "Apparently Saddler doesn't know the rules."

Is a kidney punch legal and if so, when? Is a rabbit punch legal?

2—Was Beau Jack ever world champion? The World Almanac hasn't him so listed.

A.—Saddler had a perfect argument. A kidney punch is legal if neither of the fighters is in clinch. It is only illegal when struck while the ghter so doing is holding his opponent. Otherise, it is up to the opponent to protect himself t all times and to try to avoid getting struck a the kidneys.

When a fighter tosses a punch and his opponent wists his body to avoid it as did Max Schmeling n his fight with Joe Louis it is not an illegal unch. Max claimed a foul and even had the mbassador at Washington take up his complaint ith the State Department, but the government ouldn't interfere. The N. Y. Commission ruled hat no foul had been struck and that was a correct interpretation and that ended it.

The same holds true for a rabbit punch. Too many referees warn a fighter who lands a blow n the back of the ear of an opponent who has uddenly ducked to avoid the punch and is struck with it. That is his lookout. The blow had been fairly aimed. If the opponent is responsible for the illegal blow landing in illegal territory, he, not the other fighter is to blame and no foul has been committed.

It is about time that boxing commissions explained these two illegal blows and the rules covering same to their officials. There should be a definite statement in every rule book showing when the punches are not to be regarded as illegal and the fighter tossing them should not be penalized.

2—Beau Jack was designated as world lightweight champion by the New York Commission, but was never universally recognized. The World Almanac is correct in its statement.

Anthony J. Delano, Mechanicsville, N. J.

Q.—According to the official records, who was the taller, Dempsey or Jack Johnson?

A.—Dempsey by a quarter of an inch. Dempsey is listed as 6 feet 1½ inches and Johnson as 6 feet 1¼ inches.

John Costello, Westmount, Montreal, Can.

Q.—How many rounds did Jimmy Doyle win from Artie Levine before Jimmy was kayoed? Was Levine kayoed when he fought Robinson? In what round was Robinson floored? Did Doyle win a decision from Chuck Hunter.

A.—Until the finish in the ninth round Doyle had won every round except the fifth which Referee Jackie Davis took away from him for low punching. Robinson stopped Levine in the tenth. Robinson was down in the fourth round. Doyle won a ten-rounder from Hunter.

Harry Dunleven, Lancaster, Eng.

Q.—Since I cannot send money to America for a subscription, how can I obtain my RING?

A.—Send to Manager, Atlas Pub. Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, London, Eng. He will accept your British money and send your order through for us to handle. Write to him or to Wilens, Ltd., 101 Fleet St., London EC4, England. They represent THE RING.

Atlas Pub. Co. also handles all Ring Book Shop Books, including our 1951 Ring Record Books when ready. Place your order for the Record Book with that firm. It will be out in February.

A. Littler, Coventry, England

Q.—Can you give me Max Baer's measurements? Also John L. Sullivan's chest and waist measurements?

A.—Baer's height was 6 ft. 2½ in.; weight, 214 lbs.; reach, 81 in.; chest, nor. 44; chest, exp. 47½; waist, 32½; biceps, 14½; neck, 17½; wrist, 8; calf, 15; ankle, 9½; thigh, 21; fist, 12; forearm, 14. Sullivan had a chest measurement of 45 inches and a waist of 42 inches. All measurements of heavyweight champions can be found in the 1950 RING Record Book.

Pfc. McPherson, Selfridge Field, Mich.

Q.—Is Buddy Baer alive? If so, what is he doing?

A.—Yes. He is in Rome making a picture, QUO VADIS, in which he plays an important part.

Bob Johnson, La Marque, Texas

Q.—In the bout between Schmeling and Stribling in what round did the fight end? Who was in the lead at the time?

A.—In fifteenth round, with fifteen more seconds to go. Schmeling was far in the lead.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

I HAVE been a regular reader of your publication for at least 20 years and I have enjoyed every issue. We certainly haven't anything as good as THE RING in this country although quite a few editors here endeavor to copy your style, but you have no need to worry—THE RING remains supreme and will always be in great demand in this tight little isle.

In the August issue you dedicated an article to some of England's great fighters who had campaigned in the States, together with drawings of these fighters by Ted Carroll. I wondered if it would be asking too much for you to write an article on two of the very best fighters who ever left this country for the States and were equal to the world's best, viz., Jim Driscoll and Owen Moran.

There must be someone around who still remembers them. All we have to remember Driscoll by is the title of "Peerless Jim" whenever any newspaper guy in this country refers to him and as for Owen Moran, we have to live in hopes of meeting people who knew him and listen to their stories concerning this great battler.

Now I am fortunate in one respect, my old man worked with both these boys in their "booth" days in this country, but I'd much prefer a write-up in your style.

I don't think the old 'uns of America who remember Driscoll and Moran would object and it would make the present-day readers open their eyes and say: "So England did have two who really could fight." I hope you can grant this request, and the best of luck.

H. McGOWAN,
Yorkshire, England

(We have carried several articles on Moran and Driscoll which you apparently have missed. Some day we will publish others.—EDITOR'S NOTE.)

JUST a few remarks. THE RING Magazine seems to be getting better with each issue. The series of articles on Mike Jacobs and Jim Jeffries were highly informative and extremely interesting. The series on Jack Root, I know will be equally as interesting. I hope that in the near future you will cover the life of Bill McCarney as I know you have no end of material to write about on his colorful career.

The "Old-Timer's Album" is unusually interesting and I hope you have space to make it a part of each issue and to expand its space so that a double page of pictures will be given over to old-time fights and fighters.

With best wishes for continued success.

HAROLD JANNEY,
Dayton, Ohio.

GOOD CLUB FIGHTERS

By HARVEY THORNE

Mel Goldsmith, Bronx, New York welterweight.

MEL GOLDSMITH

MEL GOLDSMITH, nicknamed the "Bronx Jewel," is a 21-year-old welterweight who stands 5 feet, 10½ inches tall.

Off his record, the youngster would be termed a good journeyman, but as is always the case, records do not tell the entire story. Mel has been an in-and-outer. One night he has shown a clever brand of boxing as well as being a hard puncher, and then he has had a form reversal and gone sour for a bout or two.

This dingdong situation has been the keynote of Goldsmith's career. But he has shown under fire that he has what it takes and one of these days he'll catch fire and a lot of the wise heads will say "I told you so . . . knew it all the time."

TOMMY SHAW

JACK BATES, Manchester, England, manager, who has one of England's best-looking bantams under his wing in Tommy Proffitt, also has a lightweight, Tommy Shaw, who, after a year's absence from ring warfare, returned to defeat that tough campaigner, Bert Hornby, at the Liverpool Stadium.

Shaw, whose real name is Short, began his professional career back in 1938, and of 113 pro contests he has lost only eight. In 1948 and 1949, he had 17 fights, losing but two. One of these, with Laurie Buxton, can be blamed on his coming in as a last-minute substitute.

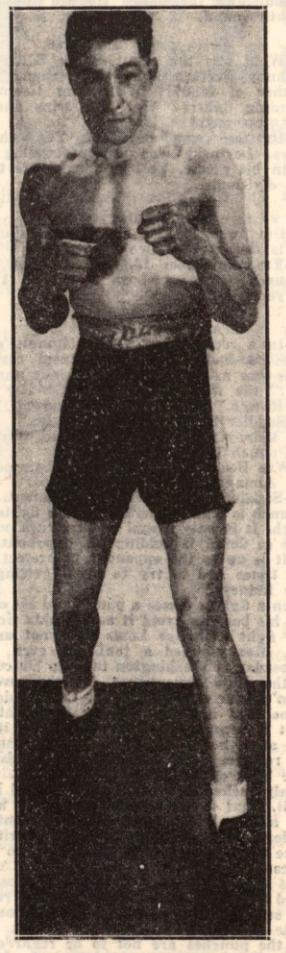
Tommy is an oddity inasmuch as his best hand is his right; unlike other southpaws, whose left is their dangerous weapon.

In private life, Shaw is a meter inspector, and with a view to bettering himself he is studying to become a welfare officer. He is married, has a two-year-old daughter, and for hobbies indulges in gardening, football and tennis.

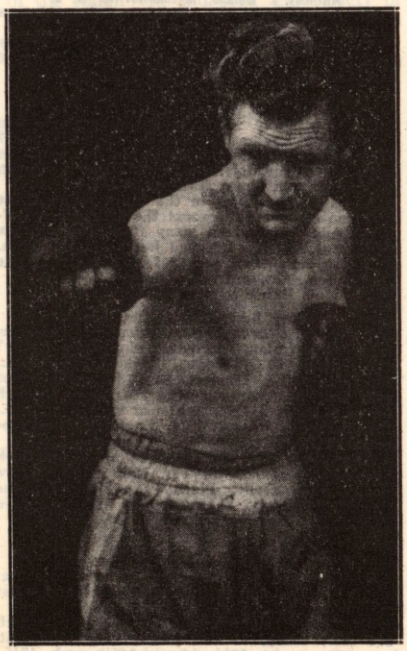
STAN KURSA

FROM "Joe Louis Bomber Land," Detroit, Mich., a young lightweight is beginning to be heard from. He is Stan Kursa.

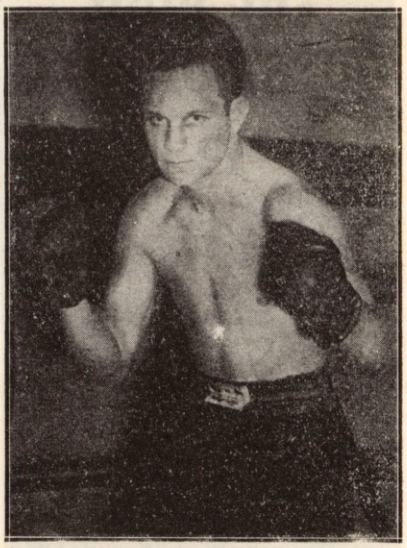
As an amateur, Kursa won 25 fights out of 29. He won the C.Y.O. tournament in Detroit by beating Joe Garza in the finals.



Hull, England, has a good looking boxer in Les Rendle.



Tommy Shaw, Plymouth, England lightweight.



Stan Kursa, lightweight from Detroit, Mich.

Garza is a Detroitian who is currently making headway in the professional ranks. In addition to the C.Y.O. title, Stan also annexed the Golden Gloves crown in his class.

After a layoff due to a nose and appendicitis operation, Kursa turned to the professional ranks in 1948 and after a slow start has started to come along.

He has had eight fights this year with only one defeat. George Reed, Paul Davis, Wilf Desjardin, Art Rooney, Herb Jackson are a few of his victims. In his only defeat of the year, Kursa was away ahead on points when, in the fifth, he walked into one that caused the referee to stop the fight.

Kursa is managed by Stanley (Adams) Cieslik, who is well known in the professional ranks, having fought in Texas, New Orleans, Buffalo, Chicago, Minneapolis and many other places.

LES RENDLE

THE weight situation has always been a consideration in any fighter's career. Les Rendle, from Hull, England, has been faced with the perplexing problem of whether to make weight and fight as a lightweight or to fight men heavier than himself. To do either means a handicap. Taking off weight leaves a fighter weak, and to give away weight to a heavier opponent is obviously also dangerous.

Rendle has lost but a few contests in a professional career that dates back to 1948. His losses have been chiefly due to weakening himself by drying out to make weight. When he fought welters he has come out on top. In a measure his problem has been solved and his well-known manager, Tony Vairo, of Liverpool, has come to the conclusion that recent fights against welters prove that Les is better off giving away weight and fighting welters.

Rendles has kayoed his last two opponents, Tom McGoldrick and Johnny Carrington, in two and three rounds, respectively.

Les has lost but five out of 31 professional fights. He is a former insurance agent, is married, has a two-year-old son, likes good books, psychology and billiards.

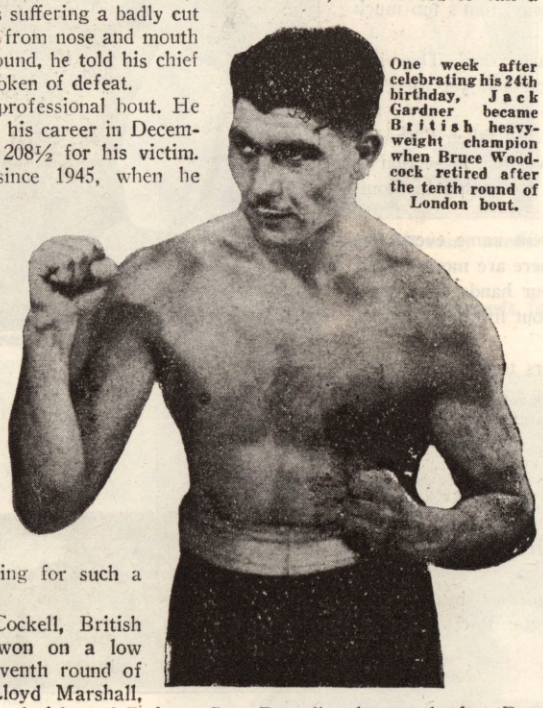
Gardner's Knockout Triumph Over Woodcock Aid to Boxing

Special to THE RING *Magazine*

LONDON, ENGLAND—The boxing situation in England, with stress on the heavyweight class, got a big shot in the arm on November 14 when Jack Gardner stopped Bruce Woodcock in the 11th round for the British title. Gardner, a youngster of only 24, strong, eager, willing, and a hard hitter, is certain to pep up the class.

Woodcock had been injured in a motor crash, and had not been certain thereafter concerning anything that had to do with his ring career. Several times he had been on the verge of retiring. Now he may do so without too much protest from his adherents. He has run his course, and his consecutive knockouts by Gardner and Lee Savold certainly stress the point.

Bruce Woodcock was shorn of his crown by a young lad who has come to the front only within the past six months. The 24-year-old challenger won his high honors when Woodcock, as in his recent fight with Lee Savold, the American, was forced to call a halt to the proceedings. He was suffering a badly cut eye and was bleeding profusely from nose and mouth when, at the end of the 11th round, he told his chief second to toss in the towel in token of defeat.



One week after celebrating his 24th birthday, Jack Gardner became British heavyweight champion when Bruce Woodcock retired after the tenth round of London bout.

It was only Gardner's 25th professional bout. He is a chicken farmer, who began his career in December, 1948. He scaled 195½ to 208½ for his victim. Bruce had held the crown since 1945, when he knocked out Jack London.

So elated was Jack Solomons with Gardner's showing that he declared that, from what he had seen on his recent visit to New York, he thinks the new champion in another year will be ripe to relieve Charles of his title. Solomons says that if Lee Savold doesn't get a chance at Charles next June, he and Gardner will fit in nicely for an outdoor title bout in London. Tommy Farr, who is making a comeback, is another fighter Solomons is eyeing for such a contest.

On the same card, Don Cockell, British light-heavyweight champion, won on a low blow disqualification in the seventh round of a bout with the American, Lloyd Marshall, who vociferously protested the decision of Referee Sam Russell, who acted after Don was floored with a wild swinging left that landed below the belt. Cockell himself had been warned earlier for hitting low.

The American heavyweight, George Kaplan, regarded in the States as a good prospect, was stopped by Johnny Williams of England in 2.59 of the seventh round. Williams outclassed his young opponent, who scaled 187 to 191½ for the victor.

ERIE CANVAS CHATTER

By Jack Schumacher

PROFESSIONAL boxing was nil in Erie last month.

Television manufacturers can take heart in the fact that it wasn't TV which killed the punch and get punched sport in Erie—once a first-class and red-hot boxing town.

Boxing just killed itself in Erie, thank in part to numerous cancellations, poor matchmaking, terrible publicity and prices out of question for the caliber of the shows presented.

Killing knockout was the Charley Earley-Bobby Reid headliner which drew only 364 fans and a gate of $431.72. Promoters Guy Patsy and Bill Simon found themselves on the hook for $600.

In fairness to Earley and Reid, however, their eight-rounder was a better than average scrap. Reid of Detroit, a real comer, was awarded a close decision over the free-swinging Brooklyn mauler.

Reid's bobbing, weaving, clinching, jabbing and slugging tactics kept Earley guessing and off balance. Both boxers weighed in at 152 pounds.

The real payoff was the fact that Earley was a substitute for Roy Carter of New York City, who was booked as a fill-in for "Handy Candy" Anderson of Indianapolis. Carter withdrew due to a death in his family.

A September bout between Chuck Hunter of Cleveland and Jimmy Slade of New York also left Erie fans sick to their stomachs. Hunter, without the knowledge of his managers, signed to meet Slade, but then refused to face the 175-pound Slade.

Slade offered to sweat down to 171 pounds to meet the 166-pound Hunter, who hadn't been in action since January, but Hunter wouldn't buy any of the deal.

Hunter then was matched with Marcilino Armenteros, 160, of New York—finding it much more to his liking to take six pounds than give away five.

Decision in the scrap went to Hunter, but his performance left both the fans and promoters cold. Hunter's purse was held up, but since has been paid him.

One of the best fights seen in Erie in a decade was between Buffalo's Bobby Barnes and Youngstown's Elmer Lakotos, both 134 pounders, on the Hunter-Armenteros program.

Barnes and Lakotos stood toe to toe for six torrid rounds, taking pot shots at each other's chins. Both youngsters kept the crowd of 597 on its feet as they continually tossed haymakers from the floor. There were no knockdowns, but both men were repeatedly staggered.

Matchmakers tried in vain to rematch the pair in a ten-rounder at the demand of the fans. Lakotos' camp would have no part of the suggestion.

The decision was a wise one on the part of Lakotos and company. Lakotos, seven-time Youngstown Golden Glove champion, could match Barnes' ability to hit, but lacked the clever Buffalo mauler's finesse.

Erie's Bernie Flowers, who combined two quick kayoes and a decision at the Gannon Auditorium with his previous seven bout winning streak, has left for the service.

Heavyweight "Dutch" Wagner, 197, also of Erie, has scored two easy kayoes and a decision since returning to Erie after a Florida campaign which resulted in seven consecutive triumphs.

Ernie Keith, a Buffalo Golden Glove champion who obtained his ring start in Erie, dropped a four-round decision to Irish Billy Twiss in his local debut as a 164-pound professional.

Promoter-Matchmaker Johnny Seaman, ex-New England light-heavyweight champion, and the G.E.A.A., plans again to take a fling at the promoting of amateur boxing in Erie.

A record entry is expected for the annual Erie Dispatch Golden Gloves tournament—scheduled for three consecutive Saturday nights in January.

Already under discussion is the annual Knights of Columbus amateur charity boxing card tentatively scheduled for mid-April in the Gannon college auditorium.

Wrestling—the only sport to wind up with its bank account in the blue in Erie last winter—is starting to feel the pinch.

Programs which averaged well over 1,800 fans for 18 shows last season, including four that bucked night baseball in Erie, has drawn only an average of 450 fans for the first four cards this season.

ADDITIONAL BOXING NEWS FROM HAWAII

WORLD Flyweight Champion Dado Marino simply proved too experienced and tough for fancy-dancing Bobby Garza and knocked out the Los Angeles fighter in the seventh of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Civic Auditorium before a small crowd Marino, fighting for the first time in Honolulu after winning the title from Terry Allen on August 1st, appeared a little fat and slow at 118¼, but he so greatly outclassed the youthful Garza that he wasn't able to make a move which didn't seem right.

Marino dominated the fight from the opening round. He kept his right in Garza's face and landed his left whenever he found an opening.

Bobby Garza showed too much respect for the champion and kept backing away throughout most of the rounds. A light puncher at best, his tactics of hitting while running away made his punches even more ineffectual. In the fifth round, his best, he managed to land several good lefts to the jaw but Dado shook them off and kept coming in.

Three punches finished Garza in two minutes of the seventh round. Dado exploded a left to Garza's jaw and as the latter was reeling back, Dado followed up with a right and another left to the same spot. The Los Angeles boxer crumpled to the floor to be counted out.

Bobby Garza weighed 118 for this non-title fight which was promoted by Augie Curtis.

ADDITIONAL HIGHLIGHTS FROM TORONTO, CANADA

FIVE bouts—three ending in second-round kayos and T.K.O.'s, one ending in a fourth-round T.K.O., and only one going the distance—this was the result of Frank Tunney's Maple Leaf Gardens offering on November 8th, last.

The show was headlined by Alan McFater, whom his mentor "Deacon" Jack Allen has dubbed the "Million Dollar Prospect," opposing chunky Tommy Greb of Boston in a lightweight joust. Greb failed to live up to his advance notices or, at any rate, did not get the chance to, as Alan belted him out early in the second round with a terrific left hand shot to the mid-section which dropped the Boston slugger for keeps.

In the semi-final, John "Spider" Thompson of Buffalo stopped Danny Falcone of Hartford in the second round of a featherweight bout, while Brian Kelly of Niagara Falls, Ontario, the Canadian amateur featherweight champion, made his pro debut when he stopped Domenic LaRosa of Scranton in two rounds. Another Canadian amateur champion, Gordon Wallace of Brantford, Ontario, making his second pro start, chilled Cassel Tate of Cleveland in the fourth round of a six-round middleweight bout.

The tid-bit of the evening was the featherweight six-rounder between Maxie Males of Toronto and Irish Bobby Harvey of Scranton. These boys slugged it out for six rounds and had the fans screaming their delight. While both boys were at times guilty of rough tactics, Males seemed to be the one who did most of it and as a result of points lost for so doing, he was on the losing end of the decision.

THE RING is sold out early. Reserve your copy now by sending in a subscription.

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By STANLEY WESTON

DOC ALMY, veteran boxing and wrestling writer for the Boston *Post*, printed a piece in his column stating that Stanley Weston, mat editor of THE RING Magazine, will answer any wrestling questions submitted to him. Since that appeared on the pages of the *Post*, your reporter has been swamped with letters, all asking the very same question. It seems that a man billed as Lone Eagle has been grappling around the Hub in recent weeks. Well, that's not strange, but when a Boston fan gets home from the bouts at his local arena after seeing Lone Eagle, and then switches on his television set and sees Lone Eagle wrestling that very same evening in Chicago, 1,000 miles away, that's too much for him to fathom.

How many Lone Eagle's are there? we are asked. They had just paid to see the original Eagle in Boston and yet there he was in Chicago. What cooks?

It is obvious that an unidentified grappler has taken the name of Lone Eagle and is using it for all it is worth in a section of the country far from where the real Eagle is beating his tom-tom.

This business of wrestlers taking a different name every few weeks does the sport a great deal of harm. There are more Angels wrestling today than you have fingers on your hands. The name Gorgeous has been tacked to the name of about fifteen grapplers. It gets more and more confusing each day.

It's about time that promoters and wrestlers took some action. Fans pay to see a certain star in action but soon find out that the wrestler in whom their interest lies, is someone else with a similar name.

ON November 3, 1950, the Associated Press reported Danno O'Mahony, Irish wrestler, was seriously injured when his car hit a parked truck near Port Laoighise, Ireland. Both O'Mahony's legs were broken.

The following day Danno O'Mahony, former heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, died in the Port Laoighise hospital as a result of those injuries.

Roland Meeker, popular Louisianan, who has reached main event status in record time. Watch this boy when he comes to your town and get a real thrill.

The sports world was shocked at this unexpected tragedy. Danno was a powerful giant who gained fame and fortune in America and was well liked in this country.

The first chapter of the O'Mahony story started in 1935, when the wrestling business needed something different to pick it out of sudden slump. Paul Bowser, top New England promoter, believed the solution to the problem was a clean cut Irish lad, fresh from the sod of the Emerald Isle. Something new that would appeal to the hearts of the huge Irish population in the United States and especially in and around Boston.

On the strength of this belief, Bowser commissioned his friend, Jack McGrath of Worcester, to scour Ireland for a man who could fill the bill.

After several weeks of hunting, McGrath found the answer to the problem in young Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan of Dublin. Jack put the proposition to the Doctor, who turned it down cold. O'Callaghan had many personal interests in Dublin and had no desire to become a wrestler or to seek adventure in America. However, he did give McGrath a lead. Patrick told the man from Worcester of a young private in the Irish Free State Army who in his opinion could fill the bill. The name of the soldier was Daniel A. O'Mahony, a native of Ballydehob, County Cork.

McGrath hurried to where Danno was stationed and told him of his mission. O'Mahony listened, liked the idea very much and accepted Bowser's bid to go to Boston.

Danno secured his release from the Army and was ready for his

(Photo by Masura of San Francisco)

Leo Garabaldi (right), sensational twenty-one year old son of Gino, shown administering his "Bombs Away" knee lift on Lavern Baxter in their recent San Francisco match.

Gorgeous George reading THE RING *while his personal staff attends to his many needs. His valet is shown spraying George with his favorite perfume.*

initial tryout on a mat. McGrath was interested in seeing how the boy looked while attempting to duplicate the American style of thrill-packed action. The professional debut of Danny O'Mahony took place at the Stadium Club in London and the great Ed "Strangler" Lewis was brought in to give the lad the once-over. To be certain that Lewis would get a complete picture of how Danno shaped up, he decided to be the opponent.

O'Mahony proved no match at all for the veteran Strangler, who played with him as a cat does with a mouse. The newcomer was naturally upset by his new surroundings and the strange faces in the big hall, to say nothing of having a man like Lewis in his first professional match.

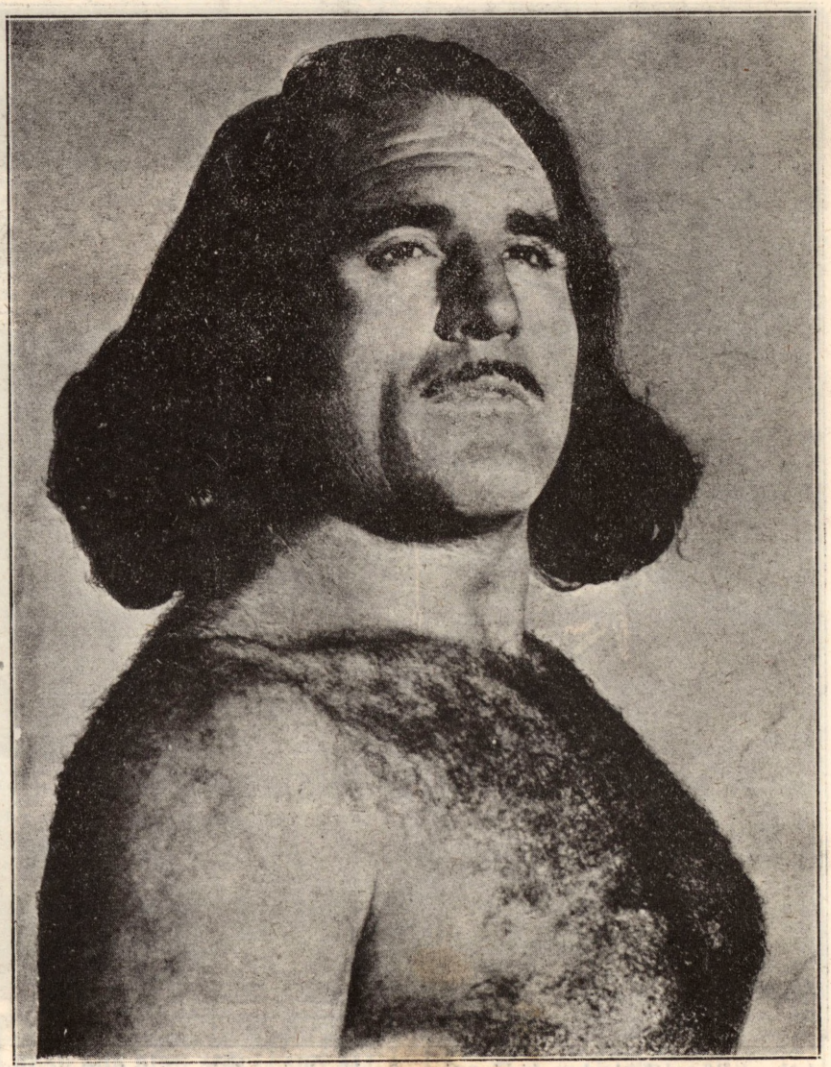
While all this was going on, American newspapers were printing the story of Danno and the match was looked upon with great interest by the hungry wrestling fans of this country. The true story of the match with Lewis in London never appeared in American papers. Instead the impression was given that Lewis had to call upon all his ability and experience to hold his own with O'Mahony. Naturally when this was read by U. S. fans, they longed for a look at the new giant sensation of the mat. Bowser put it over with a bang.

On December 13, 1935, Jack McGrath and Danno O'Mahony arrived in New York City and were rushed to Boston by plane. Danno was 22 years old and he was homesick after only two days in America. The thousands of people who crowded around him every place he went, puzzled him and added to his misery.

THE American debut of O'Mahony came on January 4, 1935, in the Boston Garden. His opponent was Ernie Dusek, the roughest of the famous Omaha riot squad. Danno was almost killed by the bully Dusek, who threw more elbow smashes and right hooks to the head than Danno could count. The Irishman was knocked from pillar to post, but exhibited a wealth of gameness and stamina. Finally with the yells of his countrymen, who had packed the huge arena, ringing in his ears, O'Mahony snapped out of it and suddenly came to life. He began to use his fists and elbows and soon had Dusek groggy in the center of the ring. Quick as a flash, Danno grappled Ernie by the wrist and executed the hold that was to make him famous, the "Irish Whip." He spun the man from Omaha almost over his head and slammed him to the mat with both shoulders flat on the floor. O'Mahony the winner in 10:17.

At the end of the match, Rudy Dusek, Ernie's older brother, jumped into the ring and began to swing at Danno. The latter was amazed, but suddenly caught on to the American style of wrestling and gave Rudy the same treatment he had just given brother Ernie. The 14,000 fans who paid their way in to see the Irishman's debut yelled in glee as they watched O'Mahony subdue Rudy and then Ernie, who rushed to his brother's side. What a night that was! None who were present could ever forget it!

Other contests followed and soon Danno had run up a string



Baron Michel Leone who has deserted the East in favor of the sunshine of California. Leone has met with unbelievable success. He is at the peak of his long mat career.

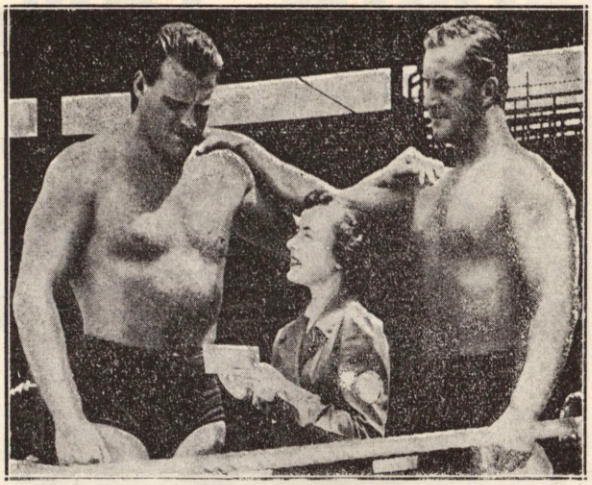
of fifty-five straight victories. He won them all quickly and didn't lose a single fall.

His greatest victory came at Fenway Park in Boston in 1935, when he tossed Jim Londos in one hour sixteen minutes and five seconds with a flying body scissors and won the Heavyweight Championship of the World. Thirty thousand people watched that bout, most of them were loyal Irish followers of the new sensation from Ireland, and was the biggest night for the Irish Boston has ever known. Danno O'Mahony could have become governor of Massachusetts that night in 1935.

And the O'Mahony story continued with one victory after another, most of them as a result of the sensational Irish Whip. Wherever Danno wrestled, new attendance records were set. It has been said that he drew more people through the turnstiles than any other wrestler of the age.

O'Mahony finally met defeat in the winter of 1936 when in New York's Madison Square Garden he went down before Dick Shikat in only 18 minutes and 57 seconds. The winning hold was a hammerlock. Shikat was the new champion of the world and the Irish fans of the nation were amazed at the thought that any man could whip their Danno. But it really did happen and the climax of this brilliant career was reached.

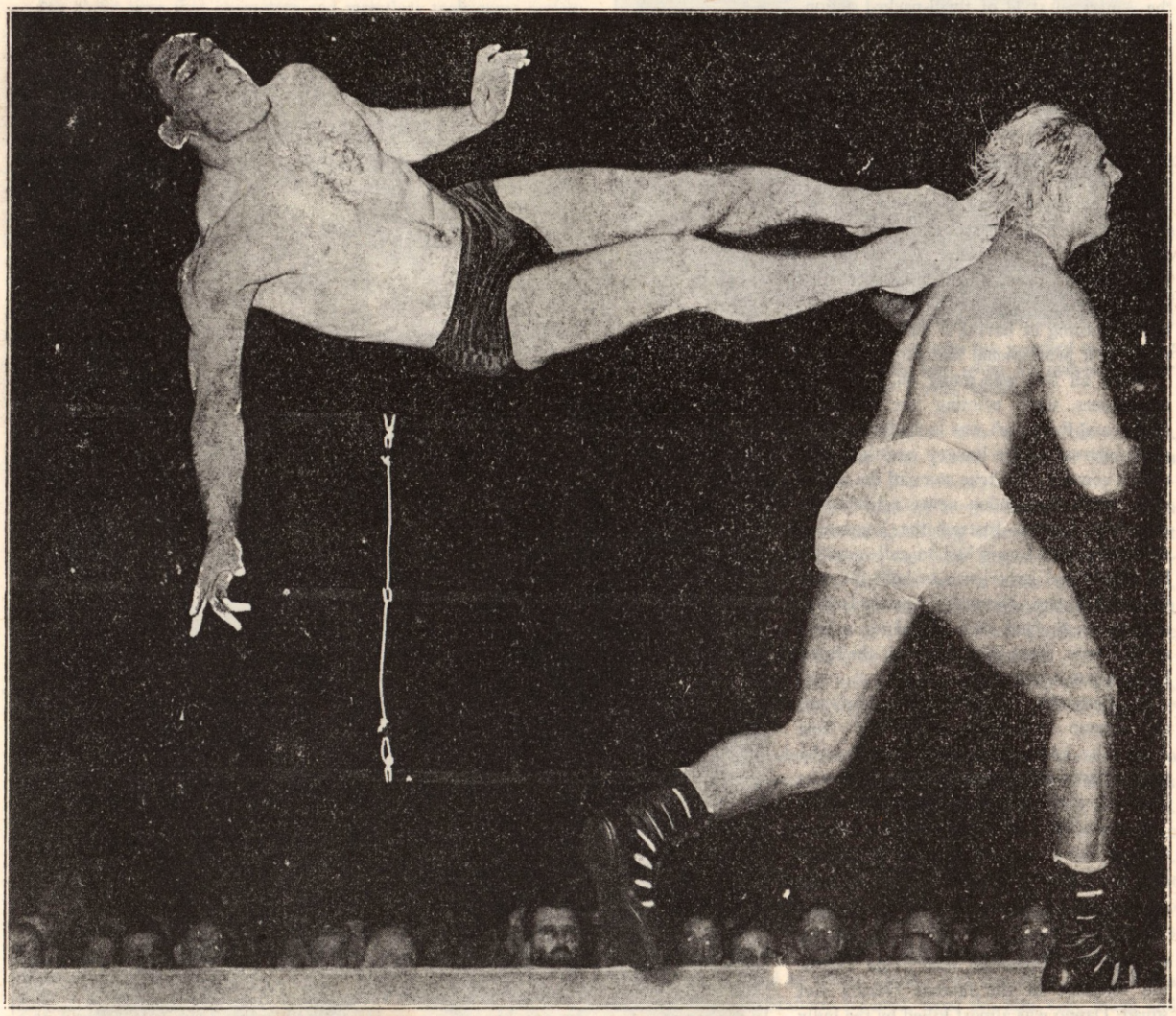
Danno O'Mahony went on wrestling until only a few weeks ago He had seen action in California rings and returned to Ireland for a short vacation when death struck to spell finis to one of the most amazing careers in the world of sports, the story of Daniel O'Mahony of County Cork. It was his colorful character not his wrestling technique that made him popular.



The giant brothers, Mike and Ben Sharpe, giving their pledge for a Red Cross contribution. Mike recently took the Pacific Coast crown from Gino Garabaldi in San Francisco. The brothers work as a team most of the time and their size and tremendous ability have made them one of wrestling's biggest drawing cards.

OUR West Coast reporter, Eddie Briggs, reports the following from his part of the country:

The old Dreamland Arena in San Francisco has reopened as the Winterland after fourteen *(Continued on page 52)*



Anthony Rocca (left), drop kicking Gene Stanlee during their match in Madison Square Garden which drew a record gate of better than 18,000 admissions. New York State's eleven o'clock curfew ended the bout after 47 minutes of keen wrestling. It was a brilliant exhibition between two of the outstanding attractions in the game.

IRISH EYES

(Continued from page 19)

thing—power, could box, and pulverized his opponents."

"What about your hobbies, Bob?"

"Fighting," he answered grimly, and then with his eyes twinkling, he continued, "I save pictures, too. Pictures of fighters. Then I also have a large collection of fight films."

We asked if he had learned much from his perusal of these films, and he said, "I learned the most from films of Zale's fights. The way he spread his feet when he hit, the way he slipped punches—they taught me plenty."

Who hit him hardest?

"Lloyd Marshall in the second round when he caught me with a right to the head."

I cut in with, "You knocked him out, though."

"Yes, in the fourth heat, but he sure could hit."

Asked about his future in things fistic, Bob said he wanted a crack at the title, and that means Joey Maxim.

ON March 18, 1947, Murphy ended his tour with Uncle Sam's Navy. He had been on the *Lexington* when it was sunk and then had served on the *Alabama*.

He attributes his superb physical condition to the hard training and clean living that became routine as a gob.

"You're the light-heavy champ of California, aren't you?" we inquired.

"The fight with Dolph Quijano did that for me. Dolph came into the ring with 39 kayoes to his credit and I wasn't nearly as sure of winning as my manager."

"You turned the trick in one round," we stated. "Incidentally, you have stiffened many of your opponents with a right. Being a southpaw, isn't your left your best punch?"

"No," laughed Bob. "I don't favor either hand. I use my right more with taller opponents. Lets me tee off on them better."

Ever since the end of World War II the boxing game has been waiting for a serviceman to make the big time. Some looked as if they would get there but always the same thing would happen. The balloon would go up and float away.

Murphy looks as if he will be a startling exception. He has lost one out of ten fights in 1950. The rest resulted in nine straight kayoes over Dave Whitlock (twice), Frankie Augustain, Johnny Rousse, Dolph Quijano, Ray Miller, Bob Patterson, *et al.*

Ranked third of the world's light-heavyweights, with only champ Joey Maxim, Archie Moore and Harry Matthews ahead of him, San Diego's hero can well boast of the Luck of the Irish.

N. Y. BROADCAST

(Continued from page 55)

sharper punching gave him the edge over the Ohioan's bulling tactics. Another scheduled eight was abbreviated when Billy Corbett, 159½, Seattle, Wash., punched too hard and too often for Joe Trope, 152½, Philadelphia, and stopped him in the fifth. A kid worth tabbing, Frankie Carrao, 127½, East Side, continued along his winning way by polishing off Cass Calderone, 121¼, Puerto Rico, in one round. It was Carrao's 12th win against two draws in fourteen pro starts. In fours, Rocco Quallo 139, Brooklyn, punched out a decision over George Carabella, 137, Bronx; Ralph Jones, 154½, White Plains, had the better of Herbert Ely, 151½, Harlem, and Johnny Cerky, 147½, West Side, put Larry Mullins, 144, Chicago, out of circulation in round one.

Topping a well-balanced card offering all former GI's, Johnny (Navy) Kamber, 135, Livingston, N. J., ran his 1950 record to eleven wins in twelve outings by whipping Harry (Navy) Diduck, 129½, Brooklyn, in a roughhouse six at the Jamaica Arena. It was a brawling affair all the way, with Kamber penalized the sixth round for "unnecessary roughness." The only knockout on the card was registered in the semi-final when Floyd (Navy) Morris, 172½, brilliant young prospect out of Pittsburgh, stopped Lee (Army) Baldwin, 175½, Freeport, in 2:54 of the fourth. Brooklynites split honors in two other sixes, Joe (Army) Giacobbe, 141, dropping a decision to Bobby (Army) Gainville, 138½, Harlem, and Willie (Army) Dockery, 160½, coming back to beat Sammy (Army) Thompson, 157½, Long Island City. In a pair of fours, Fred (Marines) Maby, 137, St. Albans, finished ahead of Jimmy (Navy) Wilde, 137, Bronx, and Furman (Army) King, 133½, Brooklyn, was a winner over a borough rival, Joe (Navy) Romero, 134½.

Trailing in points, and with the immediate vicinity of his right eye so badly mangled that the referee almost called a halt in the fourth, Tito Valles, 124½, East Side, uncovered a sensational comeback that netted him three knockdowns and a decision over Pat Marcune, 126, Coney Island, in a sizzling eight at the White Plains County Center. Dropped in the fourth, seventh and eighth, Marcune just about lasted to the final bell. Chico Vejar, 147½, Stamford, Conn., scored a nine-count knockdown in the final frame in battering out a decisive win over game Kelly Dunan, 148, Charlotte, N. C., in the semi-final six. Noel Humphreys, 128, Charlestown, W. Va., whipped Richie Crump, 130, Harlem, in another six. In fours, Rocco Quallo, 134½, Brooklyn, drew with Dickie Wilson, 142¼, Waldwick, N. J.; Alex Fimbres, 126, Phoenix, Ariz., halted Joey Paniagua, 122½, Harlem, in the second, and Vinnie Larangina, 147, Bronx, flattened Herbert Ely, 146, Harlem, in the third.

The persistent aggressiveness and solid thumping of Joe Juliano, 149½, combined to give the rugged East Sider a close but unanimous decision over Tommy Ciarlo, 148½, Waterbury, Conn., in a rousing eight at the Eastern Parkway Arena. Ciarlo's shifty defense and smart counter-punching bothered Juliano throughout, but Joe kept hammering away and scored just often enough to warrant the verdict. George Flores, 144, another East Sider, drew with Chick Boucher, 139, Manchester, Conn., in a scrambling semi-final six. Likely-looking Joey Lupo, 145, Lodi, N. J., whipped Bobby Gainville, 138, Harlem, in another six. In a trio of fours, Wayne Eckhardt, 174, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, edged out Bobby Finstra, 171, Paterson, N. J.; Vinnie Calderone, 125, East Side, had the better of Mario Sulsenti, 124, Brooklyn, and Angel Garcia, 122¼, Brooklyn, grabbed the decision over Willie Orsini, 127, Puerto Rico.

Showing for the first time in a New York ring, and making his first start since his sensational kayo by Jake LaMotta with only 13 seconds to go in their title bout in Detroit, Laurent Dauthuille, 157, France, had just a bit too much for Paddy Young, 156, Greenwich Village, in a hard-fought ten in Madison Square Garden. Though outweighed nearly 20 pounds, Dan Bucceroni, 176¾, Philadelphia, turned in a quick job on Sonny Parisi, 196, Brooklyn, in the semi-final. Parisi was down three times and out in 1:21 of one round. In sixes, Bill Neri, 140, Bridgeport, outpointed Armand Savoie, 137¼, Montreal, and Tony Gandolfo, 159½, Brooklyn, won over Bobby Morgan, 155½, Elmhurst. In fours, Ernie Koutnick, 138½, Paterson, edged out Joe Heningsen, 139½, St. Louis; Fred Maby, 137½, Astoria, had the better of Billy Gfroehrer, 142½, Jersey City; and Joe DiLiberto, 152¾, Brooklyn, kayoed Oliver Bogdan, 153¾, Norfolk, Va., in 59 seconds of the first. The attendance and receipts were disappointing, only 7,186 customers contributing $25,882.

In running off his ninth straight win, and 13th out of 14 for the year, Jimmy Herring, 159, Ozone Park, had an easy time of it with Richie Dallas, 150, Harlem, at the Ridgewood Grove. After Dallas had hit the canvas for the third time in the second round, the referee called a halt. Phil Rizzo, 147, Astoria, outpointed Izzie Wallach, 145, East Side in the semi-final six. Sonny Volpe, 145½, West Side, stopped Joe LaScala, 150, Bronx, in the last session of another six. In fours, Libby Manzo 132, Elmhurst, outlasted Ralph Jacobs, 134, Newark; Vince Larangina, 145¾, Bronx, won over Johnny Cerky, 148, West Side; Billy Horan, 190, Fall River, decisioned Ben Goodwin, 199½, Newark, and Rocco Quallo, 139¾, Brooklyn, whipped Maurie Jenkins, 144, Newark.

IS IT A BOXING SECRET? THEN READ THE RING AND LEARN ALL ABOUT IT.

Phil Burton, St. Louis welter, plagued by bad breaks whose luck seems to have changed with his recent knockout over Jimmy Sanders. He has given good accounts of himself in his recent fights with Billy Graham, Kid Gavilan and Rocky Castellani.

ADDITIONAL GERMAN BOXING DIARY

GERMAN boxers Jean Kreitz, Robert Limma, Hermann Kunstler, and Michel Ostlener, have decided to call it a day and retire from boxing. They are to pool their wealth and open a cafe.

It is reported that Germany's ex-light-heavyweight champion Conny Rux has been offered three starts in the U. S. A.

Fred Kirsch, the German-American manager, who invaded this country with the Americans, Lloyd Marshall, Ken Stribling, Elkins Brothers and Gene Jones in May last, flew to the U. S. A. to complete a link-up between the German promoter, Joachim Gottert and Lew Burston and Madison Square Garden.

Hein ten Hoff, the German heavy champion, has signed to meet Gene Tiger Jones, U. S. A., in Berlin, early in 1951.

Jones is undefeated in Germany and two fights of note were his knockout victory over ex-light-heavy champion, Conny Rux, and his points win over Heinz Seelisch.

On Hein ten Hoff's showing against Joe Walcott, he can beat both Jones and Charles, but on his last performance, when he was held to a draw by Heinz Neuhaus, he has not a chance of surviving the first battle.

Here are the German ratings as up to November 1:

Heavyweight—Hein ten Hoff, Heinz Neuhaus, Heinz Seelisch, Richard Grupe, Wilson Kohlbrecher.

Light-heavyweight—Richard Vogt, Willi Hoepner, Conny Rux, Hans Strelecki, Paul Schirrmann.

Middleweight—Peter Muller, Hans Stretz, Carl Schmidt, Gerhard Hecht, Rudi Pepper.

Welterweight—Walter Schneider, Karl Oechsle, Hans Teichmann, Hans Schmitz, Leo Starosch.

Lightweight—Walter Demke, Herbert Nurnberg, Peter Ludwig, Hans Hafner, Jimmy Lyggett.

Featherweight—Walter Demke, Rudi Langer, Karl Simon.

Bantamweight—Hans Schomig, Willibald Koch, Walter Limbach, Walter Schopp.

Flyweight—Georg Tietzsch, Viktor Liwowski, Willi Farber, Hans Schiffers.

Notice to Foreign Readers

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WHEN THE KID BEAT THE BABE

(Continued from page 21)

The Kid was aggressive, as usual, but lacked the fire and dash the public had come to expect of him.

Herman was even more disappointing. The Babe displayed little of his brilliant boxing form, and acted as though he was tired and bored with the whole business. He made few threatening gestures during the 15 rounds, and devoted his efforts, such as they were, mainly to defensive operations. In only two rounds, the sixth and the tenth, did Herman snap out of the fog long enough to display any animation. The rest of the way he was content to let Kaplan do what fighting there was—and he made certain there wasn't too much of it. Kaplan's toughest problem was prying himself loose from the Babe's grappling holds.

On aggressiveness alone, the Kid had the first five rounds to himself.

Herman's first flash of initiative came in the sixth, when the challenger turned loose a bit of fancy boxing and snappy punching. But the spurt was short-lived, and Herman promptly went back to his lethargic defensive tactics.

THE seventh, eighth and ninth were easy rounds for Kaplan, who had little difficulty reaching Herman with lunging left hooks to the face and body. But after almost every punch, the stocky bull-necked Nutmeg Stater had to be torn loose from Herman's clutching embraces.

Aroused by disgusted Manager Kelly's demands to "Get out there and do some fighting," Herman uncovered a slight flurry in the tenth round, and in those few seconds showed what he could have done had he wanted. He jolted Kaplan with left jabs and hooks, and rocked him with sizzling rights. But, again, the Babe's enthusiasm didn't last long. It evaporated when a "recoil" from one of his punches to Kaplan's head sent him tumbling backward to the canvas in as spectacular a bit of acrobatics as anything the Palace Theatre ever offered in the heyday of its colorful vaudeville career. It was the only real thrill of the entire affair.

The final five rounds were a boring repetition of Kaplan charging and Herman holding. The Babe's main purpose seemed to be not in winning but in lasting the full route.

The decision was a mere formality. Kaplan left the ring, winner and still champion.

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(In the next issue, Jersey Jones will cover the third boxing attraction staged in the New Garden, which produced one of the weirdest decisions in New York ring history—the Mike McTigue-Tiger Flowers match on December 23, 1925.)

IT WAS A LONG, HARD ROAD

(Continued from page 15)

What are his plans for the future, beyond fighting Charles in June?

"I suppose I'll go on fighting for two or three years more if I beat Charles. I'm confident I can beat him," Savold answered. "I want to fight twice next summer, in June and in September. I hope I can fight once in New York and once in London."

Savold has followed a long, hard road. He hasn't always taken care of himself, and there was a time when he was tending bar that he blew up to nearly 300 pounds. That's all behind him, and though at 34 he is old for a topflight fighter, he's fired with ambition.

"It was a long time coming, but now that I have the opportunity to succeed in the ring I'm going to make the most of it," Savold said. "That's the promise I've made to myself and to Daly. I'm ready for Charles, Louis or Farr."

Has the IBC made him an offer since he returned from England?

"Only a fight with Rocky Marciano in the Garden," answered Daly. "Al Weill, the matchmaker, made the offer, but all he wanted to do was get a little publicity for Marciano, his fighter. We are not interested in building up Weill's boy. I'm interested only in seeing that my boy, Lee Savold, gets what he's entitled to—a title bout," continued Daly.

By then the teapot was empty, and the interview was over. The telephone rang and Daly was wanted at his office. Savold picked up his coat, ready to leave.

"Just remember one thing. I'm willing and ready to fight Charles. It's up to him and Norris," Savold concluded. "I'll fight Louis, too, if they want me to, but I don't have to wait on anybody. I know I can get action and draw more money in London. If Jim Norris thinks I'm bluffing, let him ask Nat Fleischer. He'll learn from him how I packed 'em in on my British tour."

With that the world heavyweight champion in the British Isles and his manager departed. They'd stated their case, and it was a convincing one.

BOXING BOOM IN GERMANY

(Continued from page 25)

lands have been chiefly Americans and Frenchmen. But there has been an occasional Italian and Spaniard, and others are gradually coming in."

WHAT sort of admission prices are generally charged?

"It all depends, of course, on the club and the attraction," said Kirsch. "The usual show in, say, Berlin's Waldbuehne would be scaled from approximately $1.25 to $8.00. And I could add that the average preliminary boy there does better for himself than his New York contemporary. The general wage for a four-round boxer is $75, while a six-rounder gets anywhere from $100 to $125."

How do the current German fighters compare with those of other nationalities?

"Frankly," said Kirsch, "there aren't many good locals at present, but quite a few promising youngsters are coming along. Of the present bunch, perhaps the best are heavyweights Ten Hoff, Neuhaus and Connie Rux; light-heavyweights Gerhardt Hecht and Willi Hoepner; middleweight Peter Muller, and featherweight Walter Demke. Rux, despite his defeat by Gene Jones, looks very good, and Muller is a colorful 'club fighter' with a stiff punch. Rux and Muller would do very well for themselves in American rings."

IS Max Schmeling still active in German boxing circles?

"He certainly is," said Kirsch. "Max's fighting days are over, of course, but he is getting a lot of work as a referee. He's a good one, too, and popular with fans and fighters alike."

How have the American invaders done in their German campaigns?

"Very well," replied Kirsch. "Elkins Brothers stayed only a short while, but turned in three good knockouts. Lloyd Marshall and Al Hoosman got off to bad starts, when they were stopped by Rux and Richard Grupe, but they came back to win a few. Marshall's bout was a draw with Hans Strelecki at Dortmund. Ken Stribling did all right in his first couple of bouts, but was wrecked by Muller, and returned to the States. Stonewall Jackson has been losing an odd one here and there, but winning two or three for every one he loses. Burl Charity has been a consistent winner, and is well liked.

"The real big noise is Gene Jones, who's become a sensation in Berlin. You'd be surprised if you saw Jones fight now. Here in America, he fought so seldom and for so little money that he became discouraged. But he's a different fighter now that he's working steadily, picking up real dough, and receiving headline recognition. Gene has run off half a dozen knockouts so far, and is looking better every time out.

"There's a terrific demand for him to meet Ten Hoff. I understand Promoter Joachim Goettert is angling for the bout to be staged in the Olympic Stadium next April. If he lands it, and he probably will, he'll handle a whale of a rush on the box-office. Big as the stadium is—it can accommodate 100,000 for football and nearly 125,000 for boxing—I wouldn't be surprised if the fight sells out. Boxing is big business in Germany these days."

JEFF TOPS, SAYS ROOT

(Continued from page 18)

successful title defenses, who could box and could sock with the power possessed by Louis, wouldn't be the pushover most critics make him in a phantom fight with Dempsey. My verdict favors Joe over Dempsey, whom I admire and whose friendship I cherish.

But in all fairness, I think they came no better than Joe Louis in his prime. In my book, he must be given the place next to Jeffries, an honor he richly deserves.

THE MAXIM ENIGMA

(Continued from page 10)

Square Garden on January 9, 1948. That was Maxim's last performance there.

That's the oddity of Maxim's career. He has never been good in New York, where it counts. I wondered about that and asked Lew Burston, IBC's foreign representative, to explain this, if he could.

"I don't know about that," he said, "but I want to tell you I never saw a better fighter than the Maxim that took the title from Mills. He punched good and took punches without flinching.

"Off that fight he's as great a thrill-giver as anybody around. I remember, in the first round against Mills, Maxim got hit a right-hand shot to the mouth. He shook like a leaf in the wind. Maxim didn't stop. He came right along and stopped Mills. He never made a fight like that in America. He was great. I can't figure it."

After winning the title Maxim could have earned a lot of loot boxing exhibitions in England. He wanted to come home, however, to warm up in the expected adulation of his neighbors. Then there was the matter of a dental job, made necessary because Mills had driven one of Maxim's teeth through the upper lip. So instead of staying in England, Maxim hurried home.

Oddly, Maxim would fit nicely as a challenger for Ezzard Charles. And this despite the fact that the world heavyweight champion has thrice defeated the Clevelander. The last time was on February 28, 1949, in Cincinnati. It was a 15-rounder.

For the first ten rounds it was as close as A and B, but Charles came through in the last five to take the decision. The next day, mind you, Louis announced his "retirement" and Charles was named to fight Jersey Joe Walcott for what the National Boxing Association preferred to call the world heavyweight championship. That's how close Maxim was to reaching out for the golden throne.

IT may be that Maxim is just too proficient for his own good. He is a master boxer, lacking only in punching power. That's the big deficit. Long ago, when he was still a student at Collingwood High School, in Cleveland, he showed promise for the future.

He was magnificent as an amateur, winning 116 of 121 simon-pure bouts. Fight writers said then that he was a natural to become a champion. He has proved them right, but the sprites in boxing's woodland have been operating against him. He is virtually impoverished as a champion. It shouldn't be that way.

It might well be that if Louis and Charles are matched for a return next June, Savold, out in the cold, will go back to England. If this happens, Maxim could fit as an opponent for the New Jersey veteran, who is recognized as some sort of a heavyweight champion by the British Board of Boxing Control. That would be a big match over there.

Kearns always has believed in few fights for champions. He held back regularly with Jack Dempsey. Perhaps he's playing the same waiting game with Maxim. Time, however, is running against this practice. At 28, and as world light-heavyweight champion, Maxim should be a very busy man. Instead he is drying up on the vine.

Not only is Maxim suffering from this inactivity, but so is boxing. Only when division champions are active is boxing in a happy way. Maxim should be in there defending his title. Instead, by way of underlining the plight of the sport, a light-heavyweight, Nick Barone, is challenging for Charles' heavyweight title.

It might have been better if Barone, off a hard-won victory over middleweight Jimmy Beau, were matched with Maxim for the 175-pound title. That was much too simple. Barone was put in there with Charles. Maxim is still without a challenger who would help at the gate. It is a headache boxing had better cure. And aspirins are not enough.

NEWS FROM SUNNY AUSTRALIA

By Ray Mitchell

ONE man has drawn capacity houses here during the past few months. He put the game right back on its feet—he showed Australian fight fans real class. He also showed that, outside of Dave Sands and Elley Bennett, this country at present has not a world class fighter.

Who is this man the critics out here have named as the best importation to Australia during the last 30 years? He's Freddie Dawson!

Fred was first here in 1947, and after a terrific fight, knocked out our ruling lightweight champion, Vic Patrick, in the final round. Vic was well on the downgrade then, but there was no denying Dawson's class. Then he K.O.'ed our feather champion, Eddie Miller, in two rounds and returned home.

Long desiring to return here, Dawson did not waste any time in making the trip when Stadiums, Ltd. sent for him to test our new lightweight champion, Jack Hassen, who had compiled an almost unbelievable knockout record.

The fight was a sellout at three pounds (about seven dollars) tops and after a thrilling seven rounds, Dawson was declared the victor by a knockout.

During this trip, Freddie K.O.'ed Hassen, Norm Gent, Jean Mougin and outpointed Charlie Williams in a classic battle. In those four bouts Dawson earned 7,000 pounds (about $15,500).

A move is afoot to bring Dawson and Ike Williams together in Australia for the world's lightweight title. Fans out here adore Freddie and he would probably start favorite in the betting in a match against Williams.

Dawson and his manager, Rudolph, paid a nice compliment to Bill Henneberry, Sydney Stadium referee. They said he was the equal of any they had seen anywhere in the world. Bill is certainly Australia's best and a very likeable fellow too.

There is much discussion on a projected United States visit by Dave Sands, Australia's heavyweight, light-heavyweight and middleweight champion and British Empire middleweight champion. But you won't have the pleasure of seeing Dave until after the United States winter—Dave does not like the cold.

A leading Sydney bookmaker, Tom Powell, recently offered 5,000 pounds (about $11,500) for Sands' contract, but no sale. Tom has recently returned from the U.S.A., where he saw LaMotta beat Mitri and he wants to wager 5,000 pounds on Sands to beat the champion.

After seeing how Sands half-killed Henry Brimm, finishing him in the second round, Johnny Toth, manager of Brimm, stated definitely that Dave would annihilate LaMotta and would also beat Ray Robinson.

Sands' latest jaunt was at the beginning of September. He tangled with Alf Gallagher in defense of his heavyweight crown. Giving away 15 pounds (Alf weighed 180 to Dave's 165), Sands hammered the challenger in every round, knocking him down four times during the 15-round contest. Dave comfortably won every round and he was as fresh as paint at the end of the bout. This, incidentally, was the first time Sands had travelled 15 rounds, all his other title bouts having ended in knockout victories for Dave.

Watch for Sands in America. A vastly improved pugilist in the last 12 months, Dave will set your country on fire and beat any middleweight you put in with him—Robinson included. Sands is a terrific puncher, very fast, heady and very tough (he has never had a count—even of "one"—applied over him in his entire career of over 80 fights).

Our bantam king, Elley Bennett, is another terrific puncher and would find backing against any bantam in the world. His record is phenomenal—only seven out of over 40 bouts having gone the distance. Since he won the title in 1948, Elley has won 11 of his 13 contests by the shortcut route, his best performance being a six-round K.O. over Cecil Schoonmaker, when that boxer was rated by THE RING as No. 1 contender for the world's bantam title. This year Elley has knocked out all his opponents—Chai Sitphol, Bob Scrivano, Vic Eisen (twice) and Sitphol again. All are importations.

A popular Mexican has returned home. Baby Ortiz turned in the biggest upset in years when he outpointed Jack Hassen. He went on to fight a thrilling draw with our second lightweight, Alfie Clay. Babe then outpointed Alex Sinnaeve of Belgium, and stopped Clay in a return bout, which was as thrilling as their first. Ortiz has promised to return to Australia and he will be welcomed with open arms.

Mickey Tollis, after three unsuccessful attempts to gain an Australian title (against Vic Patrick, Tommy Burns and Kev Delaney), has finally reached his goal—he knocked out Delaney in the 12th round on September 1 to gain the welter crown.

A very amusing incident occurred recently in a semi-windup. Two welters, Harry Mayo and Archie Davies, were fighting an eight rounder. Suddenly Harry heard one of the ringside radio announcers calling the fight, so he stopped fighting and listened to discover how he was faring. Davies promptly hit him with a left hook! However, Mayo did not go down and ran out a points winner.

This year there have been more great fights than in any year since the Golden Thirties. But the best of all, in fact, the best since the terrific Tommy Burns-O'Neill Bell battle in March, 1947 (that was the greatest bout of all time here)—took place on October 9. The men who supplied the thrills were Mickey Tollis, our new welterweight champion, and Charley Williams, United States Negro, who took Freddie Dawson to a points decision recently.

Tollis, the underdog, won the fight on points. But most of the credit for his win must go to his trainer, Ambrose Palmer, former Australian triple champion. Palmer's tactics won for Mickey. Williams stated that Tollis was as hard to hit as Dawson.

A new middleweight star is looming on the horizon. His name is Don Johnson, former Australian amateur champion. As an amateur, he was undefeated, winning 23 out of 25 bouts by the knockout route. He received a 12-round bout for his initiation into the paid ranks two months ago and he won in four rounds. Since then he has had four more main event bouts and has become known as the "Three-Round K.O. King." Each of his opponents since his first has gone out in the third round. The latest was Ern Jarvis, N.S.W. middleweight champion.

Johnson is proving a great drawing card, but opinion is divided about him. He has a terrific punch and is tough, but is a crude workman. He keeps on winning and is improving in technique. If he can acquire polish, he may threaten Dave Sands one day. As it is, he will be Dave's only contender in a few months.

Another former amateur champion, Jimmy Carruthers has turned professional. He is a bantamweight and a southpaw. Like Johnson, he was given a main-event bout for his debut into the professional field and he won by a knockout. He treated his second opponent in like fashion and he has shown such promise that shrewd judges predict he will be fighting Elley Bennett for the latter's title within 12 months.

If any boxer, manager, fan, or anyone connected with boxing wishes to contact the writer on any matter pertaining to the sport, conditions in Australia, etc., the address is: 11 Milburn Rd., Sutherland, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

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Vic Toweel, Fighter of the Month

By NAT FLEISCHER and STANLEY WESTON

THE bantamweight champion of the world, Vic Toweel, established a new record in boxing when he scored 20 knockdowns in a title fight. The lanky champion from South Africa administered a terrific beating to Danny O'Sullivan before ending matters in the 10th round.

After a cautious start, Vic tossed his heavy artillery at the Londoner, who became completely helpless.

In the sixth round O'Sullivan was dropped by a smashing right to the jaw. He rose before the count only to be driven back to the canvas just as the bell sounded. The bout would have ended at this point had the round not come to an end.

In the seventh heat Danny was up and down like an elevator. The champion tried desperately for the kill, but was unable to find the mark with his dynamite.

O'Sullivan showed to his best advantage in the eighth and ninth rounds although he was floored several times. He beat the count time after time. When his seconds finally tossed in the towel at the end of the 10th round everyone breathed a sigh of relief, thankful that the slaughter was over.

For his great fight and new record, Vic Toweel has been named Fighter of the Month.

THE comeback of the former Empire heavyweight champion, Tommy Farr, was brought to an abrupt end when he met Lloyd Marshall, of America. This was Tommy's third attempt to regain his past glory, the other two ending in knockout victories. But against the American he proved almost helpless. Marshall holds victories over Ezzard Charles and Freddie Mills. Marshall's free-swinging punching proved too much for the Welshman, who bled from an old eye cut from the fourth round on. The 36-year-old Farr displayed the same courage that endeared him to fans in America 13 years ago. He took all the terrific socking Marshall could throw his way, but was never floored. This beating should convince Tommy to hang up his gloves.

BRITISH welterweight champion Eddie Thomas was held to a surprising draw by Tini Clavel, of France. Thomas had been rated as the leading contender for Ray Robinson's world title by THE RING. However, the draw with Clavel, an ordinary fighter, dropped Thomas's stock three pegs. He now rates fourth in the world ranking. Any fighter is entitled to an off night, and we feel that this was an off night for Eddie.

Ezzard Charles, the heavyweight champion of the world, successfully defended his crown against game Nick Barone. Charles gave the challenger a terrific pasting before the end came in the 11th round. Had Charles been as good the night he fought Joe Louis, he would have knocked the Brown Bomber out instead of outpointing him. This was the first time Barone had ever been knocked out in 56 fights!

Though beaten by Charles, Barone has jumped to fourth place in his own division, the light-heavyweight class. This advancement for Nick is a reward for the fine battle he put up against the best fighter in the world.

Bruce Woodcock was shorn of his British Empire heavyweight crown by young Jack Gardner when Woodcock, badly cut, tossed in the towel at the end of the 11th round. On the same card, British light-heavyweight champion Don Cockell won on a foul in the seventh round from Lloyd Marshall, and George Kaplan of America was stopped by Johnny Williams in the seventh round. As a result of his victory over Woodcock, Gardner is now ninth in the rating and Bruce has been eliminated.

SANDY SADLER, lanky world featherweight ruler, stopped off in St. Louis to meet the local favourite, Charley Riley. The latter gave Sandy a rough evening. The champ was forced to call on all his ability and advantage in reach and height to win the close verdict of the officials. The New Yorker's title was not at stake.

Clarence Henry of California is rated sixth heavyweight in the world by virtue of the splendid record he has compiled so far this year. Henry had beaten John Holman, Turkey Thompson, Frankie Daniels, and knocked out Bob Murphy, Rusty Payne, Bob Dunlap, and Al Spaulding.

BELTING Bob Murphy, the San Diego dynamiter, made an exciting New York debut when he knocked out Dick Wagner in one round. It took Jake La Motta nine heats to put Wagner away. Murphy retains third place in the class ruled by Joey Maxim.

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Ending December 6th, 1950

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Ezzard Charles	World's Champion Joey Maxim	World's Champion Jake LaMotta	World's Champion Ray Robinson
1—Joe Louis	Archie Moore	Ray Robinson	Kid Gavilan
2—Lee Savold	Harry Matthews	Laurent Dauthuille	Billy Graham
3—Joey Maxim	Bob Murphy	Dave Sands	George Costner
4—Lee Oma	Nick Barone	Robert Villemain	Eddie Thomas
5—Bob Baker	Bob Satterfield	Randolph Turpin	Charley Fusari
6—Clarence Henry	Jimmy Slade	Ray Barnes	Lester Felton
7—Rex Layne	Don Cockell	Gene Hairston	Johnny Saxton
8—Joe Walcott	Doc Williams	Art Towne	Mickey Tollis
9—Jack Gardner	Connie Rux	Rocky Graziano	Charley Cotton
10—Rocky Marciano	Lloyd Marshall	Ronnie Delaney	Joe Micelli

Lightweights (Not exceeding 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion Ike Williams	World's Champion Sandy Saddler	World's Champion Vic Toweel	World's Champion Dado Marino
1—John L. Davis	Willie Pep	Luis Romero	Jean Sneyers
2—Freddie Dawson	Ray Famechon	Manuel Ortiz	Terry Allen
3—Tommy Campbell	Charley Riley	Luis Galvani	Louis Skena
4—James Carter	Percy Bassett	Luis Castillo	Vic Herman
5—Johnny Gonsalves	Luis de Santiago	Peter Keenan	Honore Pratesi
6—Art Aragon	Ronnie Clayton	Elley Bennett	Stumpy Butwell
7—Sonny Boy West	Al Phillips	Tommy Proffitt	Teddy Gardner
8—Eddie Chavez	Jackie Graves	Marcel Mathieu	Black Pico
9—Rudy Cruz	Rocky McKay	Hadi Tijani	Maurice Sandeyron
10—Jose Gatica	Ciro Morasen	Alvaro Nuvoloni	

Randolph Turpin won the English middleweight championship by kayoing Albert Finch in five rounds. Turpin has jumped into fifth position on the basis of his impressive showing with Finch.

John L. Davis amazed the fistic followers when he knocked out Bernard Docusen in three rounds.

Davis is rated first in the lightweight class and is getting closer and closer to a crack at Ike Williams' championship.

Nothing else of importance took place in the featherweight, bantamweight, or flyweight divisions.

The results of the month follow:

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Jack Gardner won the British Empire title by stopping Bruce Woodcock, 11.

Rocky Marciano decisioned Ted Lowry, 10. Vern Mitchell won from Andy Walker, 10. Jimmy Tendo starched Hugo Alvarez, 2.

Johnny Williams of England stopped George Kaplan in 7.

Roland LaStarza took every round from Duilio Spagnola, 10. Willie Bean outfought Rusty Payne, 10. Rex Layne and Andy Walker boxed to a ten-round draw. Cesar Brion decisioned Keene Simmons, 10.

German champion Hein ten Hoff retained his title by holding Heinz Neuhaus to a draw, 12. Clarence Henry halted Bob Dunlap, 2.

European champion Jo Weidin outfumbled Hans Kupsch, 10. Omelio Agramonte chilled Johnny Haynes, 1.

Tommy Farr knocked out Piet Wilde, 3. Aaron Wilson stopped Lloyd Barnett, 7. Eddie Vann kayoed George Nuttall, 4.

Coley Wallace flattened Scotty Twyman, 1. George Parmenter stopped Buddy Scott, 1.

Gil Newkirk beat Johnny Vetcher, 6, and stopped Claude Rolfe, 5. Werner Wiegand stopped Georges Rogiers, 7.

The James Parker vs. Dan Moray bout was declared a draw at the end of one round. Benny Goodwyn whipped Mark Maguire, 4.

Jimmy Tendo knocked out Bob Loker, 2. Percy Allen stiffened John Dilley, 3. Jimmy Gambino stopped Howard Berger, 2.

Billy Horan whipped Benny Goodwyn, 4.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Lloyd Marshall was disqualified in his bout with Don Cockell, 7.

Julian Keene outpointed Chubby Wright, 10. Harry Matthews defeated Frank Ronkovich, 10.

Harry Matthews knocked out Anton Raadik, 8. Bob Murphy stopped Dick Wagner, 1.

Nick Barone nodded Jimmy Beau, 10. Jimmy Slade laced Chubby Wright, 10. Tommy Yarosz bested Charley Anglee, 10. Yolande Pompee decisioned Gentle Daniel, 15.

Dan Bucceroni knocked out Shamus O'Brien, 2. Don Cockell won the vacant British title by kayoing Mark Hart, 14. Reuben Jones whipped Billy Brown, 10.

Hal Sampson outscored Bert Hyland, 10. Dave Williams outpointed Sammy Wilde, 8. Bill Ferguson won from Ronnie Hopp, 6.

Tommy Ragucci beat Eddie Godbold, 6. Tony Lord decisioned Mac Joachim, 8. Johnny Barton won over Ernie Comley, 8

Dutch champion Willi Schagen drew with heavyweight Jimmy Carroll, 10. Lloyd Marshall was held to a draw by Hans Streleckl, 6.

Wayne Eckhardt defeated Bob Finstra, 4. Reggie Allen kayoed Bobby Graham, 2.

Dan Bucceroni kayoed Sonny Parisi, 1.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Ray Robinson knocked out Joe Rindone, 6, and then flattened Carl Olson in 12 to retain his Pennsylvania version of the world middleweight title. Ray also laced Bobby Dykes, 10.

J. T. Ross knocked out Cordell Jones, 3.

Terry Moore outfought Bobby Lee, 12.

Jimmy Beau flattened George Roberts, 1. Paul Pender chilled Norman Horton, 2.

Art Towne beat Louis Villa.

Art Davis licked Chico Pacheco, 10. Pete Gill won over Boyd Smith, 6.

Robert Villemain kayoed Tommy McFarr, 3.

Billy Brown beat Larry Shaw, 12.

Ronnie Delaney beat Joe Blackwood, 10.

Jackie Burke whipped Jimmy Sherrer, 8.

Rocky Graziano rocked Pete Mead to sleep in three, and then the Rock won a close ten-rounder from Tony Janiro.

Joe Blackwood won from Chuck Hunter, 10. Randolph Turpin won the British title by kayoing Albert Finch, 5 Finch previously outpointed Albert Heyen, 10.

Tiberio Mitri lost an upset decision to Claude Ritter, 10. Art Towne flattened Art Jarrett, 4.

Johnny Bratton lost to Holly Mims, 10. Gene Hairston shaded Kid Gavilan, 10.

Artie Diamond kayoed Armando Amanini, 5, but was then stopped by Tommy Bazzano in seven rounds.

Alex Buxton scored his 12th straight knockout by stopping Jimmy Davis, 9, then had the streak

halted when he was held to a ten-round decision by South African champion George Angelo.

Harold Green sent Joe Giardello into dreamland in six rounds. Paul Pender licked Ernie Durando, 10. Leroy Coleman decisioned Jimmy Taylor, 10.

Jimmy Herring topped Lou Valles, 6. Rod Deamer decisioned Joe Beckett, 8. Jimmy Cerello shaded Joe Bonadies, 8.

Joe Lassiter won on a foul from Dan Nardico, 3, and Nardico stopped Johnny Taylor, 2, and Art Saey, 2, while Lassiter lost to Hal Meredith, 10.

Frankie Belanger was knocked out by Mac Begin, 4. Jean Stock whipped Omar Kouidri, 10, and thrashed Bobby Dawson over the same distance. Bob Siecher kayoed Willie Taylor, 2.

Al Winn chilled Ray Bryan, 3. Tony Gandolfo knocked out Al Pinel, 2. Harold Drucker chilled Tommy Ragucci, 2.

Joe Giardello outscored Bruce Ubaldo, 8. Tommy Reece decisioned Bobby Cedar, 6. Bobby Morgan polished off Ben Jones, 1. Les Allen outpointed Ron Pudney, 8. Pudney came back to kayo Geoff Heath, 2.

Cyrille Delannoit stopped Lucien Krawczyk, 4. Billy Corbett stopped Joe Trofe, 5.

Art Davis outpointed Joe Lassiter, 10. Ralph Jacobs whipped Kelly Duncan, 4. Irving Palefsky kayoed Bobby James, 3.

Sammy Walker was stopped by Sal DiMartino, 7. Terry Moore knocked out Lou Pompey, 2.

Lou Valles chilled Rocky Compitello, 2. Tony Gandolfo beat Ed Harris, 6. Art Soto stopped Nap Howard, 5.

Roger Donoghue knocked out Eddie Edwards, 4. Ralph Jones chilled James Burgos, 2.

Harold Drucker knocked out John Brown, 1. Garth Panter knocked out Eddie Halligan, 3. Bill Dockery tripped Sam Thompson, 6.

Ronnie Delaney took a close ten-rounder from Charley Cotton.

Ernie Durando kayoed Joey DeJohn, 5.

Walter Cartier knocked out Joe Taylor, 4.

Laurent Dauthuille shaded Paddy Young, 10. Jimmy Herring chilled Richie Dallas, 3.

Tony Gondalfo defeated Bobby Morgan, 6. Joe Laliberte iced Oliver Bogdan, 1.

WELTERWEIGHTS

World champion Ray Robinson knocked out Joe Rindone in the sixth round of a none-title go. Ray then knocked out Carl Olson in 12, and whipped Bobby Dykes, 10.

Lester Felton defeated lightweight Tommy Campbell, 10. Kid Gavilan was held to a ten-round draw by Tommy Ciarlo, and the Kid then lost to Gene Hairston, 10. Nick Moran shaded Tuzo Portuguez, 10.

Ralph Zannelli decisioned Don Williams, 12. Charley Cotton outpointed Charley Salas, 10.

Billy Graham won from Kid Dussart, 10. Charley Fusari kayoed Tony Pellone, 10.

Jack Braddock flattened Scottish champion Willie Whyte, 3, and outpointed Titi Clavel, 10. Clavel also lost to Emile Delmine, 10.

German champion Peter Muller flattened Stonewall Jackson, 1. Joe Brown flattened Charley Williams, 1. Johnny Williams stopped Chuck Taylor, 7.

Carmine Fiore decisioned Doug Medley, 10. Joe Juliano laced Claude Hammond, 8.

Bobby Dykes outpointed Gaby Ferland, 10. Billy Nixon kayoed McCoy Jones, 2. Carmine Fiore defeated Vic Cardell, 10. Bill Neri knocked out Bobo Drago, 5.

Joey Carkido shaded Manouck Markarian, 8. Algar Smith stopped Allan Buxton, 4. Fitzie Pruden flattened Al Gualteri, 5. Cliff Lester drew with Eddie Williams, 10. Eddie Giosa whipped Glen Hendershot, 10.

Leo Starosch outscored Jimmy Liggett, 6. Jetson Arnold outpointed Ted Murray, 6.

George Flores chilled Herbert Elly, 5. Danny Womber defeated Lloyd Tate, 6, and Buddy Smith, 8. Kelly Duncan upset Vinnie D'Andrea, 6.

Sam Guiliano kayoed Al Mouzon, 2, and beat George Burrows, 6. Elmer Beltz blitzed Gus Mell in 8.

Kid Pambele outscored Frankie Fay, 10. Santa Bucca tripped Ermano Bonetti, 6. Joe Lupo whipped Joe Greco, 4. Lou Volpe stopped James Monahan, 2.

Phil Burton stopped Jimmy Sanders, 8. Manny Leal won from Ernie Koutnick, 6. Johnny DeFazio whipped Ike Jenkins, 8. Bill Andy lost to Hurley Sanders, 6.

Vince Larangina stopped Irving Gerhardt, 3. Maurice Jenkins halted Dominick Fasans, 1, but was then kayoed by Joe Moore, 1.

Riggie Alotti lost to Phil Rizzo, 6. Billy Gfroehrer licked Jimmy Wilde, 4.

Frankie Mucci beat Joey Greco, 6. Hy Melzer licked Joey Carkido, 8. Chico Vejar whipped Kelly Duncan, 6.

Joe Juliano whipped Tommy Ciarlo, 8. Chick Boucher drew with George Flores, 6.

Joe Lupo trimmed Bobby Gainsville, 6. Johnny Paoletti was stopped by Allie Gronik, 1.

Phil Rizzo decisioned Irving Wallach, 6. Lou Volpe flattened Joe LaScala, 6.

Irvin Steen stopped Harry Hayes, 5. Frankie Fernandez beat Beau Jack, 10. Bobby Burgess defeated Rafael Guttierrez, 10.

Elmer Beltz tripped Walter Haines, 10.

Tony Cimmone won from Dave Andrews, 8. Joey Giambra outpointed Jesse Bradshaw, 8. Tommy Smith tripped Dave Dwyer, 4.

Vic Cardell defeated Aldo Minelli, 10.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Arthur King reversed a previous loss by licking Bobby Lloyd, 10. Lil' Arthur then stopped Harold Jones, 8.

Prospects of the Month

Heavyweight—Jimmy Tendo, Boston, Mass.

Light-heavyweight—Earl Sabotin, Warren, Ohio.

Middleweight—Harvey Fallon, New Orleans, La.

Welterweight—Sammy Guiliano, Stamford, Conn.

Lightweight—Jorgen Johansen, Denmark.

Featherweight—Pituka Perez, Mexico.

Bantamweight—Eric Marsden, England.

Flyweight—Benjamin Rosa, Puerto Rico

John L. Davis stopped Bernard Docusen, 3. Enrique Bolanos decisioned Maxie Docusen, 10. Joe Lopez whipped Rudy Cruz, 10, but was stopped by Mario Trigo, 7. Carlos Chavez also lost to Mario Trigo, 10. Chavez then lost to Joe Velez, 10.

Tommy Campbell lost to welterweight Lester Felton, 10. Art Aragon stopped Archie Whitewater, 2. Johnny Gonsalves laced Emil Barao, 10.

Tote Martinez and Baby Ortiz drew, 10. Orlando Zulueta licked Leo LeBrun, 10.

Joe Brown iced Charley Williams, 1. Freddy Babe Herman outscored Eddie Jackson, 10. Chu Chu Jiminez whipped Adolfo Escobar, 10.

Art Suffoletta trimmed Jay Parlin, 8. Del Flanagan tripped Red DeFazio, 10. Bobo Drago defeated Rudy Pasco, 10

Jock Leslie lost to Bobby English, 10. Red Top Davis stopped Massino Sanna, 8. Dennis Brady halted Jimmy Watkins, 4.

Arthur Persley decisioned Danny Womber, 8. Phil Morizio topped Bruno Lijoi, 6.

Billy Creech took the measure of Carmen Iacobucci, 8. Tony Allegro stopped Julie Colon, 5.

Rocco Quallo drew with Bobby Gainsville, 6

Welsh champion Reg Quinlan decisioned Selwyn Evans, 10. Eric Davies outpointed Chris Jenkins, 8. Joey Krause halted Howie Burman, 1.

Vince Marshall flattened Morris Jones, 2. Hermie Freeman whipped Ossie Andrews, 10. Rocky Armando licked Jean Richard, 10. Oliver Breton won from Bobby English, 10.

Armand Savoie knocked out Billy Liggett, 2. Alan McFater shaded Young Junior, 8, and flattened Tommy Greb, 2. Terry Laliberte shaded Keith Paris, 6.

Johnny Kamber beat Harry Diduck, 8. Bobby Gainsville won over Joe Giacobbe, 6.

Fred Mabye outscored Jimmy Wilde, 4. Humberto Sierra drew with Bernie Dowd, 10. George Araujo whipped Roy Andrews, 12

Del Flanagan won from Carlos Chavez, 10. Hermie Freeman halted Oliver Breton, 5.

Ernie Koutnick won from Joe Henningsen, 4

Fred Mabye nodded Billy Gfroehrer, 4

Jay Parlin knocked out Doc Blanchard, 2.

Teddy Davis bested Danny Colletti, 10. Phil Morizio nodded Tim Dalton, 6.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World champion Sandy Saddler edged out Charley Riley in a ten-round non-title go.

European champion Ray Famechon whipped Dick Howard, 10.

Returning to the ring after an absence of six months, British champion Ronnie Clayton won on a disqualification over the Welsh title holder, Jackie Hughes, 4.

Tony Spano won from Ray Smith, 8. Jackie Graves knocked out Tony Olivas, 1, and Lenny Alvarez, 3.

Roger McKay trimmed Harold Dade, 10. Jimmy Rooney lost to Bobby Bell, 10.

Former world bantamweight champion Harry Jeffra lost the initial bout of his comeback to Lenny Alvarez in eight rounds.

Miguel Acevedo stopped Bobby Bell, 8. Rudy Pasco lost to Jimmy Cooper, 10.

Harry LaSane stopped Charley Titone, 5. Fernando Gamon knocked out Johnny Arduini, 4. Ray Castillo defeated Sal Ferello, 6. Al Graziano won from Frank Ambele, 4.

Red Top Davis upset Dennis Pat Brady, 10. Tony Lombard edged out Ray Fitton, 10. Fitton came back to beat Theo Medina over the same distance.

Eddie Burgin nodded Bunny Berrigan, 8. Gene Robnett licked Joey Cam, 6. Pat Marcune was upset by Tito Valles, 8.

Johnny Miller decisioned Jackie Sommerville, 6. Jimmy O'Brien trimmed Pancho Villa, 6.

Vinnie Calderone beat Des Shanley, 4. Noel Humphreys decisioned Richard Crump, 6. Frankie Carrao licked Frankie Freese, 6.

Libby Manzo chilled Earl Hilton, 1. Mario Sulsenti edged Tony Carrotta, 4.

Willie Orsini drew with Angel Garcia, 4. Tony Carrotta outpointed Mickey Fuchs, 4. Alex Fumbres stopped Max Osario, 3.

Jock Bonas outpointed Chris Kelly, 8. Aaron Joshua was credited with a kayo when Johnny Molloy retired in the first round with a cut eye. Dai Davies stopped Frank Kelly, 6. Guido Ferracin outfought bantamweight Marcel Mathieu, 10.

Vinnie Calderone won from Mario Sulsanti, 4. Angel Garcia outfought Willie Orsini, 4.

Former world's bantamweight champion Manuel Ortiz defeated Jackie McCoy, 10.

Roy Ankarah stopped Tony Lombard, 8. Teddy St. Jean stopped Pancho Villa, 6.

Roland Gray decisioned Frank Harrington, 4. Johnny Kamber knocked out Frankie Carrao, 4.

Corky Gonzales chilled Leo LeBrun, 2.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

World champion Vic Toweel whipped Italian champion Alvaro Nuvoloni, 10 (non-title). Nuvoloni had previously beaten Amleto Falcinelli, 12, for Italian laurels.

Featherweight Negro Sandoval shaded Luis Castillo, 10. Bobby Boland outpointed British champion Danny O'Sullivan, 10 (non-title).

French champion Marcel Mathieu lost to featherweight Guido Ferracin, 10. Gianni Zuddas whipped Swiss champion Caliostro Etter, 10.

Jim Dwyer outpointed Scottish champion Eddie Carson, 8. Billy Daniels kayoed Ron Bissell, 1. Georges Mousse drew with Gaetano Annaloro, 10.

FLYWEIGHTS

World champion Dado Marino outpointed Al Chavez in 10 rounds (non-title). Jean Sneyers relieved Terry Allen of the European title, 15.

Louis Skena regained the French title by winning over Honore Pratesi, 15. Vic Herman outfought Tino Cardinale, 8. Black Pico stopped Stan Almond, 8, but was outpointed by Teddy Gardner, 10.

Scottish champion Norman Tennant stopped Joe Murphy, 9. Jimmy Pearce stopped Welsh champion Glyn David, 7. German champion George Tietzsch iced Striewski, 4.

CLEVELAND RING NEWS

By Phil Goldstein

THE second popular priced show conducted by the Forest City Boxing Club had the same results as the first: a success artistically, but not financially. However, they will continue operating. Matchmaker Jimmy Avon has presented excellent cards and he feels he'll be rewarded with good attendance eventually.

In the feature eight-round bout, Paul Brooks, 136, looked ready for the best when he won every round from Proctor Heinold, 134, Oklahoma. Heinold forced the fighting. He never stopped trying. Paul was a bit too sharp, countering as well as beating Proctor to the punch. Paul boxed beautifully, and mixed his punches. It was a good, pleasing fight

In the six-round semi final, Elmer Lakatos, 135, of Youngstown, stopped Billy Durham, 135, Columbus, in 2:35 of the first round. Durham outboxed Lakatos for more than a minute, but then Lakatos hurt Durham with an overhand right to the head. Elmer immediately followed Durham with rights to the head and left hooks to head and body, finally flooring him with a beautiful left hook to the jaw. Durham arose at nine, but very groggy, so Referee Lou Parker wisely stopped the bout. The fans are asking for a Brooks-Lakatos bout.

Tommy Salem, 126, stopped Russ Hubbard, 127, in 2:04 of the second. Hubbard gave a good account of himself in the first, but took a thorough lacing in the second. Although he was dazed at the time Jackie Davis stopped the bout. Hubbard begged to continue. Jackie felt the result was inevitable and did not heed the gamester's appeal. Jackie's decision met with the approval of most of the fans.

Akron's Herbie Jackson, 135, who lost a split decision to Lakatos on the last show, found a very elusive target in Bill Grady, 133, Detroit. After losing the first round, Jackson threw more punches to the body and then switched to head, flooring the crafty Grady. Herbie continued to mix his attack and it paid off with a TKO in the third. The fans are asking for another Jackson-Lakatos match.

Mickey Mars, 1950, National AAU champ, turned in a magnificent performance in stopping a game, cagey and rugged opponent, Tommy Tibbs of Columbus. In the third round Mars caught Tibbs with a terrific left hook to the throat which left the Columbus boy gasping for air. Mars kept punching away and with Tibbs virtually helpless, the referee stopped the bout. On the previous show Tibbs had lost to Mars by a split decision, but this time it was Mars all the way over the clever Columbus gamester.

Bob Anderson, 167, made a successful pro debut, outslugging the more seasonal Bill Bradley, 164, New Castle. It was a close bout, but throughout Anderson's last round was the winning factor.

Walter Cartier, of New York, and Ernie (The Rock) Durando, of Bayonne, N. J., won two of the three featured middleweight bouts by technical knockouts.

Cartier, 161½, stretched his winning streak to fifteen by downing Joe Taylor, 158, of Binghamton, N. Y., at 2:10 of the fourth round.

Durando, 157, halted Joey DeJohn, 161, of Syracuse, N. Y., at 2:10 of the fifth round.

(It was erroneously reported in a recent issue of THE RING that Chas Sitphol had been stopped by Alf Webster. It should have read just the reverse—Sitphol kayoed Webster, 8.)

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

AFTER writing up fights for 11 years, it was good to get away from it, I kept telling myself. Oh, boy, now I didn't have to go to the fights except when I wanted to, and when I did go, I could sit back, smoke a cigar and talk of other things, just as the other managers do. I need not concentrate on the bouts to see who was winning and how, or why. I didn't have to know what actually happened.

And because I was happy over what I was doing—and not doing—I couldn't figure out why, after a few months, I was experiencing a loss of appetite and sleepless nights. Then my slumping posture and far-away look in my eye (the good one) aroused the psychic in my wife, and once assured it was not because of any brooding over the Christmas presents we must buy her relatives, she was convinced of what my ailment really was. And she told me.

So, I'm back on the job.

A year ago, Maxie Docusen appeared headed for a title. Then, not in condition, he made a poor fight and was badly beaten by a fighter of much less ability. This defeat, his first in 67 starts, seems to have wrecked his self-confidence. For two rounds in a rematch with Enrique Bolanos at the Los Angeles Olympic, Docusen was the fast-punching ball-of-fire of a year ago. It seemed that he had regained his former class.

Maxie unleashed a furious attack that Bolanos had no defense against and it seemed that Enrique was to be stopped. Docusen also copped the third round, but had to fight furiously for it and was slowed down a bit from some stiff body blows. Maxie came out tired in the fourth. Apparently too weary for footwork, he set himself to exchange punches and the tide of the battle changed completely.

Bolanos, a thorough gamester, came out with fists flying, and when Maxie's feet didn't take him out of Enrique's firing range, it was Docusen who was battered about. Bolanos won the next three heats with stiff left jabs and hooks to both head and body, but Maxie fought back in spurts and both were shaken up repeatedly. Docusen copped the 8th, but Bolanos garnered the final two rounds and the unanimous decision.

Each weighed 136. The turnout was disappointing, a crowd of 7600 paying in only $16,400. (The first clash between these two drew $47,770.)

In the semi, Tony Espinosa, 131, was at his best in stopping Bobby Brewer, 138, in the fourth. Espinosa had the better of every round and the bell saved Brewer in the third.

In the four-rounders: Javier Gutierrez, 124, and Trini Perez, 123, drew; Tommy Manaois, 135, was gifted the decision over Al Galindo, 134; Bob Terronce, 146, and Charley Sawyer, 148, went to a draw; Russ Gillam, 151, nodded Rocky Slater, 157.

In one of the most action-packed scraps seen at Ocean Park Arena in months (and hot action bouts are the regular weekly treat at the Beach club) Milo Savage, 157, Seattle, pounded out a ten-round decision over Dick Finley, 161, Long Beach. For five rounds they battled on even terms, then Finley slowed down a bit and Savage came on to garner the late heats and the votes of all three judges.

In supporting bouts, all four-rounders, Aaron Junior, 139, decisioned George Cramer, 138. Eddie Hernandez, 123, whipped Bobby Satchel, 124. Jimmy Hayes, 144, nodded Al Simmons, 146. Rudy Romero, 153, and Russ Gillam, 150, fought to a draw. Ray Louis, 161, defeated Gabe Freeman, 170.

The above two paragraphs tell of fights staged at the Los Angeles Olympic and Ocean Park. They were savage affairs, yet, a third such scrap was staged within the week, when Rudy Garcia, state feather champion, collided with Conrado Castanon of Chihuahua, Mex., at the Hollywood Stadium. This fistic war was not as closely contested as it might have been, due to Garcia almost finishing Castanon in the opening heat, and accomplishing it before the finish.

Garcia, a terrific puncher, caught Castanon on the chin with a left hook late in the first round that dropped him for a five-count. Conrado was in bad shape when he arose and Garcia soon had him reeling into the ropes and ripe for the kill, when the bell ended the round. Garcia dished out a lot of punishment in the following rounds, but the lion-hearted youngster from below the Border more than held his own in three of the seven torrid sessions.

Garcia waged a relentless attack in the eighth that beat Castanon to the floor. Conrade arose at count of nine, but was too far gone to defend himself and when about to cave in under another onslaught, Referee Joe Stone declared it over. Garcia weighed 127, Castanon 125.

In the semi, Jimmy Dunn, 128, San Diego, pulled a real surprise in pounding out a decision over Tony Smaldino, 127, in six hectic rounds. It was a punchfest all the way, with Dunn tossing the most leather.

In the prelims: Gil Chavez, 137, bested Ray Acosta, 136, in four. Tommy Manaois, 136, stopped Jose Arguelles, 137, in the third. Rudy DeHoyos, 126, defeated Trini Perez, 125, in a four. Eddie Hernandez, 126, K.O.'ed Johnny Gonzales, 126, in three.

Some of the local managers have been complaining of a "clique" who have the local boxing situation pretty well sewed up. Many complain that they cannot book their boxers except through the "big man," or his henchmen. And there seems to be some basis for the rumors. Sounds bad. But is it?

Upon my return to Los Angeles, I find all three local clubs showing regularly every week. They are the only three clubs in the entire West that are showing every week, thanks to this so-called "clique." Also, several other clubs, some of them over a thousand miles away, have this "big man" to thank for their best attractions—and in some instances—for their very existence. And too, it is because of the influence of the "big man" that many of the Southern California boxers are able to secure lucrative matches in other far away places.

Sure, we are all against "monopolies," "trusts," or "cliques," for, in most cases they hinder, retard or eliminate the little fellow. But when they promote—the little fellows interests, when they increase his production—then, only an enemy or a fool would oppose them. When any man, or group of men keep a sport active, whereas, that sport would in all probability, be dormant, were this man, or group not in the game—well, the boxers and managers of such a locality should be thankful that such a "clique" does exist.

Although his foe proved to be an elusive target, particularly in the earlier rounds, Freddie Herman, 138, Los Angeles Mexican boxer, emerged winner over Eddie Johnson, 139, Oakland Negro, by a wide margin in their ten-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Johnson peppered Herman often with long left jabs for a few rounds, but most of his action was defensive and Freddie's forcing the milling kept the score about even.

Herman took much of the wind out of Johnson's sails with body blows in the fourth and connected more often thereafter. There were no knockdowns, but Freddie shook the Oaklander to his heels several times in the late rounds and buckled Johnson's knees with hooks to the jaw in the final heat.

In the semi, Frankie Dominguez, 140, Los Angeles, was declared winner over Frank Muche, 138, Niles, O., in the fourth round, due to an eye cut. The go was waged on close terms until one of Muche's old eye wounds started spouting blood, a bad break that the Ohioan has experienced several times.

In other bouts: Wayne Cooke, 125, Inglewood, added Bobby Satchell, 126, Bakersfield, to his growing list of victims by belting out the Negro boy in the first heat of a scheduled six-rounder. Joey Gurrola, 138, Pasadena, T.K.O.'ed Kangaroo Zavala, 139, Mexico, in the second. Rudy Romero, 158, nephew of former great Bert Colima, whipped Tony Renteria, 159, in a four.

Every city on the continent, from Los Angeles to Montreal, from Miami to Winnipeg—has some young boxer who is regarded as a comer, but of the flock that this writer saw in action, or gym togs, only a few impressed me as being the prospects that their mentors or followers thought them to be. Many of them stood out as exceptional fighters simply because of the mediocrity of the boxers in those localities.

Those of the youngsters that I was most impressed with were Frankie Lentine, a welter of Youngstown; Pat Marcune, a featherweight of Coney Island; Henry (Pappy) Gault, a bantam of Spartanburg, S. C.; Frankie Almond, a feather of Vancouver, Can.; Pat and Mike McMurty, a couple of light-heavies of Tacoma, and Little Billy Droessler, of Potosi, Wis.

That dark-skinned destroyer of Oakland, John L. Davis, knocked over the biggest apple-cart of his career in stopping Bernard Docusen in the third round at the Los Angeles Olympic. The contest, a scheduled 12-rounder for the state welter title, produced some of the most furious fighting ever seen in this ring.

Docusen jabbed the plodding Oaklander at will with both lefts and rights in the opening round and was doing very nicely in the first part of round two, but his light punches did little damage and Davis, becoming more determined, managed to get in close to put in a few licks. It was during one of these close-in's that Davis snapped Docusen's head up with an uppercut. The crowd cheered and Bernard blew his top.

Tossing caution to the winds, Docusen elected to stand flat-footed and slug it out with Davis, which is equivalent to leaping off a bridge. Two wild animals couldn't have fought more ferociously thereafter. They pounded each other's face as fast and hard as they could, making no attempt to avoid the blows. This brutal exchange lasted a full minute. Both were rocked, staggered and hurt.

The crowd was on its feet yelling like mad. Then a lull, just for an instant, but in that split second Davis lashed out with a right to Docusen's chin that put the handsome Filipino flat on his back. He arose slowly and stumbled along the ropes. Davis was at him with flying fists and soon had Bernard reeling helplessly into the ropes. John was pounding Docusen into a rag doll, when a merciful bell ended the round.

Docusen almost collapsed while being assisted to his corner and most everyone considered the fight over. Docusen couldn't come out for the next round, could he? And even if he could—he shouldn't. But he did. That is, his body came out, as minus of pugnacity as a zombie on a peaceful stroll. Davis rushed out, tossed a few punches, and Referee Johnny Indrisano rushed in and halted it in just eight seconds of the round—and probably not a second too soon. Davis was outweighed by ten pounds, 136 to 146.

Other results: Lou Joseph, 147, Seattle, decisioned Bob Terronce, 145, in the semi, six. Chuck Moody 144, outpointed Russ Gillam, 152, four. J. J. Cracknell, 151, whipped Rocky Slater, 156, four. Ray Louis, 160, bested Earl Keel, 166, in an exciting knockdown affair, four. Jimmy Hayes, 144, and Bobby Lee, 144, fought to a draw, four.

As I recall it, the line is "Fools walk in where angels fear to tread." Start the line off with "Fighters—" and you will have the answer to why it is so easy to make mis-matches. Jimmy Dunn, the personable little Irish feather of San Diego, would not compete against Chu Chu Jiminez in either a beauty contest, or a singing bee, realizing that the Mexican lad is better looking and has a nicer voice. However, the odds against Dunn would be no greater than they would be in a boxing contest. Yet, Jimmy accepted a match with the promising Mexican lightweight.

Referee Joe Stone stopped the one-sided affair in the third heat to save Dunn from further punishment. Jiminez floored Jimmy with a hard right just before the bell ending the second round, and the ending in the next round was a foregone conclusion.

In other bouts: Charley Sawyer, 145, nodded Bob Terronce, 144, in a four. Ray Louis, 159, had too much stuff for Rudy Romero, 160, in four. Rocky Slater, 156, topped Al Simmons, 150, in the fourth. Lavert Smith, 126, decisioned Trini Perez, 123. Don Cloud, 133, beat Juan Hernandez, 136.

Just finished reading an item in a Los Angeles newspaper. It says, "Automobile racing, a sport often maligned because the hazards of it result in numerous tragedies, owes a vote of thanks to MGM for depicting it in a fashion which is unlikely to draw any unfavorable criticism of the sport. And the speed fraternity should be happy," etc.

That's fine. And now how about one of these big film companies producing a picture favorable to boxing, to make up a bit for the numerous degrading stories that they have screened of the ring sport?

In walking over to the Hollywood Stadium, I noted that there was but one lone star in the sky and I mused over who's lucky star it might be. I got my answer as to who that bright star was shining for when Mario Trigo was declared T.K.O. winner over Joe Lopes at the start of the eighth heat. For five rounds of the seven contested, Lopes completely outclassed Trigo, who, on this night was dead on his feet.

Lopes darted in, parked a few punches and was gone before Mario could do much more than get mad. And Trigo's south-paw stance was no problem to the Sacramento boxer, who moved to the left and whipped in rights to both head and body. Trigo was very tired at end of fifth, but always a spirited fighter, he slugged it out on even terms in the sixth, and Lopes was bleeding from a cut over the left eye at the bell.

Trigo put on a furious attack in the seventh and landed some solid blows to the head, one of which re-opened Lopes' eye wound. At the end of the round Referee Frankie Van called in the club physician to look at it. Dr. Fahey permitted Lopes to continue, but manager Johnny Munro refused to allow his fighter to come out for the eighth and Mario was awarded a T.K.O. victory. Trigo weighed 138, Lopes 131.

There was great excitement caused by the

result of the semi-final. Wayne Cooke, 125, Inglewood, had his win streak broken when flattened by Javier (Baby) Gutierrez, 124, San Jose, in the second round. Cooke had decked Gutierrez twice in the first heat and was doing well in the second when it happened. A short right to the point of the chin stretched Wayne out for the count.

In four-rounders: J. J. Cracknell, 154, defeated Russ Gillam, 153. Tommy Manawis, 135, whipped Frank Martinez 136 Gilbert Cadilli, 120, outpointed Trini Perez, 121. Juan Hernandez, 138, bested Aaron Junior, 139, but it was Junior who got his glove raised. This decision was so bad that the booing could be heard a block away.

Making his first start in five months, Johnny Gonsalves Oakland stylist, defeated Emil Barao, Hayward's hard hitter, in a ten-rounder at the Oakland Auditorium. Gonsalves started slowly and fought only in spurts, but he had too much class for Emil. Barao jarred the Oaklander several times in the early rounds with his potent left hook, but he found Johnny an elusive target in the late heats.

Gonsalves jabbed, crossed and countered hi stocky foe to cop four of the last five rounds and the decision.

In the semi, Junius Allen, San Francisco featherweight, landed only one solid punch on Frankie Sequeria, but it was enough. Sequeria had outboxed Allen, for five rounds, only to be flattened for the count late in the sixth.

In two six-rounders, Ernie Greer, 140, won over Bob Saunders, 140, and Johnny Ortega 112, bested Arestco Zamora, 117. In a four Clint Waters, 157, nodded Edgar Jones 152.

The rematch between Milo Savage, 160, Seattle, and Dick Finley, 159, Long Beach, another ten-rounder waged at the Ocean Park Arena, was a duplicate of their first encounter, the script being the same. Findley scored with left jabs to win early rounds, then slowed down when Savage turned on more heat. The Seattle socker all but closed Finley's left eye with a hard right in the seventh and had things his own way after that.

Three promising youngsters made their professional debut on this card and all came through with victories. They were Don Cloud, 133, who defeated Tony Orosco, 134, in a four; Johnny Malloy, 124, who stopped Trini Perez, 123, in two heats, and Leroy Richards, 126, who iced Pedro Jurado, 124, in the first canto. In two other fours, Al Galindo, 135, defeated George Cramer, 137, and Frankie Crane, 162, shaded Art Brown, 156.

Boxing was brought back to San Francisco's Dreamland ring, with the re-opening of the once famous arena—now the Winterland—by promoters Bill Kyne and Benny Ford. There was a good turnout ($9049) for this opening program, and with its good location and past history, the Winterland may prove a stimulant to the game in Frisco The attraction was Rex Layne, Utah's promising youngster and Andy Walker, San Francisco Negro heavyweight. They fought ten bruising rounds to a draw.

Layne was slightly in lead at end of eighth, but Walker won the final two heats by margins that many thought earned Andy the nod.

In supporting bouts: Felix Coleman, 126, Vallejo, surprised in winning a decision over Pete Martinez, 130, Gonzales, in the semi, on the strength of a knockdown scored in the fifth. six. James Mitchell, Frisco featherweight, won over Junius Allen, six. Jack Nelson, 185, Salt Lake City, beat Willie Colbert, 184, four. Joe Gilmer, 142, nodded Doug Kirby, 135, four.

(Social Note: Messrs Kyne and Ford's re-opening of the Winterland Arena was an elaborate setting. Rawther! It has been re-decorated and is air-conditioned. The announcer, in tuxedo, of course, introduces the boxers with use of a spotlight in a darkened house. And there is a gray plastic covering over the ring mat, if you please!)

In Self-Defense: In answer to several inquiries, questioning my judgement or purpose, I wish to make this reply:

It was not I who stated that "Bob Murphy looks like California's best bet to win a world title." (I like Bob personally, he is a swell guy outside the ring I admire his fighting spirit and respect his great war record And his hefty wallop gives him the "puncher's chance" against any foe, but I doubt that he will ever be good enough to defeat the likes of Ezzard Charles—a much better fighter than given credit for—and he would have little chance against so clever a fellow as Joey Maxim. Also, I have a friend whom I believe would stop Murphy—his name is Archie Moore.)

Neither did I state that "Rudy Cruz was California's Number One Lightweight." (The State Athletic Commission sent out a bulletin to that effect some months ago, but I was not of that opinion.) It was not I who wrote that "Harold Dade seeks a crack at Willie Pep's title." (What featherweight doesn't, at the price? Yes, Mr. J T. of Denver, I am familiar with how many times Dade has been defeated in the past year.)

And I certainly didn't write that "Dick Finley is a worthy foe of Rocky Graziano." (I believe that I have done much for California boxing and California boxers in the eleven years I have been writing this column, but if my enthusiasm over the ability of our local boxers ran to the extent of the above quoted statement, the conscientious Editor of RING would have dispensed with my services years ago.)

During the five months that I was on a vacation, the California news was handled by other writers and therefore the sentiments expressed were not mine. Had I expressed myself as "to California's best bet to win a world title," it would have been John L. Davis.

Eureka (Calif.) is indeed "Eureka!" for Archie Whitewater, Indian lightweight of Oakland: He makes his best fights in this little city, where he remains undefeated and is their best drawing card. Whitewater's most recent Eureka victory was a ten-round decision over Henry Davis, Negro featherweight of Honolulu. It was a stubbornly fought contest, with Davis in the lead at the end of the fifth.

Whitewater really won the fight in the sixth when he dropped Davis for a nine-count with a right to the chin and had the Hawaiian almost out at the bell. Archie won the remaining rounds, but every heat was hard fought.

Other results: Joe Gonzales, 153, Salinas, and Clint Waters, 158, Oakland, boxed an uninteresting draw, six. Bob Osborn, 145, Arcata, K.O.'ed George Prince, 149, Eureka, five. Frank Skidmore, 150, Salinas, decisioned Ronnie Marshall, 155, Hoopa, four. Curt Hillman, 130, Eureka, beat Larry Avila, 130, four.

The unpredictable Clarence Henry looked the part of a great fighter in disposing of Bob Dunlap of Alameda, in the second round at the Los Angeles Olympic. Henry really whipped Dunlap in a round. They were exchanging short punches in close, when Henry whipped over a left hook to the chin that put Dunlap down. Bob was up at nine, but a few seconds later he was dumped for another nine-count.

A hard right to the jaw felled Dunlap for the third time and it would have been the end of it, if the bell hadn't ended the round. He was assisted to his corner, worked on, and sent out for the second. But he was not in fit condition to continue and Henry had to hit him only once—and lightly—to put him down and have Referee Reg Gilmore declare it over in just twelve seconds of the round. Henry weighed 185, Dunlap 177.

In supporting bouts: Ray Acosta, 145, and Jimmy DeLeon, 144, fought six torrid rounds to a draw in the semi. Al Galindo, 135, defeated George Cramer, 141, in a four. Frank Crane, 165, duked Art Brown, 155, in four. Dave Kelly, 169, again whipped Gabe Freeman, 167, in four. Bobby Lee, 145, nodded Jimmy Hayes, 145, in a four.

At the finish of ten hard fought rounds, Tote Martinez, 137, Stockton, and Baby Ortiz, 135, Mexico, had their bout voted a draw. Six of the rounds of the action-packed scrap, staged at the Stockton Auditorium, were tabbed even, with each fighter credited with two rounds. Martinez copped the second and seventh heats, in which he forced Ortiz about the ring. Ortiz garnered the fourth and fifth frames, when he staggered Tote with solid left hooks.

In three other bouts, Frankie Dobales, 125, Stockton, defeated Art Solis, 130, Oakland, in a fast six-round semi. Esau Ferdinand, 161, and Grover Jackson, 165, Oakland, fought six heats to a draw. Jimmy Collins, 151, San Francisco, shaded Danny Nunn, 155, Sacramento, in four.

'Tis well that Archie (Chief) Whitewater didn't wear his Indian headdress into battle (he wears it right up to the opening bell) against Art (Golden Boy) Aragon at the Hollywood Stadium. If he had, ringsiders for ten rows back, would have had feathers in their hair. Aragon rocked the Indian's noggin that much. Aragon was out for an early kill and Whitewater isn't a very elusive target, which adds up to a brief encounter, but it was a thriller while it lasted.

After some sparring, Aragon put Archie down with a left hook The Chief arose at nine and tore into Art with a vengeance. Whitewater tossed a lot of leather and Aragon was forced back into a corner. The instant Archie's attack slowed down, Aragon shot out a right and Whitewater went down for another nine-count. The Chief was in a bad way when the bell ended the round.

In the second heat Aragon started doing it all over again. After coming up off the floor for the third time, Whitewater was hit with two terrific punches to the jaw and the Indian bit the dust for the fourth and last time. Each was 138.

The six-round semi, between Baby Ike, 140—who dangles his legs—and Ray Perez, 142—who shimmies his shoulders—was hilariously exciting. Their extreme efforts and wild missing had the crowd in stitches. Ike won handily, the bell having saved Perez in the fourth.

In the prelims Luis Adame, 123, Mexico, K.O.'ed Johnny Malloy, 122, in the second. Al Galindo, 138, stopped Juan Hernandez, 137, in the third. Don Cloud, 133, was given the decision over Jose Argueles, 138, in a four. Tony Renteria, 158, nodded Rudy Romero, 158, in four.

Matchmaker Benny Ford featured George Parmentier, 222, Eureka, as his second San Francisco Winterland attraction. Ford reached way down in the deep South for Parmentier's opponent, and came up with Buddy Scott, 186, Jacksonville veteran. (Wonder who Jim Bowden, Jack Marshall and J. D. Turner oppose, when Scott is on these trips?) The Eureka Giant was impressive in disposing of Scott in a round.

Parmentier's jarring jabs made Buddy blink, and the tall timber man's chopping rights felled Scott three times before the bout was halted to save him from further punishment.

In the semi: Bobby Burgess, 144, Vallejo, and Woody Winslow, 145, Mercer, fought six rounds to a draw. In the only two prelims, Frankie Dobales, 126, Stockton, stopped Art Solis, 130, Oakland, in the sixth. Sammy Garcia, 118, and Johnny Espiritu, 121, went four heats to a draw.

California has, at this time, a flock of youngsters who appear to be "going to town." Among the most promising of them are Chu Chu Jiminez, Wayne Cooke, Gilbert Cadilli, Dave Gallardo, Albert Cruz, Georgie Mendoza, Fugie Rodriguez, Tony Espinoza, James Mitchell, Leroy Richards, Eddie Hernandez, Don Cloud and Charley Sawyer. Unless called into the Service by Uncle Sam, at least half of these youngsters should be fighting main events within a year.

Joe Lopez, 136, Sacramento speedster, scored one of the biggest upsets of the year in defeating Rudy Cruz of Los Angeles, in a ten-rounder at the San Jose Auditorium. Lopez, fast and sharp, forced the action throughout. Cruz was not up to his best form, probably due to his inactivity. It was but Lopez' 17th professional start.

Art Soto, 156, Oakland, stopped Nap Howard, 159, Los Angeles, in the fifth round of their scheduled ten-rounder at Eureka.

In other bouts: Ernie Greer, 140, San Francisco, disposed of Bob Osborn, 148, Arcata, in the fourth round. Johnny Ortega, 118, San Francisco, and Carroll Gensaw, 121, Eureka, drew in four. Jimmy Johnson, 158, and Gene Campbell, 162, also went four heats to a draw. A bout between Jimmy Smith, 147, and Chuck Donohue, 155, was declared no-contest.

LEST I FORGET—Attention, to those of you in Australia and South Africa who have not received answers to your letters, please be advised that it is too expensive for me to grant your requests by mail, the postage being 50 cents per ounce. And I regret it, for, the letters from you fellows down there are among the most interesting that I receive.

Sport scribes throughout the country have just about relegated Ike Williams to the ex-champion class, referring to his next title opponent as "the lucky one," simply because Ike has dropped a few over-the-weight bouts. Well, we do have some good lightweights, but not great ones, and it is my opinion that if Williams is dethroned in his next title fight, it will be due to making weight, for, when the "chips are down"—he is a great fighter

If Roger Leighton's Mexican lightweight, Jesus (Chu Chu) Jiminez, doesn't make the grade in the ring game, he might still make lots of lettuce and become nationally popular, for, the youngster has a fine tenor voice, good looks and a winning personality.

Dale Hall, Los Angeles Negro heavyweight, should be happy in Chicago. Hall, a really good fighter, most always flopped in his important California starts, but performs up to his real ability in all his Chicago matches.

To the gal boxers who have requested me to endeavor to secure them bookings in California: I did not acknowledge your letters for two reasons. First, California does not allow female boxers to perform in her rings (it is disgraceful that there are states that do). And second, what I think of women boxing professionally couldn't be written in a letter.

Promoter Bill Kyne states that the managers of Ezzard Charles have refused a $100,000 offer for a title bout against Joey Maxim in San Francisco.

John L. Davis has done such a thorough job of cleaning up the Coast lightweights, that Matchmaker Babe McCoy is endeavoring to get him a title shot with Ike Williams.

To R. A. Watson, Portland, Ore.: Yes, the statement in THE RING that Eddie Chavez was unbeaten at the time he won over Jackie McCoy, was an error. Chavez had been defeated once, by this same McCoy, two months previous.

After making a tour of the entire United States and Canada, I am more convinced than ever, that California has, on the whole, better action fights than are seen elsewhere, and that this state has a more formidable class of preliminary boxers

Hollywood Stadium is fortunate in having Hap Navarro on the Publicity staff. Navarro not only turns out some good stories on the boxers, he is also somewhat of a diplomat. With a winning personality and one always ready to make things easier for the other guy—Hap is making many friends for the Movie City arena.

In closing this column, I wish to express my sincere thanks to each of you who have written me, expressing your anxiety as to my health, etc. And in the spirit of the season, I wish every reader of this column A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

EZZ'S PERSONALITY STORY

(Continued from page 5)

I had some war bonds put away, but the tax delt swallowed them up.

"Now I am the champion. What a relief to be the undisputed title holder. Not to read aspersions on your title, not to hear folks refer to you as a dime store champion," Charles exuberated.

"I plan to fight as often as possible, because, for one thing, I've got to cash in on the title. I do not dislike training, the way some other fighters do.

"When you are in training, you feel better. You are not listless, you don't get up groggy.

"The way for a fighter to get along is to fight. You have to keep practicing, no matter what your profession, and if you get rusty, you aren't much good.

"Besides, being a champion is expensive. You have to do things you did not do before. Tips here, tips there. Folks expect you to live up to the title.

"You know, all the time I was coming up, I felt that I was being trailed by the shadow of Joe Louis. He made a tremendous record. I would like to match it.

"Before my match with Louis, I regarded him as my model, my friend. Later, I had to look upon him as my opponent. What did he say to me during the fight? Nothing. Neither did I say anything to him. There just was nothing to talk about in those 15 rounds."

Charles served in Italy during the war, and on his return to Cincinnati hired Jimmy Brown, one-time boxer, to train him.

A VISIT to the Charles menage is interesting. No magnificent room for the champion of the world. A color photograph of Joe Louis, a few books, among them "Championship Fighting," by Jack Dempsey, "Freud and His Times," and "The Heavyweight Championship," by his friend, Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING.

On the dresser a baseball autographed by the Pirates and Jackie Robinson, a pair of boxing gloves that would fit a child of six, a key to the city of Pittsburgh, a few photographs, telegrams, letters.

The closet contains 25 suits of clothes, about as many hats and caps, almost as many pairs of shoes. The Charles wardrobe runs to subdued colors, orthodox patterns.

About Freud, Ezzard says, "I regret my failure to have gone to college. Somebody told me about Freud, psychoanalysis, and hypnotism. I don't plan to use that stuff in the ring. Just my two fists."

Charles is no glutton at the table. But neither is he a picky eater.

"I like steak and potatoes, beef and potato pie, and about anything but pork and greens," he explained.

"Lots of guys put on about their eating. I—well, just feed me, but good, and that's okay with me.

"Hobbies? Well, I like baseball. Played it a lot as a kid, but had no baseball ambitions. That was before Jackie Robinson was signed by Brooklyn.

"I never figured we would have Negro players in the major leagues. Now—Jackie and Doby, Newcombe, Bankhead, Campanella, Jethroe, Irvin, Thompson, Wilson, Noble—oh, I don't know how many more. Yes, sir, this is a great country.

"I used to do a lot of fishing and hunting. Well, the hunting stopped when I got into the Army and the fishing now is—well, the word is sporadic, I believe.

"Am I going to move into New York or Chicago? No. I like it here in Cincinnati.

"I have come up the hard way. I appreciate the value of a dollar. Why go around tossing dough down the drain in the big cities? I don't aim to make an impression. You see, now I am the champion."

CHARLES has done some fooling around with oil paints. For the Urban League benefit in New York last year, he did a picture which brought as much as $650.

At the Cincinnati schools which Charles attended, they remember him as no mental giant. He had made up his mind early that he was going to be a professional boxer, and got it into his head that a fighter did not have to master arithmetic, or fool around with poetry. Of course, Ezz knows better now. But it took considerable missionary work by some of his teachers to set him right.

Charles' grandmas in Cincinnati, his mom in New York, are delighted with his success.

But they regard his boxing career only as a means to a financial end, and will be overjoyed when he hangs up his gloves.

However, this will not be for some time yet, because Charles may turn out to be just as dominant in the heavyweight field as was Joe Louis, for so many years.

Charles was a student at Woodward High in Cincinnati for three years, and his record there was exemplary, if not brilliant.

He was absent only 15 times, and even the day after a fight, he showed up, ready for the first class of the day—gym.

"An outstandingly good citizen of our school, was Charles," was the recommendation he got from Winton M. Moeller, principal.

"A boy who could be trusted, always, a boy who never got into trouble," was the pat on the back Ezz received from William M. Callman, assistant principal at Harriet Beecher Stowe School.

Charles attended Stowe classes for three years and was absent just five times. His report cards said that his attitude toward his studies was splendid. But his arithmetic grades were just passing.

JAKE MINTZ, the Shakespeare scholar who manages Charles, would emit a volume on the subject of the new champion, if time were available to the listener.

Boiled down, and translated into working English, Jake's comments on Charles come to this:

"Don't worry about this guy. He is a great champion, and a level-headed citizen.

"Believe me, the heavyweight championship of the world never was in better hands.

"Joe Louis was a wonderful champion, and he went out like the great guy he is. Charles came in like a wonderful champion.

"If the welfare of the boxing game depends on the character and calibre of the heavyweight title holder, we are in for some golden years."

Interviewing Charles is not easy because, for one thing, his title is freshly acquired, and perhaps he still is resentful about the skepticism which prevailed concerning his fistic quality before he disposed of Louis.

Charles lacks the demonstrative quality of Jack Dempsey, but eventually he doubtless will be easier to talk to than Joe Louis was as the king of the ring

The boxing public believes Charles to be a real champion, a sincere man who will stick to the straight line marked out by Joe.

The late Jimmy Walker once said, at a dinner of the Boxing Writers' Association of New York, that Louis had laid a rose on Abe Lincoln's grave.

I don't expect Charles to place flowers on any graves, but I don't expect him to be any the less appreciative of the things Abe did for him, and of the glory of the good old U.S.A.

Jake Mintz put it well. The title is in good hands.

EZZARD CHARLES BECOMES AN AMERICAN LEGIONNAIRE

EZZARD CHARLES never has been a joiner. He holds membership in two organizations—the American Legion and the Elks. He is quite active in Legion affairs.

Charles bought himself a Cadillac after his victory over Louis, but he is no speed fanatic. If he goes 60, he goes fast.

Before beating Louis, Charles had a station wagon. He still owns that.

BOXING BITS FROM VIRGINIA

By Jack Levinson

KNOWN as one of Virginia's hardest punching lightweights, during the early 20's, Clarence Thayer, boxing as K. O. Thayer, boasted of 28 wins in 31 bouts. Terrific punching Thayer, won his first 17 bouts via the K. O. route the first 11 of these were won in the first round. He was at the Air Station here.

Jerry Dwain, enterprising welterweight of Norfolk, who gained an impressive record in the mid-West, is again residing in Norfolk.

"Hardluck" Tommy Goodwin, 163, V.A.C., lost to Lyle Kroger, 160, N.A.S., in the feature bout of the V.A.C. presentation at the Norfolk Auditorium. Goodwin, who is known locally as the "Upset Kid," apparently lost much of the judges' favor because his punching was in the "counter-punching" nature.

Eddie Bell, 166, of the V.A.C., dropped former Panamanian champion, Tommy Toomer, 167, three times in the first round, and Referee Paddy Mills was forced to call a halt to the one-sided bout.

Amateur boxers interested in boxing at the McGuire's Hospital, please write to: Mr. Morris Lutto, Elks' Home, B.P.O.E. No. 45-1801 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

Boxing news from Virginia is welcome. Send same to me before the 5th of the month, thanks. My address is: 7423 W. Kenmore Drive, Norfolk, Va.

ADDITIONAL TORONTO, CAN., NEWS

IT was a disappointing crowd of 3000 fans who witnessed the return battle between the "Million Dollar Kid" Alan McFater of Toronto and "Young" Junior of Springfield, Mass., McFater was awarded the decision after eight rounds.

Don Moray of Cleveland outsmarted Eddie Zastre of Winnipeg in the heavyweight semi-final to cop the duke after eight rounds.

Maxie Males, the clever Toronto bantamweight being trained by Joey Bagnato, stopped Yves Boutillier of Quebec in two rounds, while Gordon Munro of Toronto got a four-round decision over Harvey Sharron, another Bagnato protege, making his first pro start.

Gordon Wallace of Brantford, the Canadian amateur middleweight king, made his pro debut an auspicious one by belting out Bobby Cedar of Syracuse in four.

On November 8, McFater clashed with Tommy Greb and in this contest McFater scored a knockout in 1:50 of the second round.

WESTERN NEW ENGLAND
By George Ross

AT Holyoke—Doug Medley, Louisville, Ky., proved too strong for Joey Carkido, Youngstown, Ohio, and gained the decision over him in ten hard-fought rounds. Dom Saia, Boston, Mass., and Rocky Drago, Louisville, Ky., fought six rounds to a draw. Young Junior, Springfield, Mass., and Ralph Jacobs, Newark, N. J., also went six rounds to a draw. In a four-round bout Dom Piccini, Newark, N. J., won over Al McLellan, Hartford, Conn., and in the other four, Tony DeMarco, Boston, Mass., won over Dasmond Shanley, Ireland.

At Holyoke—Carmine Fiore, New York City, won a decision over Doug Medley, Louisville, Ky., in ten rounds at the Valley Arena, Holyoke, Mass. Rocky Drago, Louisville, Ky., T.K.O.'ed Gene LaBlanc of Fall River, Mass., in the fifth. LaBlanc's eye was cut so badly the doctor ordered the bout stopped. Sal DeMartino, Hartford, Conn., T.K.O.'ed Phil Rodrique, Lewiston, Me., in two. Danny Falcone, Manchester, Conn., won a six-round bout over Roosevelt Flagg, Albany, N. Y. Jackie O'Brien, 137, Hartford, Conn., won a four-round bout from Eddie Richardson, Springfield, Mass., 136.

At Holyoke—Carmine Fiore, New York, won a very close fight over Vic Cardell, Hartford, Conn., over ten rounds. Danny Falcone, Manchester, Conn., stopped Roosevelt Flagg, Albany, N. Y., in the fifth round. Young Junior, Springfield, Mass., received a draw in his bout with Ralph Jacobs of Newark, N. J.

Jeff Dyer, Springfield, Mass., heavyweight, and Eddie Brown, New York, fought to a draw. Joe Hood, Albany, N. Y., was stopped in a round by Al McLellan, Hartford, Conn. Both lightweights.

Sammy Walker, Springfield, Mass., was T.K.O.'ed by Sal DeMartino, Hartford, Conn., who cut Sammy's eye so badly the referee, Jack Sullivan, stopped the bout, which was a corker, up to the unsatisfactory end. Sal Belloise, New York, won over Jimmy Brown, Hartford, Conn., in the eight-round semi. Cal Vernon, New York City, 171, K.O.'ed Jim Hardy, Berkshire Farms, N. Y., 167, in the first round of a six. Al McLellan, Hartford, Conn., stopped Charlie Venable, Newark, N. J., in the first.

At Fall River, Mass.—Jimmy Taylor, Springfield, Mass., lost a decision to Leroy Coleman, Paterson, N. J., in ten.

The writer's address is 50 Carlton Ave., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By Charlie Longo

BERLIN, N. H.—Paul Herrick, 122, Portland, Me., kayoed Jerry Lavigne, 124, Montreal, 8. Edgar Perrault, 131, Berlin, outpointed Eddie Bolduc, 136, Sherbrooke, Quebec, 6.

At New Bedford, Mass.: Kid Pambele, 152½, Nicaragua, outpointed Frankie Fay, 147, New Bedford, 10. Caesar Duarte, 149½, New Bedford, outpointed Terry Wilson, 139, Worcester, 6.

At Portland, Me.: Bob Stecher, 162, Portland, outpointed Mike Gillo, 155½, New Haven, 10. Dick Lundy, 137, Portland, and Evan Roy, 139, Bangor, drew, 6.

At Fall River, Mass.: Lee Savold, Marshall, Minn., outpointed Tiger Ted Lowrey, New Haven, 6. Jimmy Taylor, 157, New York, outpointed Charlie Anglee, Pawtucket, 159, 10. Bobby Chabot, 131½, outpointed Al Smith, 126, Boston, 6.

At Portland, Me.: Bob Stecher, 164, Portland, Me., kayoed Willie Taylor, 169, Bridgeport, Conn., 2. The knockout was a solid left to Taylor's chin. The Connecticut boy tried gamely to get up but couldn't quite make it. Larry Griffin, 144½, Lewiston, outpointed Dick Lundy, 138, Portland, 6.

At Fall River, Mass.: Oliva Breton, 129, Quebec, P. Q., outpointed Bobby English, 135, Fall River, Billy Hunter, 132, Boston, outpointed Bob Chabot, 129, Fall River, 6.

At Portland, Me.: Hermie Freeman, 136, Bath, Me., outpointed Ossie Andrews, 138, New Haven, Conn., 10 Larry Griffin, 140, Lewiston, Me., outpointed Evan Roy, 140, Bangor, Me., 6.

Johnny O'Brien is now claiming the New England bantamweight championship. Undefeated in 18 pro fights, Clem Crowley, who handles the affairs of O'Brien, says that no one else is around for his boy to fight, and now he is going to chase some of the better crop.

Frankie Alvarez, former Schenectady, N. Y., bantamweight, is going along very nicely in and around New England. Alvarez is the boy who lost here one year in the National Tournament in the finals to Corky Gonzales from Denver, Colo., who won the class.

At Boston, Mass.: Iggy Vaccari, former New England lightweight champion, is now going places. Just kayoed Bobby Polowitzer in the sixth of a ten-round main bout. In the co-feature, Bert Hyland, Jimmy O'Keefe's wonder boy, dropped a ten-round decision to Harold Simpson, from Cliffside, N. J. Tony DeMarco, 136, Boston, outpointed Joey Wright, 137½, Cliffside, N. J., 6. Jimmy Tando, 207½, Chelsea, Mass., kayoed Hugo Alvarez, New York, 193, 4. Joey Cam. 127, East Boston, easily outpointed Freeman King, 132, New York, 6. Cam is a very good boxer and it won't be long until the kid will be hitting the big times.

At New Bedford, Mass.: Kid Pambele, 150, Nicaragua, outpointed Frankie Fay, 147, New Bedford, Mass., 10. Chester Slider, 156, Fall River, outpointed Johnny Luz, 154½, New Brunswick, 6.

Dynamite Joe Rindone, a good fighter, who proved to Sugar Ray Robinson that he was no soft touch. Up to the time of the kayo Rindone had a slight edge. Rindone was not in there to go the distance. He wanted to win and for a time it looked like an upset. Rindone need not be ashamed of his loss to the Sugar. It was a very good fight.

At Fall River, Mass.: Bobby English, 137, Fall River, outpointed Jock Leslie, 135, Flint, Mich., 10. Billy Hunter, 133, Boston, outpointed Jose Griffo, 128, Worcester, 6.

At New Bedford, Mass.: Vito Drago, 135, Louisville, Ky., outpointed Rudy Pasco, 132, Paterson, N. J., 10. Charlie Whipp, 136½, Fall River, kayoed Billy Givens, 133½, Paterson, N. J., 1.

Ralph Zannelli is going places in the boxing world. After losing his New England welterweight title to Don Williams last winter, Zannelli came back and won it again for the third time.

Paul Pender, Boston, 160, outpointed Ernie (The Rock) Durando in ten rounds. They each had one another down and it was a very good fight to watch.

Norman Hayes, 157½, outpointed Jackie Wilson, Quincy, 152, ten, Roxbury. Johnny O'Brien, Dorchester, 118, kayoed Frankie Alvarez, 120, Boston, six.

Attention fighters and managers wishing work in the New England States, contact the writer, at 249 Friend St., Boston, Mass. Am looking for a middleweight who can fight.

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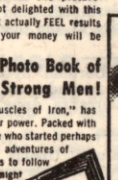

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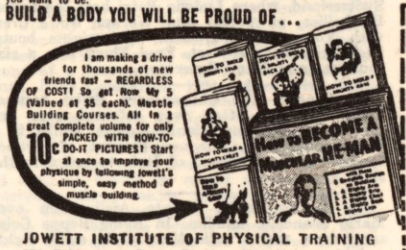

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EUROPEAN GOSSIP

By Charley Parrish

OUTSTANDING in Europe during the past four weeks, were the Ten Hoff-Neuhaus draw, the Weidin-Kupsch fiasco, Jean Stock's surprise win over Bobby Dawson, the Bonnarde.-Cerasani and Machterlinck-Warburg feather upsets and the vacation of the European lightweight crown by Roberto Proietti. The day-by-day account reads as follows:—

Gaetano Anaioro, the Italian-Tunisian bantam, found he had rather too much on his plate when he clashed with Georges Mousse at the Salle Wagram, Paris. Mousse came in with a six pound edge in the weights which enabled him to split the verdict with his more aggressive opponent. In two excellent welter bouts, Guy Toupe flattened Jean Bechard in the tenth, and Louis Klein stopped Cheraka in three.

At the Vienna Ice-Stadium, Jo Weidin made a rather mediocre showing against the German, Hans Kupsch, whom he beat over ten rounds. On the same bill, Ernst Walter retained his welter crown by outscoring Kurt Ibl. Karl Machart won over Heini Hirsch, Germany, lightweights. Willi Swoboda, the excellent Austrian featherweight, stopped Werner Abele in seven, and Ludwig Storetzky trimmed Poldi Bauer in six, welters. 9,000 fans attended the show.

In Luxembourg, the local star, heavyweight Werner Wiegand, added to his laurels by stopping Georges Rogiers of Belgium, the referee intervening in the seventh in Wiegand's favor. Franz Ehringer chilled the Belgian middle, Raveydts, also in seven, while Roger Behm outpointed Robert Tartari, feathers.

At the Brussels Stadium Emile Delmine moved up a notch by neatly outpointing Titi Clavel over ten rounds.

At Antwerp—Jean Sneyers handed out a battering to Otello Belardinelli, and forced the Italian flyweight to retire at the opening of the eighth round.

Georg Tietzsch, new German flyweight king, iced Striewski in four rounds at the Berlin Primusgarten Heinz Gorczyza drew with Rudi Langer, lightweights.

At Lodi, Italy—Gianluigi Uboldi and Valde Fusaro met for the third time this year, with the former gaining the duke on this occasion, thus reversing a previous decision, they drew in February.

At Genoa—Riccardo Lonati chilled Giovanni Scorro in one, light-heavies, while at Milan Sylvano Locatelli upset the odds by stopping Gianluigi Uboldi in six, five days after the latter's win over Fusaro.

At Sassari—Gavino Furesi also scored a major upset by gaining a somewhat dubious verdict over Guido Ferracin, feathers.

Giovanni Manca, the Italian middleweight, stopped in at Alexandria, Egypt, to hand out a ten-round beating to George Halim.

At the Rivierahal, Rotterdam, Jan de Bruin won on points against Jo Vincenzi, French middleweight. On the same show, Frits Van Kempen won by a knockout in the fifth over Rene Ussin, the French welter. Cruiserweight Wim Snoek trimmed Kees Graafland.

Highly popular Francis Bonnardel once more captured the French feathers title when he stopped rugged Marcel Lesage in the thirteenth heat, at the Paris Mutualite. The title fell vacant when Bonnardel failed to defend it within the stated time-limit, earlier in the year.

Another good feather, Marcel Galon, whipped Roger Bruneau over ten rounds. Four days later another champion was crowned, when Louis Skena outclassed the holder, "French Bulldog" Honore Pratesi, over 15 desperate rounds, in which Skena showed great technical skill. Louis Klein, ex-amateur champ, won over Jacques Billy in eight, and featherweight Jules Chartier whipped Antoine Say.

Cyrille Delannoit confirmed recent reports on his progress by beating the American Negro, Joe Amato, by a large margin in Brussels. Amato had beaten the Belgian previously at Geneva.

Alvaro Nuvoloni became the new Italian bantam king when he outpointed his stable-mate and friend, Amleto Falcinelli, over twelve heats at Verona.

At La Spezia, local welter hope Gino Campagna threw the experts in a heap by demolishing Carlo Mola in seven. At Vigevano, Guido Ferracin confirmed a previous victory by trimming Gino Capobianchi over eight.

In Copenhagen, Svend Wad won a desultory eight-rounder from Jean Labalette, the French lightweight. Erik Jensen stopped Julien Lorthoir in five, cruisers, and Chris Christensen punched out a one-round victory over Emile Chochon in the liveliest bout of the evening.

Tiger Jones, the American Negro heavy, banged out a ten-round win over Heinz Seelisch in what was the highlight of a highly eventful programme in Hamburg. In the sixth round, the bout was halted when Seelisch went to the floor from a right which landed square on the belt. The German was permitted one minute to recover, but his handlers gained further time by disputing with the referee. Eventually the fight was resumed and Seelisch weathered the storm and was declared loser on points.

Karl Schmidt came away with the best performance by stopping Lucien Caboche in the second round. The towel was thrown in by the Frenchman's seconds. Paul Schirrmann drew with Freddi Teichmann and the Hawaiian lightie, Ray Lewis, was unlucky only to share honors with Otto Domke, over six.

At the Berlin Waldbuehne, Peter Mueller scored a sensational victory by knocking out America's Stonewall Jackson in the first round. Gerhard Hecht scored again by stopping French light-heavy, Rene Hauenstein, in two rounds, whilst Lloyd Marshall whipped Hans Sachs over six. Heinz Saenger stopped Rudi Pepper in five, light-heavies.

In Bielefeld, the Austrian heavy, Kurt Schiegl, fought his best bout to date when he forced a draw with Wilson Kohlbrecher over ten. Welter prospect Gustav Scholz flattened Heinz Buttermann in three and Dieter Hucks chilled Kurt Jagals in one, light-heavies.

Pierre Montane, the ace of stylists, gave an impressive display of skill at the Paris Mutualite, where he outpointed the young and promising Jacques Dehaye, over ten. Sam Conforti creased Al Young in five, on the same program, and Jo Fernandez whipped Daniel Debouclon, welters.

At Lille—Omar le Noir outsmarted Serge Van Zandt over ten, whilst Gilbert Stock was lucky to get the nod over the Negro American, Jimmy Swann, in another ten.

The debut of Omar Kouidri as a middleweight did not prove very successful against Jean Stock at Algiers. The North African was beaten after a rather tame bout.

At Granville, France—Tino Albanese scored another triumph, this time at the expense of Ahmed Keddouri, North African middle champ, who retired in the fifth.

At the Salle Wagram, Paris, Pierre Langlois helped to clarify the French welter situation by a decisive points win over Roger Baour in an excellent ten-rounder. On the same bill, Dante Bini won over Gibert, bantams, and Daura whipped Collot. They are light-heavies.

German guests entertained fans in Zurich, Switzerland, where Ludwig Petri beat the Swiss, Berthellier, on points and Werner Abele drew with Young Gehring, both lightweights bouts. In a light-heavy contest, Fred Flury won a six-rounder from Hans Kruechten.

At Geneva—The Chilean-born Swiss bantam king, Caliostro Etter, was defeated over ten fast heats by rising Gianni Zuddas, whilst in a lightweight clash, Jacques Prigent of France forced Virgilio Andressi of Italy to retire in the sixth.

At Savona, Italy, Renato Aiello won over Mario Scandelli, middles. In Rome Beppe Colasanti drew with Emilio Marconi in eight, lightweights.

Turkish fight enthusiasts watched pro boxing for the first time in nearly two decades when a Franco-Spanish team took on some of the locals in Istanbul In the main clash, French lightweight contender Gus Perrot won in ten over Roland Guilbert. For the rest, Luis Fernandez flattened Ozkutlu in two, bantams, and Guy Toupe forced Korkut to retire in the third, welters, and bantam Halil Ergonul scored the sole Turkish win by whipping Jak Lemeunier in six.

Jacques Royer-Crecy made his first appearance since losing his French middles title when he was unfortunately disqualified for low punching against Jose Alamo, Spain, at Chateau-Thierry.

A record crowd of 40,000 turned up at Dortmund to watch the local hero, Heinz Neuhaus, punch out a 15-round draw with Hein ten Hoff for the latter's German title. Lanky Hein was suffering from a bad chill, and was not in his best form, and newcomer Neuhaus was voted to have scored a very slight edge on the champion. Conny Rux once more grabbed some of the limelight by easily defeating Leonard Riva of France, who was counted out in the second. Lloyd Marshall had to content himself with a draw against Hans Strelecki in eight, and welter Leo Starosch outscored Jimmy Lyggett in six.

Promoter Gilbert Benaim provided a sensational opening program for his Palais des Sports in Paris when he matched Jean Stock with the Negro American, Bobby Dawson, hitherto unbeaten in Europe. Stock deputized at the last moment for Jean Walzach, and was not given a dog's chance by the French press, who backed the Negro boy to a man. Dawson was tagged by a wicked right to the chin in the second, and after that Stock pursued his man relentlessly, handing out punishment with both hands until the final bell, when he was unanimously acclaimed victor.

On the same show, Gilbert Lavoine retained his welter title by decisively outpointing Bruno Marostegan, as expected, whilst Italy's Guido Ferracin slugged his way to a surprise win over the French bantam champ, Marcel Mathieu, over ten. Tino Pierlugi beat Shafik Gubrial, Egypt's middles king, in the curtain-raiser.

In Milan's Teatro Orfeo, Alvaro Cerasani turned out another of his unpredictable victories when he knocked out the new French feathers champion, Francis Bonnardel. Cerasani was himself on the verge of defeat in the first round, but recovered enough to stop his man in the third.

Ernesto Formenti, another of Cerasani's recent victims, though still holding the Italian title, beat Mario Possellini, and Evo Savini stopped Sylvano Locatelli in the third, lightweights.

At Rotterdam, Job Roos handed out a lacing to French middleweight Emile Godart, who retired in the fifth. The Dutch feather, Piet Voorwinde, was less fortunate, and was flattened in the first round by Jules Thiriemont, France.

At Nancy—Jean-Jacques Invernizzi confirmed reports of his great clouting powers when he battered experienced Gus Degouve to a halt in the seventh of their middleweight clash.

At Antwerp—Cyrille Delannoit moved further along the comeback path by stopping French southpaw, Lucien Krawczyk, who retired in the fourth round. Delannoit was unlucky enough to break a small bone in his knee, which will keep him out of action for many months.

At the Brussels Stadium, Gilbert Stock won handily over Belgian middles comer, Arthur Acha, eight, whilst feathers Gus Laurent, Belgium and Gaston Henriot of France, drew.

On the 18th, a further Franco-Turkish program was put on at the Palais des Sports in Istanbul. Gustave Perrot whipped Apotsar, whilst Vural Inan, Turkey, outscored Roland Guilbert, in two lightweight bouts; Guy Toupe decisioned Papakozama, and Ali Amrane drew with Zaharyan, welters; Luis Fernandez rounded off the evening by knocking out his team-mate, Jak Lemeunier, in eight rounds, bantams.

Charles Humetz consolidated his high ranking among European welters when he clashed with rugged Henri Hecquard at the Salle Wagram on the 19th. Hecquard needed all his toughness to withstand the battering handed out by the young ex-champ, and after the gallant butcher from Le Mans had taken several counts, a halt was called in the ninth frame.

In another first-class welter duel, Pierre Hernandez advanced a peg by outpointing Bernard Hyvon, in ten, whilst Cochin trimmed Diguer over eight, bantams.

At the Paris Mutualite—Maurice Sandeyron made a welcome return to his old form, when he cleanly outpointed young Sam Conforti in a ten-round bantam clash.

In another bout at the same weight, Dante Bini and Tino Cardinale fought a draw over ten, whilst Jo Fernandez defeated Aime Lombard in eight, welters.

At the Paris Stadium, same evening, middleweight comer Tino Albanese suffered an unexpected set-back at the hands of Jean-Claude Poisson, who was declared winner after eight rather even rounds.

Hawaii's lightweight ambassador to Europe, Ray Lewis, did not impress in his bout with Gerard Laurent, at Frevent, on the 20th. After a poor showing by both, a draw verdict was given.

Elsewhere in the French provinces, Archambaud edged Marcel Auclair in a feathers tangle at Valenciennes. At Sous-le-Bois, birthplace of Ray Famechon, light-heavy prospect L'Hotellerie flattened Aguirre in two, and at Fourmies, Henri Chebaut, local light-heavy, outscored Louis Simoniello.

Joergen Johansen strengthened his claims for a shot at the vacant European lightweight crown when he outpointed the Belgian prospect, Jos Vissers, in eight rounds at Copenhagen. The visitor was lucky to escape a K.O. halfway through the fight.

On the same bill, Jean Machterlinck climbed a few notches by halting Asger Warburg in the second round, feathers, and Danish middle Martin Hansen forced Dominique, of Belgium, to a halt in the sixth Rik van Kuyck, Belgium, outscored Sture Froeberg, the Swedish cruiser.

Third and last of the Franco-Turkish shows in Istanbul was staged when veteran Luis Fernandez was defeated by Adnan Vural on points, whilst Jak Lemeunier won over Savridi in another bantam match. Gus Perrot stopped Ruhi Kuscu in three, and Roland Guilbert drew with Alp, in two lightweight shindigs. Finally,

the two French welters, Guy Toupe and Ali Amrane, drew over six rounds.

At Alexandria, Egypt—The Italian middleweight, Giovanni Manca, won a ten-rounder from the Greek champion, Georges Grispos.

On the same day, at Cremona, Italy, Valentino Gianluppi upset Valde Fusaro, ex-lightweight king, who lost over ten rounds.

At the Salle Wagram the referee declared Ben Miloud winner by disqualification, when the North African's eyebrow was accidentalyy cut by colliding with Bartolomeo Marti in the sixth round of their lightweight setto. Promising Jacques Prigent stopped Andre Benatar in two, also lighties, and Louis Klein halted Stan Kowalewski in the fifth, welters.

Here are my first ten choices in my Continental ratings as of October 30, 1950:

Heavies—Hein ten Hoff, Jo Weidin, Stef Olek, Heinz Neuhaus, Heinz Seelisch, Gino Buonvino, Piet Wilde, Emile Bentz, Wilson Kohlbrecher, Werner Wiegand

Cruisers—Conny Rux, Albert Yvel, Willi Hoepner, Willy Schagen, Renato Tontini, Hein Wiesner, Dieter Hucks, Jacq. Hairabedian, Richard Vogt, Gerhard Hecht.

Middles—Laurent Dauthuille, Tiberio Mitri, Robert Villemain, Luc Van Dam, Cyrille Delannoit, Jean Stock, Fernando Jannilli, Claude Ritter, Peter Mueller, Kid Marcel.

Welters—Charles Humetz, Michele Palermo, Livio Minelli, Gilbert Lavoine, Pierre Langlois, Yrjoe Piitulainen, Henri Hecquard, Bruno Marostegan, Emile Delmine, Jean Mougin.

Lightweights—Pierre Montane, Joseph Preys, Joergen Johansen, Gus Perrot, Ben Miloud, Diulio Loi, Elis Ask, Jacques Dehaye, Luigi Male, Auguste Caulet.

Featherweights—Ray Famechon, Alex Sinnaeve, Luis DeSantiago, Massino Sanna, Alvaro Cerasani, Francis Bonnardel, Jean Machterlinck, Ernesto Formenti, Walter Demke, Guido Ferracin.

Bantams—Luis Pomero, Hadi Tijani, Marcel Mathieu, Emile Chemama, Alvaro Nuvoloni, Theo Medina, Maurice Sandeyron, Gaetano Analoro, Gianni Zuddas, Amleto Falcinelli.

Flyweights—Jean Sneyers, Louis Skena, Honore Pratesi, Bob Scrivano, Charles Bohbot, Nazz. Gianelli, Ot. Belardinelli, Georg Tietzsch, Jacques Louni, Jackie Boizel.

Comment—The heavyweight class remains static, while in the cruiser division, Gerhard Hecht replaces D'Haes and Hucks moves up. Hecht and Hucks have scored several quick wins over good opposition lately. Jean Stock reappears in the middles following his excellent win over Dawson, and Royer-Crecy is removed for the moment.

Jean Walzach fights now as a middle and Palermo drops into the vacant post. Jean Mougin will resume action shortly in Paris, fighting in the crowded welter section. Housaine Khalfi or Sadok Bahri will probably replace Caulet when they recommence action, in the lightweights.

Cerasani's crushing victory over Bonnardel, and Machterlinck's demolition of Warburg call for a reshuffle of the feathers. Bonnardel stopped the Belgian earlier this year and thus rates over him. Ferracin is listed once more after his defeat of Mathieu. The bantams show little change but Tijani moves into the challenger's post over Mathieu. Sneyers heads the flyweights, and Skena has confirmed second slot by trimming Pratesi. Scrivano is on the sick list in Australia, and drops to fourth.

BRITISH COLUMBIA NEWS

By Chester Norton

FRANK ALMOND, Vancouver, 127½, Canadian featherweight champion, cleaned off the blot on his record when he decisioned Joey Clemo, Portland, 131, in ten rugged rounds. Some months ago, in Almond's first ten-rounder, he and Clemo fought to a draw. Al Principe, who promoted the first fight, also staged the return and the customers who turned out were not disappointed. Frank had learned his lesson from Clemo and appeared to have the upper hand almost all the way even though the judges split on the call. Almond's right uppercut was his best weapon while Joey's dangerous left hook was kept bottled up.

In the semi-windup Ken McPhee, Vancouver, 134½, kept moving up the fistic ladder with an impressive sixth round K.O. over Red Garrison, Spokane, 139½, in a scheduled eight-rounder. Garrison was dropped three times in the fatal frame.

Wallace McLeod, Sydney, N.S., 183, and Ponce de Leon, Spokane, 199½, fought to a six-round draw in an interesting brawl.

In the opening fours Earl Cook, Vancouver, 134½, and Jackie Clarke, Spokane, 155½, fought to a draw. Crawford Mullin, Seattle, 144, beat Bill Donnelly, Vancouver, 138.

Stan Almond received a severe setback in his first start in England when he lost to Black Pico via a T.K.O. in eight rounds.

The Pacific National Exhibition has been granted a license to promote. Gene Mason was installed as matchmaker. That gives promotional license number 3 to Vancouver, Al Principe and Jack Fox being the other two. We now have more promoters than fighters and less fights than ever. Your correspondent still keeps hoping for improvement in the situation.

Earl Kalani, manager of Canadian middleweight champion Roy Wouters, has bought the contract of Jimmy Langston and is now claiming the Western Canada middleweight title for his new protege. Kalani is planning to send Roy Wouters into New York shortly.

Len Walters and Len Kupchak, two competent amateurs, will turn professional shortly under the guidance of Dave Brown.

Popular lightweight Ken McPhee took the big jump a week after his fight with Garrison and is now a married man.

Please address correspondence to 1876 Marine Drive, Hollyburn, B. C.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By W. Garforth

HERE are the results of the latest doings in the local fistic sphere:

Vic Toweel, world bantam king, made his first appearance on the 21st of October, since winning the title from Ortiz in May, in a non-title fight with Alvaro Nuvolini, recently crowned bantam champion of Italy, over 10 rounds.

The fight was not very spectacular for two reasons. First, Toweel had been out of action for some months, had suffered a bad dose of virus influenza necessitating a postponement and had undergone an operation to his nase. Secondly, the Italian adopted spoiling tactics and fought on the retreat throughout.

Nuvolini's much publicised left hook was evident for the first two rounds only, after which Toweel fathomed it and thereafter we saw it going harmlessly over his head. Nevertheless, Toweel knew too much for the Italian and won nine out of the ten rounds. I hate to think what he would have done if he'd been in top form.

Toweel's next fight will be in Durban against Rinty Doran, the Irish titleholder, on November 2. This will be a nontitle fight. On November 25 Toweel defends his world and empire titles against England's Danny O'Sullivan at Wembley Stadium, Johannesburg. Toweel weighed 121½. Nuvolini 122¼.

The preliminaries follow: Piet Strydom, 198, beat Johnny Risko, 148¼, on points over four rounds. Joe Munro, 158½, beat Jerry van Wyk, 159¼, on points in six. Danie van Graav, 144¾, beat Johnny McCoy, 143¼, K. O.'ed second of four rounds. Harry Walker, 134¾, beat Jimmy Toweel, 134¼. Toweel was disqualified in the second of a four-round bout for an alleged low punch. Billy Lamberton, 129¼, drew with Fanie van Graav, 125, over four rounds.

On November 4, in the Johannesburg City Hall, the T. N. S. C. staged a benefit tournament for "Tiny" St. John Dean, secretary matchmaker to the club for many years. "Tiny" has had a bad spell of health in recent months and has undergone three major operations. Everybody wishes Tiny good health in the future and indications are that the benefit tourney will be a sellout. Most of the boxers are prepared to fight for nothing and a three-round exhibition by former heavyweight champion Johnny Ralph will help to draw a capacity gate which will provide Tiny with a fine monetary gift from his supporters.

Joe "Sleeper" Corbett, the U. S. A. wrestler is here for a series of matches and will meet Manie Marity and Willie Liebenberg.

That's all for now. This writer can be contacted at P. O. Box 8608, Johannesburg.

GERMAN BOXING DIARY

By Sgt. J. A. Tree

A CROWD of 40,000 saw Hein Ten Hoff retain his heavy title against Heinz Neuhaus at the Rote Erde Stadium, Dortmund. This was the 49th heavyweight championship fight which has taken place in Germany and it was Hein Ten Hoff's 10th successful defense of his heavy title.

The contest resulted in a draw over 12 rounds and had the bout been judged in any other country but Germany, Hein Ten Hoff would most certainly have lost his title. Heinz Nauhaus was approximately four points ahead at the final bell, but the rules laid down in Germany state that a boxer must be six points in front to win a title match of this kind.

The champion's heavy rights, which were landing in the stomach region, had little effect on Neuhaus and hardly ever stopped him in his stride.

The champion's face was covered with blood from a nose injury that he had sustained in the fight with the American, Joe Walcott. The final round produced plenty of action and hard hitting, with both fighters about equal.

In this heavy contest at Dortmund we saw Hein Ten Hoff at his worst and Neuhaus at his best.

Conny Rux, Berlin, Germany's ex-light-heavy champion, who was knocked out in five rounds by Gene Jones, U.S.A., recently, came back in grand form to dispose of the Frenchman, Leonard Riva, in two rounds.

Herbert Wiese, Berlin, drew with Hamburg's Gunter Nurnberg. In heat four a hard right to the chin dropped Nurnberg for a count of eight. In round five Nurnberg again was caught with a right to the chin and he took a count of eight.

Lloyd Marshall, U.S.A., appeared unlucky in not receiving a points decision over Hans Stelecki, Dortmund. The result, a draw, was hard to believe after Marshall had the German down for counts in rounds two and three. Strelecky did, however, fight back strongly and towards the end made the American miss badly with his favorite weapon, a left hook.

Leo Starosch, Essen, was to have met the American, Stonewall Jackson, but the latter, having been knocked out by Peter Muller a week previously, was not fit to fight. Jimmy Lyggett substituted and lost narrowly on points.

At Dusseldorf—Heinz Gorczyza, Berlin, and Albert Muller were featured in the main event. The bout, an eight-rounder, was won by Gorczyza on points. It was a very close affair. Other results:

Rudolph Oremek, 175 pounds, knocked out Scherbaum, 175 pounds, in heat two. Winnfried Henne, 160 pounds, beat Arno Hagmann, 166 pounds, on points. Mathias Luyten, 146 pounds, shared points with Kemena, 144 pounds. Szuzina knocked out Schwering in four rounds. The latter was forced to take a count of eight from a right hook to the head and again visit the canvas for nine in the final round.

At Bielefeld—Fritz Gretzschel, the Berlin promoter, staged a boxing program away from home and his efforts were rewarded with an 8000 gathering. Gretzschel featured as the main bout a ten-rounder between Kurt Schiegl, Austria, and Wilson Kohlbrecher, Osnabruck, Germany, which resulted in a draw. The German's best rounds were four and five.

Dieter Hucks, 78, Berlin, who beat Charles Henry, Ireland, earlier this year, was in good form to beat his somewhat lighter opponent, Jagals, 73 kilo, in one round. Other results:

Rudi Langer, 57.2 kilo, beat Badorek on points. Carl Peyer, 95 kilo, who has drawn with Don Mogard, Canada, drew with Bohla, 96 kilo. Gustav Scholz, 66 kilo, beat Walter Blumenthal, 66.5 kilo, on points.

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FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.
By Jim Echols

IN a rematch, previously postponed by rain, a chilled crowd turned out to see Ike Williams win a split duke over Charlie Salas in the last outdoor show of the season. In winning, Ike was far off form. In fact many of the ringsiders disagreed vociferously when Jimmy Lake announced Williams as winner. In a previous encounter Salas had gained a win over the Trenton battler. The bout was uneventful except for the sixth stanza when Williams opened a cut over the right eye of Salas and connected solidly with sharp rights and lefts to Salas' jaw.

In an all-local middleweight bout after the main go Garland Edwards, 161, scored in a five-round win over Johnny Pratt. Salas' stablemate, Alex Fimbres, 125, Phoenix, won a unanimous decision over Walter Hamm, 122½, Washington, in a rousing battle.

Coley Wallace, 203, New York City heavy, made an auspicious pro debut in the District of Columbia by kayoing Joe Peters, 190, Baltimore, in 1:45 of the first round. Two all-local fours completed an excellent show. Connie Wilkins, 153, had rough going but managed to eke out a win over "the old pro," Jimmy Briscoe, 153, in Jimmy's first start after an absence of several years. In the opener, Frank Ball, 145, won via a K.O. over Johnny Fields in 46 seconds of the second round.

Genial Gabe, the Menendez senor, opened the indoor season for the Turner Enterprises by presenting Julian Keene and Roland Randall in a headline ten for the District of Columbia light-heavy crown. Keene claimed his right to the title by knocking out his hometown rival in 2:35 of the seventh. It was a bruising battle, with honors about even until Keene came up with the equalizer. Julian dropped Roland early in the seventh with a sharp left hook, and when Randall arose from the eight-count, Keene laid him across the ropes for the final count with a smashing right. It was a corking good scrap. Keene scaled 170 to Randall's 172.

In a five-round semi-windup, Alex Fimbres, 125, Phoenix, scored a T.K.O. win over Walter Hamm in 2:45 of the second. Hamm's left eye was badly cut and he was wisely refrained from continuing. In another five, Vic Creelman, in a comeback attempt, lost to Johnny Bohack, 132½, Washington. Creelman came in at 129.

A trio of fours completed the prelims. In one Eddie Marshall, 166½, kayoed Scott Richardson, 162, in 2:55 of the first. It was a clean knockout with Richardson out cold for a good five minutes. Both are local battlers.

Young Satan, 147, Washington, won by a K.O. over Bobby Bowen, 150, Baltimore, in 1:07 of the second. Bowen shows promise of being a good boy and with a little more experience he should be on his way. The opening four saw Ben Harrison, 209½, in a split win over Kid Saucer, 180. Both are local fighters. Gabe's shows continue to be good and crowd-pleasing, with lots of action.

Following his policy of action only in his weekly shows Gabe Menendez came up with another winner when he presented three all star eights. New York's hard-punching heavy, Coley Wallace, 201, scored his second straight kayo win by belting out Joe Green, 191, district heavyweight, in 0:46 of the second. Green was in trouble from the start. Referee Martin Gallagher wisely stopped the contest.

The 1948 All Army 135-pound champ, Marshall Clayton, 135, won a unanimous decision over his local rival, Sam Kelsey, 136½. Kelsey punched effectively in the seventh and almost put Clayton away with sharp, short punches.

Pat Thomas, 130, Washington, and Billy Leggett, 130, Trenton, fought to a draw. With both boys fighting similar styles, it was a dull spot on a grand card.

In a five-round mill Connie Wilkins, 138, recorded another win when Chink Williams, 139½, was forced to stop due to a cut eye. Time was 1:02 in fourth. The opener saw Clarence Hinnant, 146½, cop the duke over Frank Ball, 145½, in a pier sixer. Both are local lads. The entire card was very good.

In one of his toughest fights here in recent months, Brooklyn's Charlie Titone came perilously close to losing to rough Luis Ramos of Puerto Rico in Turner's weekly headline ten-rounder. Ramos, a good rugged puncher, shook Titone up in the first and third stanzas, but Charlie, using lots of ring generaliship, retreated, boxing nicely. For the balance of the bout Titone used the "stick and move" method. The Puerto Rican lost six points by various fouls, but Titone garnered the unanimous decision by a definite but narrow margin. Titone came in at 124½; Ramos 130½.

In a five-rounder Ben Harrison, 206½, D. C. heavy, proved to be the best opposition served up to Coley Wallace, 202½, New York City, despite his being kayoed in 1:27 of the fourth. Previously Wallace had knocked out all of the opposition in the first or second heat. In another five, Holly Mims, 156, won an action packed thriller from Johnny Pratt, 161. Both are D. C. battlers.

Three fours completed the card. Jimmy Briscoe, 144, won the unanimous duke over Frank Ball, 142½; while Jimmy Balderson, 150, former Golden Glover, made his debut in the "punch for pay" ranks by a quick kayo over Johnny Fields, 142, in 0:57 of the first round.

In the opener, Johnny Bohack, 145, won from Jimmy Sewell, 140½. All participants in the fours were local fighters.

Julian Keene, D. C. light-heavy champ, met Chief Red Arrow, from Oklahoma City, in Gabe Menendez' feature ten at Turner's weekly fight card, and avenged a previous T.K.O. win by scoring a victory when the bout was stopped due to a bad cut over Arrow's right eye. A year ago, Red Arrow defeated Keene when Julian suffered a badly gashed eye, but on this occasion, there was no doubt that Keene was out for victory and from the onset he moved and looked like a champion. Had Arrow's eye not been cut he would have been defeated, as he was out on his feet when Referee Volkman stepped in. The time of the T.K.O. was 2:32 of the second round. Keene scaled 167, Red Arrow 163½.

Two champs collided in the weekly Turner main-eventer, and as was expected, one had to lose! It was Jimmy Cooper, D. C. feather champ, against Don Bowman, of Asheville, N. C., the southern titlist. A large gathering saw Cooper kayo the lanky Carolina Sunday school teacher with a bruising body attack and finish him with two rights to the head in 0:37 of the fourth. For two rounds the Tarheel was in charge, jabbing and dancing away, but in the third canto, he was possibly over-confident and on the floor for a nine count as Jimmy caught him with a left. On rising, Cooper lashed out to shower Bowman with rights and lefts and Don barely lasted the stanza. Then came the ending in the fourth. Cooper and Bowman both hit 130 on the commission scales at weigh-in time.

In a scheduled fiver, Chink Williams, 140, avenged a previous loss to Connie Wilkins, 146, when a bad gash was opened on Connie's eye and Dr. Clark P. Halstead called a halt to the festivities. Time, 2:50 of the second. A quartet of fours completed the prelims. Charlie Bennett, 146, won a unanimous duke over Jimmy Briscoe, 143½. A good bout. Bob Kiser, 144, a Harry Groves protege, won by the K.O. route when he stopped Kid Toy, 145, in 1:56 of the second. Clarence Hinnant, 151, had to battle to win a close one from Young Satan, 155. In the opener, Jackie Earle, 145, scored a one-round kayo, when he downed Chalky Johnson, 141, in 1:20 of the first round.

Notes—To William B. of Pittsburgh, Pa. The only club operating here at present is Turner's Arena, 1341 W St. N.W., Washington, D. C. Phone Dupont 9421. Fighters used by this club work out at Gil Striner's Gym, 1302 5th St., N.E. Phone Lincoln 3-9845. The Liberty Club has fights occasionally and is located at 419 9th St., N.W. Phone Club, Metropolitan 8610; Gym, Executive 9178. . . . His many friends in D. C. will be glad to know that Johnny Shields, popular amateur battler, is at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Uncle Sam's new fighting man was 1949 Golden Gloves king and A.A.U. runner-up. Before entering the service John had turned pro and was unbeaten . . . A boys' club dedicated to the memory of the late Leon S. Gordon, boxing commission chief medical examiner, has been organized. It will feature boxing, a sport that was always foremost in Dr. Gordon's many and varied activities. . . . Harry Sheehy, 72, who was better known as Kid Sullivan in the early 1900's, has passed away. The Kid was a stablemate of Joe Gans and one of his greatest battles was with Bat Nelson. In recent years he served with the D. C. Boxing Commission.

DETROIT AND VICINITY FISTIC HEADLINES
By Willie Dominguez

GENE LINSCOTT, 150, Pontiac's former National AAU champion, and willing Willie Wright, of Youngstown, Ohio, put on a good club fight with Linscott winning the eight-round duke, when they met at the Arena Gardens.

Linscott dropped Wright with a left hook in the sixth, but at nine Willie was back on his feet only to have Gene rock him to the canvas for a seven count. On his feet again, the bell saved Wright. The Ohio battler came out refreshed for the seventh and avoided any further damage to become the first of Linscott's seven opponents to finish in an upright position.

In the semi-final, George McDonald, Grand Rapids heavyweight, was awarded a T.K.O. in the fifth over Willie Browning, of Detroit, when the latter's left eye was in bad condition. The bout was rugged throughout with George having an upper hand in the hard clash at the end.

Moses Ward, Detroit middleweight, made his pro debut, and displayed a devastating right hand in stopping Sammy Kaefolos, Detroit, in the second. Bobby Mitchell, Port Huron light-heavy, was caught cold by Billy Tisdale, Detroit, and was stopped at 1:01 of the first, and rugged Rocky Walker, a middleweight by way of New York, was awarded a K. O. over George Zitter, Detroit, when the latter could not climb back into the ring.

Here and There with the Boys from Michigan —A couple of Michigan youngsters took care of their opponents in good style on the Graziano-Burton card at Chicago, when Joe Garza stopped Hal Meredith in the sixth round and Chuck Davey floored Jimmy Campbell five times before the referee stopped the bout in the third round.

At St. Nicks Arena—Vern Mitchell, of Detroit, lost a 10-round decision to Cesar Brion of Argentina.

Lee Q. Murray forgot his que and failed to show for his engagement with youthful Embrel Davidson at the Windsor Arena. A substitute, fighting out of Boston, under the name of Steve Gatro, after 1:04 of the second round was counted out. Davidson came in at 201 pounds, 12 pounds more than Gatro.

The under card had plenty of color, Johnnie White won over Al Green in four rounds. Rocky Walker put Charley Taylor to sleep in 2:17 of the first round. John Summerlin K.O.'ed Mike Rock in the first round. James Riley, the fighting manager, was a sub when his boy failed to show up, and Riley won by a K.O. over Chuck Laseur in the second. Lee Lavell won by a K.O. in his first pro fight. His victim was Jimmie Gleason.

At Milwaukee, Willie Wright, fighting out of Detroit, lost a decision to Jerome Fraiser in six rounds. On the same card Raul Prado, lost a decision to Torito Rivas, and Kid Silva won a decision from Carmen Cupura.

Bill Tisdale, of Detroit, won by a K.O. in Minneapolis, in the first round of a six-rounder over Ed Springer.

At Toledo on the Police show, Stan Kursa, of Detroit, lost to Ray Ulis, of Toledo, in six rounds and on the same card Al Gronik, of Detroit, won a decision over Johnny Paoletti, of Akron, in five rounds.

Harold (Baby Face) Jones, Detroit lightweight, lost on a T.K.O. to Arthur King, of Canada, when King cut Jones' eye in the seventh round of a scheduled 10-rounder. I guess the old saying that you can't do two jobs well must apply to Jones as he has been working hard in a factory and also training, so it looks like the factory will have to go.

It was a bad night for the Jones Boys as Don Jones (brother of Baby Face) also lost on a cut eye to Joe Garza in the eight-round semi-final. Both weighed 150. Chuck Davy, welterweight from Lansing, Mich., stopped Johnnie Ross, of Toledo, in the second round.

It looks like Flint, Mich., will again have some fine shows this winter. The I.M.A. has big plans for the winter season.

Lansing, Mich., opened its boxing season with a superb show in which Gene Linscott, of Pontiac, K.O.'ed James Johnson, of Chicago, in the sixth round of an eight-rounder. George McDonald, of Lansing, had the fight in the bag when Leon McLinton, of Chicago, opened a nasty cut on McDonald's nose, causing McDonald to lose via a T.K.O.

Al Adams, Lansing heavyweight, made his pro debut with flying colors when he won a four-round decision over Willie Browning, of Detroit. Chico Clay, of Battle Creek, won a decision over the old timer Eddie Scott, in four.

Fred Protas, Detroit, in his first pro fight K.O.'ed Bob Mitchell of Port Huron, in the third round.

Any comments, or what have you about this column, please contact writer at 6015 McClellan, Detroit 13, Michigan. Phone, Walnut 5-9618.

EXIT BOBO; NEXT?

(Continued from page 12)

when Robinson rapped the oncoming Olson with a routine right, then whipped across a terrific left hook to the chin. For a second or two, it seemed to have no effect on Bobo; then, suddenly, he began to sag. As he did, Robinson stepped in with an explosive right to the body. Olson doubled up and tumbled to the canvas, face first. He rolled over to his right, then back to his left, and was still rolling when Referee Charley Daggert completed the toll of the doleful decimals. Time of the round was 1:19.

A SIGNIFICANT development of the affair was Robinson's avoirdupois. Ray no longer is a welterweight, and would do well to admit it officially, tossing the title out into open competition. For Olson, who scaled 159, Robinson came in at the heaviest he has yet weighed, 158, and if there was an ounce of superfluous luggage on him, it wasn't obvious to the most critical observer. Ray was in superb condition.

The attendance and receipts were disappointing, the turnout numbering only 5,034, and the gross gate totalling $23,350. With Federal, state and city taxes deducted, the payoff was on $16,912. The usual complaint that television was responsible couldn't apply in this instance, since the fight was not videoed. The logical explanation would seem to be that the Philadelphia fans knew little of Olson, and figured him a soft touch for Sugar Ray.

LEFT HOOKS FROM SCRANTON AND VICINITY

By Ken (Duke) Stigner

EUGENE "SILENT" HAIRSTON, 155, of New York, scored his second major upset in two appearances in Scranton, when he won a disputed 10-round split decision from Kid Gavilan, 150, of Havana, Cuba, in the 10-round feature of Promoter Ernie Genell's Anthracite A.C. show in the Watres Armory.

The judges disagreed and Referee Johnny Kelly's 6-2-2 vote decided the match. One judge gave Hairston eight rounds and Gavilan two, while the other gave Gavilan six rounds, called three for Hairston and one even.

Hairston sent home just as many solid, clean punches as did Gavilan, and his science made the celebrated Gavilan miss often, including his ballyhooed "bolo" punch. And it was Hairston who forced the milling. Both fighters were stunned several times, but at no time was either in grave danger. Gavilan hurt Hairston midway in the last round with a solid right to the jaw, but Eugene tossed many more blows than the Kid in the final three-minutes of sizzling action.

It was a rough, slugging match all the way. A crowd of 2,209 paid $6,857.60 into the cash box.

Omelio Agramonte, 195, Cuba, kayoed veteran Johnny Haynes, 217, of Philadelphia, in 2:52 of the first round of the semi-final. Haynes was a last minute substitute for Sid Peaks. Haynes fought a draw with the same Agramonte some time ago but he was an easy target for the Cuban's murderous punches.

Charley Bloss, Wilkes-Barre, 145 pounds, won his second professional bout, by winning all four rounds from Jim Jones, New York City Negro, who tipped the scales at 147 pounds.

Tony Gallis, Dickson City, 143¼, won an unanimous decision over rugged Bobby Peck, Sunbury, 140, in a slashing four-rounder. It was one of the best bouts of the card. Gallis went down from a right to the jaw in the opening round, but rallied to drop Peck in the second and to win the next two rouds. It was a Pier 6 brawl. Gallis is looking better each time he goes to the post and carries a punch in either hand.

Dom LaRosa, Jessup, 132¼, recent graduate of the amateur ranks, won a knockout over Billy Gibbons, 130½, Garfield, N. J. in 2:22 of the third round. LaRosa stopped his Jersey foe with effective body blows.

Wilkes-Barre—Only two of the six bouts scheduled went the distance in a recent show promoted by Promoter Joe Rodano at the Wilkes-Barre Armory. Riddled by substitutes, the fans and the promoter were disappointed. Billy Nixon who had originally been scheduled with Emmett "Kid" Morris came up with McCoy Jones. McCoy hit the deck, just two seconds before the first round ended when Nixon hooked him on the chin. The blow fractured McCoy's jaw in two places.

Gene Leonard, Wilkes-Barre, heavy hopeful, drew another substitute in the young promising Ted Calaman, Philly. Calaman's terrific thumps dropped Leonard to the canvas three times in the first round and at the club doctor's advice Referee Chick Cooney stopped hostilities and awarded the bout to Calaman on a T.K.O. in ten seconds of the second round.

Bob Harvey, Scranton, made short work of Charley Hodge. A terrific right to the chin following an eight-count knockdown folded Hodge up for fully five minutes.

Chuckie Bloss completed the first-round foursome by belting out Roy Tucker in exactly 50 seconds. In the first 30 seconds of the bout Tucker slapped the former amateur ace all over the ring, but made the mistake of pulling his guard away from his chin in contempt of his nervous opponent. Chuckie hooked a left to Tucker's whiskers and Tucker was counted out.

Joe Giardello decisioned Bruce Ubaldo in the eight-round final bout after a slow start. Ubaldo gave the Philadelphian plenty of trouble in the early rounds and, except for a brief trip to the canvas in the second round, hit Giardello with plenty of leather. Ubaldo was just as good as the fast rising Giardello in the slugging department and may have beaten Joe if Giardello kept trying to land his haymaker. The bout was exciting in the early rounds.

Tony Gallis, Scranton, welterweight, bested Bobby Peck, Sunbury, in a bruising four-rounder, scoring two knockdowns to score his victory.

Mahanoy City, Pa.—Larry Burris, 143, Philadelphia, outpointed Dick Stern, 139, Reading, Pa., in an eight-rounder in the feature of the fight card at the Lakewood Arena. There were no knockdowns.

The three preliminaries ended in knockouts. Harry Deputy, 135½, Pottsville, Pa., floored Ed Kelly, 139, Atlantic City, for the full count in 1:02 of the second round. Ralph (Kid) Gonzales, 148, Mt. Carmel, Pa., knocked out Bobby Graham, 152½, Philadelphia, 1:50 of the second round, and Bobby Peck, 143, Sunbury, Pa., knocked out Al Cooper, 145, Hershey, Pa., in 50 seconds of the fourth heat.

Waiting for the Bell—The popular announcer at the fights, "Doc" Stenson, has been laid up at the Hanemann Hospital recovering from a major operation. . . . Rocky Castellani, Luzerne fistic idol, was a ringside spectator, but was not introduced from the ring. . . . Lou Pompey has been getting a few bouts in Philly. . . . Matty Flynn, rising young middleweight, is wowing them in Philly via his punching powers. . . . Hank Stezar still promoting wrestling matches at the Town Hall, and he'll soon be staging boxing there. . . . The Scranton Elks are lining up a card of amateurs for a big show. . . . Send in all boxing notes and results for this column before the first of each month.

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FROM PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD

By Sandy Parkinson

GENTLE DANIEL journeyed to Skinners Park, San Fernando, to absorb punishment and to hand over his light-heavy crown of Trinidad and the British West Indies to another ex-Belmont Orphanage battler, Yolande Pompee. The contest was billed for the Trinidad title. At the end of the fifteen rounds Pompee was crowned the new champ by the unanimous decision of the three officials but it took approximately four weeks for the ruling body of boxing in Trinidad to declare Pompee also the champion of the B. W. I.

Daniel showed the courage of a true champ, he fought doggedly from the beginning to the end. Pompee caught him a powerful looping right to his left eye early in the fight that practically closed it. Daniel was definitely not the Danny Boy who held Bert Lytell to a draw or the Daniel who gave Kid Tunero thrills.

The prelims were very good. John Salandy was most outstanding when he gave A. Marcano a newcomer to the ranks of paid men, a good going over. Salandy was voted the best boxer of the night by a poll taken by your correspondent. He is now the number one contender for the featherweight crown.

Middleweight "one punch" Holder was awarded the fight when C. Chaumette, his opponent, sustained a split nose that started to bleed profusely.

It would appear that the time has come for lightweight Fearless Freddie Junior to hang up his gloves. He was getting a thorough lacing from Kid Blyce, the feather champ, when he and his seconds decided to call it quits.

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TUNNEY DECRIES

(Continued from page 8)

the records show that the latter has won over Maxim in their three meetings to date. Maxim apparently has improved since their last clash almost two years ago, but Charles likewise has improved, in fact even more so since that meeting and has added about a half-dozen pounds in weight. That has apparently improved him as a fighter and not at the expense of his speed.

"As for Jersey Joe Walcott, though he came so close to taking the title from Louis, he is one challenger over whom I cannot get too enthusiastic. He undoubtedly won his first bout with Louis though the decision was against him, but he had his chance against Louis again and got knocked out, and hardly made the most of his opportunity against Charles when he met the latter for the National Boxing Association title. Walcott is now close to the 36 year mark and he'll never be as good as he was in his first bout with Louis.

"I'm afraid I cannot work up much enthusiasm when it comes to Joe Baksi, already stopped by Charles; nor Lee Oma, who is well in the thirties and whose carelessness as to his condition is starting to catch up with him. That's about all Charles opposition amounts to unless you care to include Bruce Woodcock. Bruce is through as a title threat. Lee Savold took care of him," Tunney added.

"What the heavyweight situation boils down to," continued Gene, "so far as I see it now, is that it will be up to some young fighter now in process of development to provide the threat for Charles's heavyweight laurels. Rocky Marciano and Bob Baker shape up as the best of the up-and-coming heavies, though Bob Murphy is likely to gain weight and do exceedingly well as a heavyweight.

"BUT don't take my summation to make out the heavyweight situation as being in a bad way. Such is never the case when you have an active champion, as Charles intends to be. Before the year is over, Ezzard will have made his fifth defense of his laurels since he won championship recognition.. Already, if I am not mistaken, he is slightly ahead of Louis in this respect. And, in my opinion, it is unfair to criticize the class of opposition Ezzard is taking on. After all, the same line of criticism was aimed at Louis.

"We should not lose sight of the fact that the champion, in fighting his way to the top, usually knocks off the best in the way of opposition on his way up. Until the titleholder has started to retrograde and newer opposition has been given opportunity to develop, the titleholder must pick on what may be termed has-been or inferior opposition. And, when you have a champion who does not permit his fistic tools to become rusty, he naturally stands out above the available opposition.

"As to how Charles would have fared against the opposition of my day, that is hardly fair to me to say. I may be wrong in my opinion that he might not have fared so well against Jack Dempsey, Tom Gibbons and some of the others I was called on to face. I could be wrong.

"I must admit that Charles did not impress me in his showing against Gus Lesnevich, who did not look good to me when I saw him lose to Freddie Mills. However, I should not have overlooked that Lesnevich went the fifteen-round route in losing to Maxim only a few months before Gus was kayoed by Charles.

"Here, moreover, I overlooked the fact that the Lesnevich who fought Maxim was not forced to make the light-heavyweight limit for Charles. The more I weigh the performances of Charles in the Louis fight, the more I realize the man stands out more impressively than I had appreciated until I saw the questions he answered in the Louis contest.

"In this encounter he proved to my satisfaction, he cannot only box smartly, but can take a damaging punch when he has to. He should be the champion, and a capable one, for some years to come."

JABS FROM ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY

By Bus Burke

MIKE BUHA, St. Louis heavyweight handled by Issy Kline of Chicago, punched out a close decision win over Bobby Spaeth of Wichita, Kansas, on Promoter Leon (Hans) Bernstein's October 5 fight card which was held in the "B" building, just east of the Arena. This was Buha's second successive win over the Kansas lad who bowed out of the first fight in the eighth round via the K.O. route. Mike, who carried an even 200 pounds into the ring, was unable to score a knockdown over Spaeth who came in at 184.

Virgil Akins, Lou Wallach's lightweight protege punched out a one-sided victory over Art Edmerson, of Cincinnati, in an eight-round semi-windup. Wesbury Bascom, East St. Louis heavy, won with one punch when he stopped Charley Lackey of Cincinnati in the first round. Only 905 fans turned out for the evening's fistic show and contributed to a gross gate of $1,658.25. Here are the complete results: Mike Buha, St. Louis, 200, outpointed Bobby Spaeth, Wichita, Kansas, 184, in ten rounds. Jimmy Parker, referee. Virgil Akins, St. Louis, 140, decisioned Art Edmerson, Cincinnati, 139½, in eight rounds. Ray Palmer, referee. Junior Perry, East St. Louis, 164, knocked out George Berry, Indianapolis, 158¾, in two rounds. Herb Kranz, referee. Wesbury Bascom, East St. Louis, 182, stopped Charley Lackey, Cincinnati, 177¾, in the first round. Ray Palmer, referee. Baby LeRoy, Cincinnati, 129, outpointed Jimmy Thomas, St. Louis, 129, in six rounds. Herb Kranz, referee. Judges, Al Graf, Fred Connell, Gene Farrel and Howard Hess.

Sandy Saddler is the featherweight champion of the world, but here in St. Louis our own Charley Riley is the hero. Saddler and Riley were pitted against each other in the spacious St. Louis Oakland Avenue Arena on the night of November the first. The non-title affair was promoted by the I.B.C., with George Carson as matchmaker and a well arranged card it was. The Saddler-Riley fight was televised as part of the I.B.C. television program. The telecast was blacked out in the St. Louis area with local viewers seeing a film of the fight two nights later. I saw them both, the film and the fight, and you can take it from me, the film had none of the thrills of the fight. It looked like two different fights.

Saddler, who gained a split decision over Charley Riley, resorted to foul tactics. This no doubt was the reason the fans booed the champion when he left the ring and gave Riley the greatest round of applause he has ever received at the completion of the numerous fights he has fought in this city.

At the opening bell, Riley swarmed all over Saddler to win the round. The second round was a repetition of the first with Riley having the titleholder in a bad way from his smashing right hands to the head.

In the third and the fourth, Riley tired only to come back and take the fifth and sixth. It was in the sixth that Riley staggered Saddler with a right hand smash to the head, but it was his ring prowess that kept the champ on his feet and clear of a probable K.O.

In the seventh round both fighters seemed to tire noticeably and in the eighth, ninth and tenth, it was all Saddler, but, with the game little Riley making a strong bid for each round. Riley, who is only 27 years old, fought the greatest battle of his career and should gain the recognition that is due him in the fistic centers of the world.

The referee, Harry Kessler, had the fight even, awarding each fighter fifty points, Judge Gene Farrel had Saddler out in front, 53 to 47, while Judge Al Graf had it 56 to 44 for Saddler. My score sheet showed Saddler ahead 51 to 49. The 7,253 fans who contributed to a gross gate of $17,923.25, voiced their derision of the judges' score cards with great gusto.

In the semi-windup slated for eight rounds, Phil Burton of St. Louis, weighing 144¾, stopped Irish Jimmy Sanders, Warren, Ohio, who weighed in at 146, in the eighth and final round. Sanders suffered a damaged left eye in the seventh round and it was further injured in the eighth, causing Referee Dick Young to stop the fight and declare Burton the winner with a T.K.O. Burton looked good in winning but showed no devastating punch.

Virgil Akins, a St. Louis 143-pounder, handled by Lou Wallach, stopped Rudy Zadell, 141¼, of Barberton, Ohio, in three rounds when Zadell was reeling around the ring helpless and hopelessly outclassed. Bleeding from a badly cut right eye Zadell was declared in no condition to continue by Referee Dick Young. Akins is looking much better and is showing much improvement in each succeeding fight.

Wesbury Bascom, an East St. Louis heavyweight, outpointed Leroy Scales, a veteran Chicago heavy in four rounds. Bascom had to extend himself to win over Scales, who started fast but wilted as the bout progressed. This was Bascom's fourth pro win as against no losses.

Teddy Roberts, a St. Louis feather decisioned Tony Lalla, a 127-pounder from Chicago in four. Lalla, not in the best of condition and not too far advanced in the art of fisticuffs, suffered a cut ear and probably a broken hand in the match.

Right Crosses—Archie Moore, the number one candidate for the light-heavyweight crown, was introduced from the ring just before the Saddler-Riley fight. Moore is anxious to appear in a St. Louis ring against a worthy opponent and it looks as if he may get his wish to show before a home town audience before long. Rumor have it that Mike Buha, promising St. Lou heavyweight, may meet Freddie Beshore in a St. Louis ring in the near future. Lou Viscusi, the manager of Willie Pep, says that Pep's shoulder is well enough to allow him to meet Saddler in the February title fight in New York, but if he isn't in condition then Charley Riley should be considered as a candidate for the fight.

Send your news of interest to readers of this column to Bus Burke, 1218 So. 4th Street, DeSoto, Missouri.

TUCSON TALKS

By Howdy Myers

TUCSON fans were presented with two boxing programs during October. The first featured Lou Williams, 133, Los Angeles, versus George Dunn, 135, Hartford, Conn. The two classy lightweights, both superb boxers, gave forth with a topnotch exhibition. Dunn, tall and rangy, used a fast left jab to subdue Williams, who just seemed unable to get past the defense of Dunn. The decision was unanimous, and Williams, who showed such class in defeating Packy McFarland in his last appearance here, went home with a wealth of experience.

In the six-round semi-windup, Eddie Williams, 143, Tucson, defeated Jimmy Shans, 147, Los Angeles, in a bruising bout. Eddie, who seems to have settled down to serious training, looked like a champion and may go places if he continues his good work.

The supporting four-rounders found Noble Johnston, 122, Phoenix, victor over Oscar Torres, 120, Mexico City. Pedro Alvarez, 146, Mexico City, went down to defeat by Jimmy Martinez, 147, Phoenix. Nat Porter, 145, Tucson, T.K.O.'ed Jack Thorpe, Cleveland, in the opener.

The long-awaited test of Eddie Williams in his first ten-rounder was presented. Clifton Lester, 145, Hollywood, and Williams, 143, Tucson, staged a brawl that will be long remembered by local fans. These two welters slugged it out from the opening bell, and it was anybody's guess as to the winner. A packed house of some 1200 fans cheered madly at the aggressiveness and courage of the two boys.

Lester, a real cutie, was hard put to evade the murderous rights and lefts of Williams, who has dynamite in either hand. The judges voted a split draw, with Judge Ben Bernstein giving it to Williams by one point. These two boys are welcome to a return engagement at any time.

Jimmy Shans, 151, Los Angeles, met Paloma Corrales, 157, Tucson, in the six-round semi-windup. Shans, who upset Al Bishop, Arizona middleweight champ, in his last appearance, looked bad in this one and went down to unanimous defeat before the fists of Corrales, who was no ball of fire himself.

Andy Borrego, 125, Tucson, returning to the ring after a long layoff, defeated Bobby Woods, 122, in the main preliminary. Jimmy Harrington, 157, Mesa, Ariz., was K.O.'ed by Ernie Montiel, 151, Tucson, in another four. Jack Thorpe, 145, Tucson, T.K.O.'ed Leon Paige, 137, Phoenix, in the opener.

NAT FLEISCHER SAYS:

(Continued from page 27)

that if a fighter who is in the lead on points is cut to the extent that the bout must be halted, the referee must call the contest a draw despite the fact that the boxer cannot continue. On the other hand, if the opponent of the injured boxer is ahead on points, then he is awarded the decision. This rule was passed to do away with a T.K.O. decision.

In all other states, including New York, if a fighter is halted because of a cut, then his opponent is awarded the verdict by a technical knockout. But it is my contention that according to the rules of boxing there is no such thing as a technical knockout. If a boxer cannot continue, no matter what the reason, he is knocked out of time and therefore the opponent wins by a knockout.

Injured eye endings have always been most unsatisfactory, but those are the chances one must take when he enters the ring. In THE RING Record Book we list all such endings as knockouts.

We have received hundreds of letters from fight managers, and promoters, as well as boxing commissions, requesting us to alter this system of recording by accepting the standard of the N.B.A., calling such contests, "won by T.K.O." But the Editor of this magazine and THE RING Record Book adheres to the old standards which calls such an ending by its proper designation—a knockout—"knocked out of time." Therefore the annual RING Record Book will continue to list fights ended by cuts or for any other reason, as a knockout.

By the same line of reasoning offered by our critics, we criticize the fallacy of the National Boxing Association and the New York State Commission in having a referee stop a fight in which the victim is on the canvas, "dead as a door nail," and in having the announcement made that the victim lost by a T.K.O., when instead, the referee should have counted ten and given the victor proper credit for having knocked out his man.

SPOKANE BOXING NEWS

By Jack Powers

TWO shows were staged in Spokane during the month of October. On October 11, Frank Buford and a fellow Californian, Willie Bean, tangled over the 12-round route in a bout billed for the Pacific Coast heavyweight title, and it had the blessings of all commissions involved. It started out as a first class heavyweight fight, but ended abruptly and to everyone's disappointment when Buford suffered a small but bad cut in the corner of his eye which caused the physician to call an immediate halt. Most ringsiders had Buford slightly ahead on points up to the fifth when the accident occurred.

In the semi windup, Glenn Northcutt came from behind to decision Portland's Bobby Mays in a good bruising battle. Northcutt, after a bad start, turned on the heavy artillery but ran out of time before he could wind it up with another K.O. This runs Northcutt's string to ten consecutive wins and no losses since starting his comeback last year. He weighed 175 pounds and will probably campaign in the light-heavy ranks in the future.

On the second October card, Spokane was treated to a thriller in which the home town boy came through with an upset win. Little Joe Velez, the darling of the local fight fans, took a clean-cut victory over Carlos Chavez of Los Angeles and stamped himself as a lightweight to be feared by any 135-pounder.

All local fighters or their representatives may be contacted through your writer at 410 West Riverside Avenue, Spokane, Wash. I must ask for stamped self-addressed envelopes if I am to answer the many letters I have been receiving, requesting local information.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. Jimmie Amann

BOXING'S big spotlight was turned on in this section the night of November 28, when Ezzard Charles, world's heavyweight champion, defended his title against Nick Barone, Syracuse, N. Y., challenger. The Becker brothers, Sam and Benney, were the promoters and the match was staged in Cincinnati Garden. It was the first heavyweight title bout ever staged in Cincinnati.

Pat Iacobucci, Cincinnati's Italian featherweight speedster, kept the local town on the fight map during the month of October with his ten-round decision win over Glen Flanagan, 129, of St. Paul, at Duluth, Minn., on October 11. Iacobucci weighed 126. Thus in beating Flanagan, Iacobucci removed a little doubt as to his recent win over the Irishman in a St. Louis ring.

Harry Hartman, Cincinnati fight promoter turned in his resignation to the Cincinnati Commission after a heated argument.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and Their Pilots: Joe Basco, Barberton fight manager, has added Al McCoy, Macon, Ga., lightweight, and Jimmy Sanders, Wa ren, O., 147, to his fight stable. . . . This writer believes that the lack of small clubs to develop and cradle new talent for larger clubs is the chief reason for the present boxing decline. . . . Al Delavan, former middleweight star and now a trainer and boxing instructor, is anxious to hook up with a top fight pilot. You can reach Al at 106 Church Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. . . . Those interested in getting my boxing services—the weekly letter, ten dollars a year, monthly Fight Flashes, one buck per year, or the boxing promoters' and managers guide, one doller per copy, can contact this writer at 6716 Palmetto Street, Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By Billy Shaw

GLOOM invaded the Syracuse boxing colony when word was received that both Joey DeJohn and Joe Taylor, middleweight stars, had suffered knockout setbacks in Cleveland. DeJohn was knocked out by Ernie (The Rock) Durando, of Bayonne, N. J., in the fifth round, and Taylor was halted in the fourth heat by Walter Cartier, of New York.

Boxing followers, boxers, managers and others in the local fistic game, were amazed. Both DeJohn and Taylor are top drawing cards here, when matched with outstanding performers. DeJohn has broken all box office records in bouts with Jake LaMotta and Lee Sala. Taylor, who is a natural Syracuse foe for DeJohn, shared a big gate in bouts with top-notch contender for the light-heavyweight and heavyweight crowns, Nike Barone.

About the only thing left for Syracuse promoters so far as the middleweight division is concerned, is to rematch DeJohn with Durando, for a local scrap.

Neither Louis Leone of the Syracuse Sporting Club, nor Babe Amos of the Central City Boxing Club, have made announcements as to their future plans. Leone has the exclusive services of Nick Barone, who right now is the important fistic figure here. Amos had hinted to friends he was after a "hot match," but nothing has been made public so far.

Left Hooks—Not much chance of Joey DeJohn meeting Lee Sala here again. . . . DeJohn will have to rebuild after that stunning defeat by Durando. . . . The Golden Boy was a big attraction here only a few months ago. . . . But then, even Benny Leonard and Jack Dempsey had to get kayoed a couple of times before they got anywhere in boxing. About all you read in the local dailies these days is football and basketball. . . . It takes a pretty good fight to get any space. . . . Time was when every bout deserved a banner line and much space was devoted to the sport. . . . Blame it on bad matches. . . . Billy Harris, the well known trainer, is a partner in a beautiful new grill here, known as Hy's. . . . It is frequented by the sporting gentry and boxing is a big topic there. Billy is an encyclopedia on the game. . . . Syracuse's new Memorial Auditorium (in the heart of the city) it being completed ahead of schedule. . . . It will seat 15,000 for boxing. . . . We note no boxers have cropped up in Auburn, Seneca Falls, Geneva, Oswego or the Ithaca area during the last five years. They are needed. . . . More local boys would likewise add lustre to the sport here.

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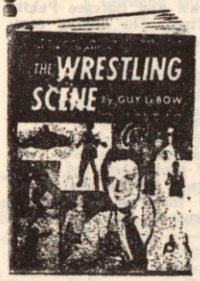

By GUY LeBOW

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REPORT FROM THE PHILIPPINES

By Felipe J. C. Galang

TIRSO del ROSARIO, featherweight champion of the Philippines, was held to a draw by Bonnie Espinosa, 126, of Cebu in the 10-round main event of the Philippine Constabulary sponsored boxing card at the coliseum.

The decision was handed by two judges and a referee. The writer was one of the judges and voted in favor of Espinosa while Carlos Garcia, another judge voted a draw and Referee Pakito Villa was in favor of Tirso. The boxing commission was left with no alternative but to declare the bout a draw.

After rendering the decision, Referee Pakito Villa and Judge Carlos Garcia were the targets of cat-calls from the 10,000 howling fans who felt that Espinosa was robbed of his victory.

The best fight of the evening was between flyweight champion Tanny Campo and Oscar Feliciano, the heavy slugging protege of Ted Lewin in another ten-round scrap. Campo proved too elusive and too fast for the Pampanga pride. Campo received a deep cut on his forehead in the seventh.

Peter Babia, 136, of Mambajao, decisioned Star Bringuela, 135, of Pasay, in another ten-rounder.

Camilo Silva, 120, of Grace Park, drew with Little Medina, bantamweight champion of Neuva Ecija, 8. Poyas Boys, 119, badly outpointed Tenejaros Boy, 117, in four rounds. Jackie Trillana, 120, protege of veteran manager Ralph Cuyugan, knocked the lights out of veteran Moro Dundee, 118, in the second round.

Larry Bataan, 122, bantamweight champion of the Philippines, badly outpointed Star Naven 128, in the ten-round main event of Col. Lamberto Javalera's fistic offering, sponsored by the Manila Police Department at the coliseum.

At the end of the battle, Naven had dimmed eyes and a bloody nose. The referee and the judges did not have a hard time in voting unanimously for the Bataan idol.

Col. Eduardo Quintos, chief of the Manila Police Department and Ma Mom Luk, the mamieking of Manila, donated a trophy and a banner respectively for the winner.

Flyweight titleholder Tanny Campo, 114 decisioned veteran Dommy Reyes, 113, in the supporting main event of the 10 rounds.

Pete Enriquez, Jr., 132, of Mandaluyong, outscored Dominion Boy, 133, of Pampanga in eight rounds. Pete was in rare form and he outpunched his opponent at long range.

Pepsi-Cola Kid, 123, won over Henry Aldguer, 122, of Negros, in six rounds. This was rematch. Previously they fought a draw.

Baby Jackson, 116, lost to Baby Pingol, 11 of Tondo, in an unpopular decision. Art Pacheco, 130, of Pasig, won by a foul over Joe Mendiola, Jr., 130, in the second round when Mendiola accidentally butted Pacheco with his head in the groin.

Little Manuel, 115, of Manila Hotel gym, decisioned Little Armstrong, 115 of Grace Park fame in the opening.

Star Gony, 130, beated Sta. Navan, 130, of Manila, in a 10-round main event at the Community gym of Davao City. Gony received a trophy donated by Generoso Ledesma, a local sportsman of Davao City.

Little Armstrong of Grace Park, won over Little de Castro via th knockout route in the fourth round.

Little Dundee, former flyweight champion of the Philippines, badly outpointed Kid Kabankalan of Negros in 10 rounds.

My address is 7731 Anacleto, Int 5, Manila, Philippines.

NEWS FROM CUBA

By Dr. J. A. Vieites

HAVANA'S leading bouts of the month had two foreigners as headliners, Art Towne, who beat Louis Villa, and Percy Bassett, who stopped Miguel Mendivel. Here are the results of the month:

Santiago Ciro Morasen, 120¾, reappeared after a long lay-off due to an arm operation, and easily retained his featherweight title, decisioning challenger Jorge Sanchez, 124, in 12 rounds. Morasen, scored seven knockdowns, but looked rusty at times.

Sanchez holds decisions over Luis Castillo and Leo LeBron.

Morasen's only appearance in the year was on July 8th, when he decisioned Battleship Martinez in ten rounds in Camaguey.

Camaguey—Cuban featherweight champion Ciro Morasen, 120½, retained his title again, as he did 15 days ago, when he stopped his No. 1 challenger, Diego Sosa, 125¾, in the first round. Morasen scored three knockdowns with left hooks before the final one in 2.45.

Sosa was a two to one favorite as he had scored several K.O.'s that included the well-known names of Humberto Sierra, Memo Valero, and Colombia's champ, Chocolatico Ramos, among others. This is the third time out of four that Morasen has won from Sosa. Their first bout ended in a draw.

The bout took place at the Club Gallistico, before a crowd that paid $1,905.50.

Basilio Garcia, 128, won in eight from Roberto Delgado, 124¾.

Inocente Ruiz, 122¾, won also in eight from Emilio Figueroa, 124¾.

Rafael Rindelan, 123½, stopped Elicier Campanioni, 122½, in four; Luis Mesa, 120½, won the curtain raiser, in four, from Ray Benavides, 122.

Camaguey—In a double ten-rounder, former flyweight champion, Tomas Vega, 119¼, gained a victory via the decision route from left-hander Alfonso Pages, same weight.

In the other star bout, Fernando Amante, 125, won also in ten from Angel Arango, 124¾. The gate amounted to $630.50.

Camaguey—Before a crowd that paid $1,400, Diego Sosa, 126¾, started another come-back, winning a ten-rounder from Battleship Martinez, 128.

Isaac Logar, 137¼, won in the companion ten-rounder, from Baby Cuna, 134¾.

Angel Sanchez, 108¼, gave too much weight to Jesus Lastre, 116, and was stopped in the third.

Angel Arango, 126, outpointed Vic More, 123¼, in six; while Baby Tolin, 115½, won in six, from Pedro Varona, 115.

Santiago—Before a crowd that paid $1,716.20, Ciro Morasen, 121, Cuban featherweight champion, scored another easy victory, this time in a non-title bout against Lino Garcia 127¾, in ten rounds.

Morasen downed Garcia twice in the tenth.

In another ten-rounder, Bombon Oriental, 135, and Baby Gavilan same weight, drew in ten fast rounds.

In the third ten-rounder, former flyweight king, Luis Fuentes, started another good comeback since breaking with his manager. He stopped Oscar Durand in the first round. Fuentes came in at 113¼, while Durand tipped in at 118.

Ch. Olivera stopped Willy Coca in four, middleweights; Roberto Figarola stopped Roberto Ferrer in two, welterweights; and Luis Mariano gained the four-round opener from Dario Alvarez, featherweights.

Havana At the Sports Palace—Before a crowd that paid $2,596.70, Percy Bassett, 129¾, scored another impressive victory, this time stopping Miguel Mendivil, 135¾, in the second of a scheduled ten-rounder, after having a bad time in the opening frame. Mendivil won the first round easily and looked like a K.O. winner in the second, when suddenly, Bassett started a desperate two-handed attack, ending the bout in 2.52 of round two.

Bassett has become a real idol to Cuban fans. He is the classiest boxer to visit us since Freddie Dawson.

Julio Pedroso, 143¾, won the ten-round semi-final from Vic Suarez, one pound heavier.

Amado Mir, 108, won in six from Raoul Hernandez, 106½; H. Diaz Llerandi, 111¾, stopped Oswaldo Diago, 105, in two; while Sergio de los Rios, 136¼, outpointed Mario Castillo, 135¾, in four.

Havana—Orlando Zulueta, 130, easily won in ten rounds from Canadian Leo LeBron, 122¾, scoring several knockdowns.

Kid Charolito, 148¼, stopped Pedro Pablo Triana, 154¼, in the first.

Manny Perdomo, 120, won in six, from Orlando Echevarria, 121¾; Oscar Suarez, 108, gained a four-rounder from Armando Diaz, 108; and Roberto Sante, 147½, drew in four with Ramon Garcia, 146¼.

Havana—Before a crowd that paid $1,849.30, one of the world's best middleweights, Artie Towne, American Negro, 159½, made his Cuban debut a good one by gaining the unanimous decision in ten from Louis Villa, 156¼. Towne downed Villa for an eight count in the first, and won every round from then on till the eighth. Villa gained the ninth, and managed to fight on even terms in the tenth.

Kid Charolito, 148½, was again outpointed by the American, Danny Womber, 146, in ten, but this time the invader gained the unanimous decision. There were no knockdowns.

Damaso Collazo, 135, stopped Al Hernandez, 137, in four; Alex Perez, 130½, won in four from Oswaldo Santieste, 131¾; while Oswaldo Diago, 105, stopped Jesus Herrera in the third. Herrera weighed 109.

Havana: At the Sports Palace—Before a crowd that paid $1,132.40, Jesus (Chico) Varona, 146¾, gained each of the ten rounds from American invader Ike Jenkins, 145.

Varona had Jenkins in a bad way, twice in the fourth, and again in the tenth, but was unable to stop his adversary.

Tony Armenteros, 144¾, scored a good ten-round decision over Julio Pedroso, 143¼, in the companion star bout.

Lorenzo Cabrera, 127, kayoed Hermes Torres, 127¾, in the fourth frame. Roberto Sante, 148, stopped Gavino Lowell, 145, in two; while Vic Martinez, 119, gained the four-round opener from Gelasio de la Rosa, 119 pounds.

Havana: At the Sports Palace—Former featherweight kingpin, Miguel Acevedo, 129¾, looked okay when he stopped the American, Bobby Bell, 125¾, in the eighth round. Bell proved no match for Acevedo, as early as in the second, when he was twice downed for eight counts. Bell was downed again in the third and once more in the eighth, before Referee Johnny Cruz stopped the uneven event. This was Acevedo's first bout, since being stopped in a sensational contest by Percy Bassett, several weeks ago.

Bombon Oriental, 134¾, scored a good decision in 10 over Baby Gavilan, 135¼, after some fast and hard fought rounds.

Willie Flores, 143¾, outpointed Mario Hernandez, 146, in six; Antonio Garcia, 123, stopped Ramon Perez, 127¾, in two; while Raoul Hernandez, 108¾, drew in the four-round opener with Armando Diaz, 106¾.

Facts and Rumors—Had a grand time in New York . . . having lunch and dinner with old friends, Nat Fleischer, and son-in-law, Nat Loubet. I met Fred J. Saddy and Johnny Dundee at Jack Dempsey's. Saw poor old Joe Louis trying in vain against Ezzard Charles and Old Man Time in 15 rounds at Yankee Stadium. Watched Rocky Graziano fight Tony Janiro, watched Kid Gavilan's poor efforts against Tommy Ciarlo and Gene (Silent) Hairston. Saw Omelio Agramonte stop Big Johnny Haynes in less than a round. See you next month, folks.

BOXING IN PUERTO RICO

By Mario Rivera Martino

ON October 9, the return match between featherweights Juan Venegas and William Hernandez had a pretty disagreeable ending in 1:32 of the second round when Referee Lisardi let himself be overruled by Timekeeper Otero-Suro and halted the bout with a puzzled William Hernandez on one knee as the result of a solid right by Venegas, awarding the fight to Venegas by a knockout.

The boys had already met about a month or so ago with Hernandez the victor by a T.K.O. in five rounds.

After sixty seconds had gone in round two, Venegas landed a short right on William's kisser that dropped him. Hernandez seemed to be more surprised than hurt by the turn of events but decided to take advantage of the nine count. Referee Lisardi began counting, but upon noticing that Venegas was prancing around and failing to maintain himself in a neutral corner, he stopped the count momentarily. In a few split seconds confusion reigned as Hernandez, who was on one knee, looked at Referee Lisardi, who had lost the count and amidst the roar of the crowd, Timekeeper Otero-Suro signalled with outstretched arms that he had tolled ten whereupon the referee declared Hernandez out. This was a poor job of officiating as Referee Lisardi let himself be overruled by the timekeeper, who evidently had not stopped the count when the referee was admonishing Venegas for leaving a neutral corner.

In the semi-final Juan Rios Fuentes, 147, battered heavily favored Victor Juan Torres, 146, in eight rounds.

The boy who displayed the best form on this card was undefeated flyweight Benjamin Rosa who displayed boxing and punching skill in easily outpointing Antonio Valle Lara in four. Angel Estrada drew in four with Pastor Navarro. Carmelo Cespeda beat Luis Angel Hernandez in another four.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again seems to be the effective motto of bantamweight Jose Francisco Ramos, who had been kayoed in his first encounter with Miguel Rosa Berrios, in ten heats and had lost the decision in a return match but came back to beat Rosa Berrios in sensational style in their third outing.

On my card Ramos took only one of the first seven rounds but came back to convert sure defeat into victory by copping the last three rounds by ample margin.

Jose Colon Garcia, 126, scored easily over Juan Vega Melendez, 126, in the eight-round semi-final. These boys are hard hitters and the crowd expected a great fight but it turned out to be a dud as both boys missed badly during the course of the bout. Felix Carrion, 118, former Golden Glove champion from Mayaguez, scored a kayo over Julio Conty, 118, who was unable to come out for the second round after being dropped a couple of seconds before the bell, ending the first round.

Andres Velazquez, 112 and Johnny Rivas, 108, fought an interesting four-round draw. Cocoliso Maldonado was held to a draw by Cruz Angel Hernandez in a slow four-rounder.

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NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD

(Continued from page 34)

years of closed doors. Joe Malcewicz, the veteran mat star from Utica, New York, is handling the promoting.

In his first presentation, Malcewicz imported the sensational Antonino Rocca to meet Pat Fraley. Rocca won the contest with his famous back-breaker in quick time. Other top-notchers on the card were Leo Garabaldi, Sandor Szabó, Kola Kwariani and the popular Frankie Taylor.

Promoter Malcewicz has completed arrangements to bring the world's leading grapplers to Winterland during the winter, Lou Thez among them.

THE RING takes this opportunity to thank Mike Musura of San Francisco, one of the top wrestling photographers in the world, for his able assistance in bringing to these pages spectacular action pictures of the top mat artists in the business.

BERT RUBI, who has held the National Wrestling Alliance junior heavyweight title belt on seven different occasions since 1939, when the division was established, is seeking the honor for the eighth time. Rubi is the only wrestler who can execute the flying scissors hold in the same manner as did the late Jim Browning.

We picked up the following story from Redondo Beach, California:

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After watching wrestling via television for many months, sixty-year-old Robert Beck wrote to Promoter Count Rossi telling him how much he enjoyed the matches in his home, and that he would like to get a look at the boys in the flesh. Rossi sent him a couple of passes.

Beck attended the show staged by Rossi and collapsed at the sight of the great excitement. The old man died shortly afterward of a heart attack.

Seldom has a wrestler achieved main event status as quickly as has likeable Roland Meeker of Shreveport, La. Meeker is a fast, clean type grappler who appeals to wrestling fans. After seeing him in action, the regular patrons of the clubs in the New York and New Jersey area requested that the promoters match him with the top-notchers in the wind-up events. The powers that be in our wrestling world, were quick to cash in on the natural appeal of this new star and gladly complied with the requests.

Result, Roland Meeker headlines in many of our large Eastern arenas. No doubt the same will hold true when he goes on a nation-wide tour this winter. Watch for this man in your town, and get a real treat.

HE KNEW BOXING, TOO

(Continued from page 7)

experience in wielding the mitts which doubtless helped him considerably in the laying-on of realistic pugilistic color. Unlike Conan Doyle, he did not participate in amateur competition but he did occasionally don the gloves, especially with Hubert Bland, a fine athlete and clever boxer, a man of distinguished reputation among British journalists.

Something more than mere book knowledge therefore accounts for the vividly correct descriptions of how expertly Cashel Byron ha..dled himself in the ring.

George Bernard Shaw—music critic, art critic, drama critic, public debater, novelist, playwright, wit, crusader for vegetarianism and teetotalism, the world's most distinguished author—he knew boxing, too.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By Lawson Bampton

MONTREAL'S boxing boom is on the decline, but comparatively speaking, still outdraws other fight centers. The last two Forum cards drew slightly under the "ten grand" mark, which is small potatoes to the fancy figures attracted when drawing cards like Laurent Dauthuille, Kid Gavilan and Johnny Greco were crawling through the ropes. However, in other centers, the smaller features would never have drawn half of what they did realize in Montreal.

All of which, to put it in a nutshell, indicates that big gates can still be attracted here when a big name is in the headline cast. If you'll pardon the I-told-you-so expression, you will find that we predicted this a couple of issues back, emphasizing that the game was going to drop fast here unless Dauthuille was available often enough. Greco and Gavilan have reached the fast drop on the downgrade and no longer rate as big cards here.

Ray Famechon, European featherweight champ, failed to impress when he scored a close, disputed ten-round decision over Halifax's Richard (Kid) Howard on the last Forum card. It was a rousing battle, according to reports, and Howard, the underdog in the betting, won the plaudits of the crowd. The Frenchman's strong finish was the deciding margin though many thought a draw was fairer.

Armand Savoie had an easy time of it in the semi-final, flattening one Billy Liggett, 132½, of Trenton, N. J., in two heats. The Negro boy hit the deck four times, the fourth time was it. Savoie, at 135½, was in sharp form. He definitely needs better opposition to develop and in time may be the attraction needed here. He is a dynamic walloper.

Rocky Armando, game and rugged local 135-pounder, pulled a mild surprise when he scored a clean cut ten-round decision over Jean Richard, 135½. Richard has gone back rapidly while Armando improves every time out.

The previous show saw Danny Webb bowing out as a main eventer when he was stopped in five rounds by hard-hitting Armand Savoie, who, at 136, had only a one pound advantage on Webb. Danny was not in top form, lacked his usual speed and got hit by wallops that would never have touched him a year or two ago. Danny has had it, but at times he showed flashes of his one-time skill to completely baffle Savoie.

Roy Wouters, 160¾, Canadian middleweight king, punched a little more often and accurately than Eddie Zastre, 166, to gain the unanimous decision in their blistering ten-rounder that stole the show. These boys started walloping from the start and kept it up all the way. Zastre punched harder but missed more and blocked less. Wouters had a mite too much savvy and stamina but neither of these lion-hearted sockers could be outgamed.

Dave Mitchell, 130, Toronto, came from behind to stop Marcel LaChapelle, 127, in the final heat of their ten-rounder. LaChapelle seemed to crumple rapidly after a couple of solid blows and there was some anxiety for a while as he collapsed from complete exhaustion and weakness. We hope he stays retired for good as his frail constitution invites a tragedy. It is too bad for he is a classy performer of promise.

Stray Shots—Rocky Brisebois, Montreal welter, scored an impressive four-round knockout in Miami. Lou Alter, local featherweight, made quite a hit on the other side when he licked Stan Rowan. He is being handled by Harry Sheppard there. Keep it up, Lou. Cheerio.

NEWS FROM WINNIPEG AND VICINITY
By Al Greenberg

THE boxing season got underway here when the Crescent Boxing Club staged a club show at the 606 Club. Mickey Shane, president of the club, plans weekly slugfests.

Gordie Mackie, the former Winnipeg middleweight star, now operates one of Canada's most up-to-date health clubs in St. Bonniface. Mackie invites any boxers or wrestlers passing through to drop in and take full advantage of his facilities.

Gene Mason bounced back into the Vancouver fistic world when he took over duties of the matchmaker for the P.A.C. Mason is just the boy to revive the fight game there.

Johnny Taylor, classy Indiana welter, is looking for action in Western Canada. Taylor would like a crack at Calgary's Jimmy Nolan.

Alex Turk, Winnipeg's wrestling promoter, packed them in when Primo Carnera appeared here. Roy McLarty of Winnipeg is now wrestling in this vicinity. Roy had an extensive English campaign. Ole Olson is another Winnipeg boy to make his pro wrestling debut.

All unattached pro fighters desiring action, contact this writer at 98 Jefferson, Winnipeg, Canada.

DENVER AND VICINITY
By W. G. (Bill) Thomas, Jr.

ANOTHER month has gone by without a professional boxing show in this area, but things are looking up. The Colorado Athletic Club Gym is alive with activity. Fighters are training in this well-equipped gym for the first of a series of shows to be held at Mammoth Gardens. R. S. (Kollie) Barnett, owner of the Colorado Athletic Club, has employed Jack Kanner, Denver promoter here several years ago, as matchmaker. Barnett plans a show for every other Thursday night.

Corky Gonzales, Denver's popular featherweight, has fully recovered from his cracked rib and is looking good in his workouts. The fast-stepping and fast-punching Denver youngster feels that he will be ready for a championship bout by the middle of next year provided he can get plenty of work against good tough competition this winter. He will be featured on Barnett's first card.

Joe Levinson, Denver, is training a stable of fighters and makes with the big predictions of things to come for one Jimmie McDonald, a Negro middleweight under his guidance.

The writer's address, 4313 Sheridan Blvd., Denver, Colo.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS
By Lewis Eskin

RAMBLING Around—The continued drought of boxing activity in New Jersey for the past few months got even worse this last month without a boxing show to report. However, Jersey boys saw a lot of action in out-of-state rings, with the following results:

Johnny DeFazio beat Joe Artia and Ike Jenkins and lost to Del Flanagan. Jimmy Cerullo K.O.'ed Cat DePenna and scored over Chief Red Arrow and Jimmy Bottlery. Leroy Coleman returned to action and beat Jimmy Taylor.

Jackie Lupo defeated Joey Greco and Jimmy Dillon, Johnny Kamber won from Johnny Moran, McCoy Jones was stopped by Billy Nixon.

Harold Sampson made his main bout bow by upsetting Bert Hyland. Rudy Pasco lost to Vito Drago. Vince Martinez K.O.'ed Jack Randolph.

Henry Pappy Gault lost to Frankie Sodano. Fitzy Pruden K.O.'ed Al Gauteri. Keene Simmons lost to Cesar Brion.

Charlie Fusari stopped Tony Pellone. Eddie Edwards was K.O.'ed by Roger Donaghue. Ernie Durando lost to Paul Pender. Charlie Williams lost to Mickey Tollis and was stopped by Joey Brown.

Tommy Baker lost to Tommy Salem. Joe Blackwood scored over Chuck Hunter. Claude Hammond lost to Joe Juliano. Sylvester Jones K.O.'ed Nash Karahan.

Lee Savold boxed an exhibition with Charlie Henry, Ralph Giordano nipped Artie Levine. A lot of boys are active for a state that can't support a steady weekly club.

Freddy Russo, classy Rahway lightweight, who has faced six world's champions, is ready for a return to action. Sam Rose, who has handled many outstanding fighters, has a prospect in Tex Gonzalez. Charlie Fusari, Irvington welterweight contender, has opened a tavern in Newark. Artie (Murray) Levine, Bayonne lightweight, is back in action.

The Last Round—John Donley, veteran boxing official, who was very well liked by all in the boxing clan, left us. Cliff Gregory, former state Golden Glove champion and star amateur, was killed in an auto crash while serving with the U. S. Navy in Hawaii. Cliff, who turned pro in 1942 and boxed for four years, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Gregory of Union Beach. Billy Corbett returned to action after a summer's layoff to stop Joe Trofe. Gus Lesnevich, former light-heavyweight champ from Cliffside Park, is an M.C. for a new type of boxing quiz. He interviews over Channel 5 every Thursday night from Eastern Parkway rink in Brooklyn.

My address is 57 Dales Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By Hugh Shannon

PROMOTING boxing in Buffalo is a precarious business at the present time. The last profitable match staged here was in May when Rocky Graziano stopped Henry Brimm in a real-action battle.

Brimm was slated to oppose Ralph Zannelli of Providence here on October 24, but the match fell through when Zannelli was injured in a bout at Providence, October 16. By the way Zannelli won back his New England middleweight title from Don Williams and will box Brimm here at a later date—probaby in December.

Brimm is aso in line to box Sugar Ray Robinson at Boston. Henry and Sugar Ray fought a draw in Buffalo a couple of years back, attracting a sellout house.

According to stories in circulation—Joey DeJohn, the hard-punching Syracuse middleweight, is now being handled by a New York syndicate. Joe Netro, his old manager, is reported "out". DeJohn, when matched with a worthy opponent, is a star Buffalo attraction but the fans won't go for setups.

Mike Scanlon's promising young 150-pounder, Joey Giambra, won a quick knockout victory in Rochester, October 30, when he stopped George Andrews of Detroit in the first round. Giambra is viewed as main-bout timber in another six or eight months.

Both Buffalo boxing promoters—Tom Lippes, who heads the Hudson Boxing Club, and Dewey Michaels of the Fairview A. C., have high hopes of landing several attractive matches before long. Lippes would like nothing better than to stage a Joey DeJohn vs. Henry Brimm match and Michaels would be tickled pink if Joey Maxim, Jersey Joe Walcott or some other top heavyweight would agree to meet Lee Oma, who is now making Buffalo his home.

Here and There—Many promising youngsters are entered in the Courier-Express Golden Gloves. Several local fight managers believe a few stars will emerge from this lively annual tourney. Bert Finch is spending plenty of time at Junior Singer's Washington Street gym. Finch is working with a new heavyweight, who seems to have plenty of ability. Nearly everyone connected with the boxing game here believes that a small club running weekly would produce new faces and revitalize the local situation. That's the way the late Jack Singer developed Phil and Joe Muscato, Henry Brimm and others who later boxed in Memorial auditorium. Spider Johnny Thompson is getting work in Toronto and Rochester. He's scheduled to meet Georgie Sinclair in Toronto soon. Bobby Barnes, George Lampshire's good lightweight, recently whipped Elwood Currie in Erie, Pa., but in doing so suffered a sprained right hand. Two pretty fair East Side heavyweights, Johnny Kazmierczak and Syl Kochinski are not getting much work. If they fought regularly they would do a lot better.

If Tommy Moore succeeds in getting an indoor arena in Jamestown he'll stage boxing shows twice a month.

In Wrestling—The mat game in Buffalo and other nearby cities was never better. Promoter Ed Don George has a wealth of good talent available and he's running shows every Friday night. Some of the grapplers who are making their headquarters in Buffalo are: Danny McShain, Sterling Davis, The Great Tojo, a Japanese; Johnny Berend, Henry Steele, Lucky Simunovich, Willie Davis, Jim (The Goon) Henry, Steve Stanlee and others.

The writer of this column, who is also news director of Buffalo radio station WKBW, would be very grateful to receive newspapers from England, Scotland, Ireland and South Africa. Address Hugh Shannon, 299 Maple Street, Buffalo 4, New York.

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NAT FLEISCHER, EDITOR

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

IF you make a practice of dropping into Stillman's gym, sooner or later you're bound to meet up with just about anybody and everybody who is, or has been, somebody in this rugged beak-busting industry.

On one of our recent visits there, we ran across one-time world bantam champion Charley Phil Rosenberg. It was the first time in probably 20 years that we had seen him, but the passing years have treated him well. Aside from a slight middle-aged spread, Rosenberg has changed little from the days when he ruled the 118-pound roost. He looks just what he is, a successful insurance broker.

Gabbing with Charley sent our memories drifting back through the years, and to a fight that was supposed to "discourage" him but, instead, started him on his way to headline status.

We were sitting in a Harlem coffee spot one night with Harry (Champ) Segal, Rosenberg's manager. Charley's start in the belting trade was hardly sensational. In his first five bouts, he had drawn one and lost four.

"I wish I could make him quit," said Segal. "He's a swell kid, but he can't fight, and he's liable to be hurt if he keeps going. I've tried to discourage him, but I can't. He's determined to make good."

"Why don't you get him a good licking?" we suggested. "No puncher who's apt to hurt him, but somebody who'll throw so many gloves at him that he'll become disgusted and quit."

"Swell idea," said Champ. "Who've you got in mind."

"Frankie Genaro," we said. "Frankie's no puncher, but he tosses those fists in wholesale lots. By the time he's done with Rosenberg, the kid won't need any persuading to quit."

It was a week or so later that Genaro was booked at the Commonwealth Club. His opponent pulled out of the match. Segal happened to be present, and immediately offered to substitute Rosenberg.

The bout that was supposed to "discourage" Charley did anything but. Though he lost the decision, the kid turned in a bang-up performance against his more experienced opponent and convinced Segal that maybe he'd make a fighter after all. It was three and a half years later that Charley became world bantam champion by whipping Eddie (Cannonball) Martin in the old Garden.

ANOTHER historic landmark in the fistic scene is slated for a vanishing act shortly. Marigold Gardens in Chicago is to be torn down to make way for a combination garage-parking lot.

The building, opened in 1896 as a roadhouse, has had quite an eventful career. First known as DeBerg's Grove, later as the Bismarck Gardens, it was rechristened Marigold Gardens in 1916.

The place was a popular cabaret during the early years of the Prohibition era, but after repeated brushes with the law it was closed down late in 1923 as a dine-and-dance spot, and reopened a few weeks later as a dance hall.

With the return of legalized boxing in Illinois in 1925, it became a popular center for fights and wrestling. It has been a great developing spot for young talent, and many a top fighter in and around Chicago served his apprenticeship there.

THE sock market down around Sydney, Australia, is becoming quite excited over a native version of Rocky Graziano. A middleweight like The Rock, Don Johnson apparently knows little of the finer points of boxing, but his slambang style and lusty two-fisted belting have made him something of a sensation with the Aussie fans. A former amateur champion, Johnson has had only four professional bouts to date, but he has already established himself as a headline attraction. The young man must be quite a character. A bushman from North Queensland, he has hunted crocodiles, been a drover, buckjumper and traveling showman. For several years he ran his own rodeo outfit, played a guitar to help boom trade, and when business lagged he donned the gloves and offered to fight anybody in the house.

CONVINCED that no small club hereabouts can survive without the support of television revenue, Pete Montesi and his partner, Irving Abramson, have decided to close down Jamaica Arena until after the holidays, when they expect to complete a deal for a video tieup. Montesi and Abramson have done a fine job with their promotions so far, concentrating on promising young talent and evenly-matched cards, but the box-office returns haven't been sufficient to carry the heavy overhead, and a TV connection is necessary if the club is to remain in business.

AN odd note: Arthur King, the Toronto lightweight, has headlined two of the International Boxing Club's out-of-town TV-radio cards during the last year—and each time his opponent was a Jones, and a southpaw. King stopped 'em both—Biff Jones in six rounds in Washington and Harold (Baby Face) Jones in eight rounds in Detroit.

RAY ROBINSON certainly likes his company. There are no less than nine members in his current entourage in Europe—himself and Mrs. Robinson; Manager and Mrs. George Gainford; two trainers, Harry Wiley and Fred Beal; his personal barber, Roger Simond; his golf professional. Shelton Oliver, and his secretary, Alger Clark. And if it hadn't been for the delay in getting passports, at least three others would have gone along. . . That ain't no trip; it's an invasion. . . . Ray expects to be gone from six weeks to two months, and besides his meeting with Jean Stock in Paris, it is likely that he'll take another date in France and possibly others in Holland, Germany and England.

THE night that Roger Donoghue polished off Eddie Edwards in White Plains, three other fight results appeared in the press service roundup of national ring doings. And in each case a Davis was a winner. Teddy (Red Top) Davis whipped Dennis Pat Brady in Hartford, Art Davis outpointed Joe Lassiter in Jacksonville, and John L. Davis stopped Bernie Docusen in Los Angeles.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS still are the big noise in Madison Square Garden. The recent Laurent Dauthuille-Paddy Young affair topped the 19th show to be staged in the Garden in 1950—and the 12th headlining 160-pounders. Paddy Young has been the busiest of the lot. After breaking in as a semi-finalist, and belting out Harold Green in one round, the Greenwich Villager came back in five main events—two with Tuzo Portuguez, and one each with Charley Fusari, Ernie Durando and Dauthuille.

SAMMY RICHMAN, spokesman for the Jimmy Beau managerial directorate, disagrees with our assertion last month that Beau's affair with Nick Barone at the St. Nick Arena was a "palpable mismatch." Says Sammy:

"Naturally, we'd have preferred a middleweight opponent for Jimmy, but none of the good ones was available. But it didn't

figure to be asking too much of the kid to spot some weight to Barone. In his last previous start, Barone, at 172 pounds, was beaten by 162-pound Joe Taylor in Syracuse. We rated Beau just as good a fighter as Taylor, if not better.

"So far as Jimmy's weight was concerned, he had scaled 163½ when he licked Jose Basora at the St. Nick earlier in the year. Being a kid, and still growing, he should have come in at 165 or 166 for Barone. But for some reason, he must have wanted to prove he could make the middleweight limit. Don't ask me why, when he was fighting a full-fledged light-heavy. Nobody was more surprised than I when he came in at 159¾, fourteen pounds lighter than Barone.

"At that, I think the kid turned in a grand fight. He had Barone well busted up as early as the second round, and in my book was leading at the halfway mark. It was only Barone's greater weight and strength that finally beat Beau."

With the Republicans back in power, Billy Prince expects to be reappointed Boxing Commissioner of Connecticut. . . . Atlantic City is making a serious bid for an Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott bout on February 22. The mammoth Auditorium there can hold 40,000 for boxing. . . . Touted as the best lightweight developed in South America since Stan Loayza and Justo Suarez, Jose M. Gatica of the Argentine has been imported by Charley Johnston and is training at Stillman's. . . . His kayo of Joe Taylor in Cleveland ran Walter Cartier's winning streak to 14 straight, six of 'em by knockouts. He hasn't been licked since Rocky Castellani stopped him at the St. Nick in October, 1948.

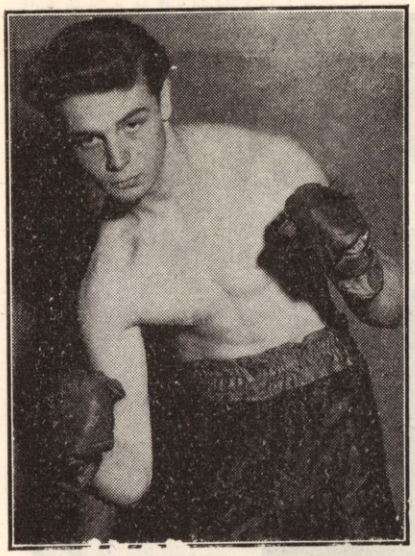
The month's results.

Entirely too ringwise for his opponent, Joe Juliano, 151, East Side, slugged his way to a decisive win over Claude Hammond, 144¾, Cliffside Park, N J., in a hard-fought eight at the Eastern Parkway Arena. Down for nine in the fifth, and frequently in trouble in the closing stanzas, Hammond just about lasted to the final gong. Unbeaten Frankie Carrao, 127½, East Side, edged out Frankie Freeze, 128½, Brooklyn, in the semi-final six. In another six, Rocco Quallo, 138, Brooklyn, battled to a draw with Bobby Gainville, 141, Harlem. In a trio of fours, Mickey Fuchs, 133, Brooklyn, had the better of Willie Rodd, 134, East Side; Benny Goodwin, 199½, Montclair, N. J., out-punched Mark Maguire, 207, Brooklyn, and Mario Sulsenti, 121¼, Brooklyn, was a winner over Tony Carotta, 123¾, East Side.

In an affair that was marred by too much tugging and hauling, chunky Roland LaStarza, 190½, Bronx, batted a perfect ten-for-ten against Duilio Spagnola, 184, Italy, at the St. Nick Arena. Spagnola was willing enough and tried to fight, but was too slow and crude for LaStarza, who outboxed him at long range, outmauled him in close, and carried every round on the scorecards of the three officials. Fast-coming Jimmy Cerello, 162½, Hoboken, added another win to his rapidly-increasing list by punching out a decision over Joe Bonadies, 156½, Philadelphia, in the semi-final eight. With a seven-pound pull in the weights, Mandy Leal, 145½, Buffalo, was too strong for Ernie Koutnick, 138½, Paterson, in six. In fours, Willie Orsini, 124, Harlem, drew with Angel Garcia, 123¾, Brooklyn; Harold Drucker, 162¾, West Side, polished off Tommy Ragucci, 155½, Staten Island, in the second, and Libby Manzo, 130, Elmhurst, kayoed Earl Hilton, 125, Philadelphia, in the first.

In about as roughhouse a brawl as metropolitan fans had seen in some time, Artie Diamond, 159, Middle Village, blasted Armando Amanini, 156¾, Italy, out of circulation in five riotous rounds at the Ridgewood Grove. Amanini was down twice in the fourth, and so thoroughly battered in the fifth that he retired in his corner at the close of the round. It was Diamond's 19th straight win, and his 22nd in 25 pro outings. The main event was in keeping with the preliminaries, which scattered kayos all over the premises. In the only scrap to go its full route, Luis Ortiz Escuter, 130½, Puerto Rico, decisioned Eduardo Carrasco, 138¾, Peru, in six. In the other numbers, Bobby Morgan, 158½, Elmhurst, stiffened Ben (Preacher) Jones, 160½, Tarboro, N. C., in the first; Frankie Catania, 157½, Brooklyn, did likewise to Mack Brown, 158. Danbury, Conn.; Basile Marie, 139½, Philadelphia, finished Tommy Coleman, 137, Yorkville, in the third, and Percy Allen, 192, Jackson Heights, disposed of John Dilley, 210½, Jersey City, also in the third.

Likely looking Phil Morizio, 135½, Yorkville, made it 17 wins against one draw and one loss in 19 pro starts by edging out another promising youngster, Bruno Lijoi, 137, Brooklyn, in a fast-moving six topping a "new talent" card at the Jamaica Arena. In two other sixes, Jetson Arnold, 146½, Philadelphia, decisioned Ted Murray, 146, Long Island City, and George Flores, 147, Coney Island, polished off Herb Elly, 147, Harlem, in the fifth. In fours, Ralph Jones 154, Jamaica, won over Kelly Duncan, 149¾, Flushing; Claude Rolfe, 189¼, Jackson Heights, stopped Hugo Alvarez, 190¾, Bronx, with 21 seconds to go, and Claude D'Arcy, 143¼, Glendale, was credited with a win when Sam Wigfall, 141¾, Charleston, S. C., was disqualified in the second for "not trying." Shifting the club's night from Wednesday to Monday was a smart move on the part of Matchmaker Pete Montesi; the first show under the new schedule showed encouraging improvement in attendance and receipts.



In his last six-rounder, Jimmy Herring, Ozone Park's gift to the Ridgewood Grove, had an easy time with Richie Dallas, stopping him in the second. Celebrating his 19th birthday this month, Jimmy will now be permitted to go eight rounds.

Making his annual appearance in the ring, Irving Palefsky, 165, Bronx, left-hooked Bobby James, 162, Jamaica, into a clean kayo with one second of the fifth remaining at the Bronx Winter Garden. Palefsky's powerful portside belts to the face and body had James in trouble almost from the start, and combinations of slips and punches had him on the canvas four times before he was spilled for the full count. In elapsed time, the entire card used up only 44 minutes, 57 seconds, for less than 15 full rounds. The only bout to go its distance was a four in which Tony Carotta, 125¾, outpointed a Bronx rival, Mickey Fuchs, 123¼. One-rounders were posted by Jimmy Lee, 161½, Chicago, over George Clark, Harlem, in 1:42; Joey Kraus, 140¾, over a fellow-Bronxite, Howie Burman, 137¾, in 2:21, and Maurice Jenkins, 142, Harlem, over Dominick Fasana, 143, Bronx, in 2:41. Two other prelims, both all-Bronx affairs, produced third-round endings, Alex Fumbres, 125½, halting Max Ostrao, 126, in 2:26 of the frame, and Vince Larangine, 147, polishing off Irving Gerhardt, 148, Bronx, with two seconds of the round to go.

An explosive left hook, followed by a short right, landed a split second before the bell ended the sixth round, dumped Joe Giardello, 156¾, Philadelphia, in a heap and gave Harold Green, 162, Brooklyn, credit for a kayo at the Eastern Parkway Arena. Though bleeding profusely from a fractured nose, suffered in the third, Giardello was holding his own until the roof suddenly caved in on him. He was in such tough shape after being hauled back to his corner that the club physician ordered the bout stopped. Kelly Duncan, 149½, Flushing, turned in an upset win over Vinnie D'Andrea, 148, East Side, in the semi-final six. Al Winn, 164½, Bronx, was too much for Ray Bryant, 162½, Brooklyn, and halted him in the third of another six. In fours, Willie Orsini, 125½, Puerto Rico, won over Vinnie Calderone, 123, Harlem; Frani Micci, 152½, Brooklyn, copped the award over Joe Stanger, 149, Cliffside Park, N J., and Mario Sulsenti, 122½, Brooklyn, outpointed Willie Rodd, 124½, Puerto Rico.

Pushed out for five weeks by the Rodeo, boxing returned to Madison Square Garden with a return ten between Rocky Graziano, 158½, East Side, and Tony Janiro, 153½, Youngstown. In better condition than he was for their previous brawl, which resulted in a draw, Graziano slambanged his way to a close decision. The shiftier Janiro had the better of the early going, but faded during the second half and had to survive some rough moments. Elmer Beltz, 145, Los Angeles, outpointed Gus (Pell) Mell, 145, Montreal, in the semi-final eight. In sixes, Ray Castillo, 128, Cuba, won over Sal Ferello, 126¾, Bronx, and Phil Rizzo, 148, Astoria, decisioned Riggie Alotti, 145½, East Side. In fours, Al Graziano, 124, Brooklyn, beat Frank Ambele, 124¼, Bronx, and Joey Lupo, 146½, Lodi, N. J., whipped Joey Greco, 148, Jersey City. The card drew the best turnout the Garden had seen for a clouting carnival since the first Graziano-Janiro affair, seven months before. The crowd numbered 10,461 and the gross gate reached $55,270.

After a fairly even first round, Lou Valles, 153, veteran East Sider, uncovered hitherto unsuspected punching power by flattening youthful Rocky Compitello, 154½, Brooklyn, in the second at the Ridgewood Grove. A left hook to the chin started Compitello on the way, and a right to the same locality finished the job, Rocky tumbling in a heap for the full count. Time of round: 1:03. Former amateur star Jimmy Gambino, 200½, Greenwich Village, posted his eighth straight pro win, and fourth via kayo, by stopping ponderous Howard Berger, 226, Philadelphia, in the second of the semi-final. Tony Gandolfo, 161¼, Brooklyn, punched out a decision over Eddie Harris, 161, Harlem, in six. In a trio of fours, Alex Fimbres, 126, Phoenix, Ariz., had the better of Johnny Giacco, 129¾, Brooklyn; Johnny Cerky, 148, West Side, won over Larry Fasoli, 146½, Brooklyn, and Gene Robnett, 134, France, grabbed the verdict over Tommy Dixon, 133, Long Island City.

Continuing their "young talent" policy, Pete Montesi and Irving Abramson came up with another interesting card of sixes and fours at Jamaica Arena. In the windup, lanky Bill Neri, 141, former Bridgeporter now operating out of Brooklyn, turned in a neat one-punch kayo of Vito Drago, 138, New Albany, Ind., in 2:35 of the fifth. A left hook to the body dumped Drago to the canvas. He stumbled up at nine, but fell down again and was counted out. Gilmore Newkirk, 205½, Harlem, outfought Johnny Vetcher, 201, Brooklyn, in the semi-final six. Two other sixes resulted in a decision for Bill Ferguson, 172½, Jamaica, over Ronnie Hopp, 165, Brooklyn, and a win for Tom Ragucci, 167½, Staten Island, over Eddie Godbold, 167½, Harlem. In fours, Vinnie Calderone, 124½, Harlem, copped the nod over Del Shanley, 129, Jersey City, and Joe Moore, 144½, Hempstead, polished off Maurice Jenkins, 144, Newark, in the third.

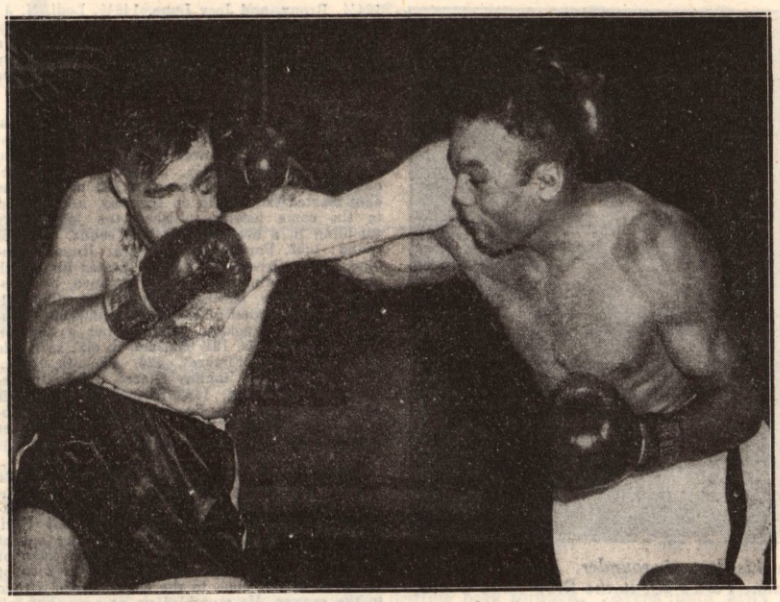
Unbeaten Roger Donoghue, 151½, Yonkers, packed too much power for Eddie Edwards, 155, Newark, in their return date at the White Plains County Center, and won by a kayo in the fourth. Edwards was down for nine in the third, and hit the canvas three times in the fourth before the referee called a halt at 2:05. It was 19-year-old Donoghue's 20th straight win, and his 13th by kayo. Likely-looking Sam Guiliani, 144, Stamford, Conn., whipped George Burrows, 142, White Plains, in a busy semi-final six. Tony Allegro, 135, Bronx, outfought Johnny Marino, 138, Brooklyn, in another six. In fours, Bill Gfroehrer, 140½, Jersey City, was a winner over Jimmy Wilde, 137¾, Bronx; Libby Manzo, 131½, Elmhurst, stowed away Bobby Barclay, 132½, Harlem, in the first, and Ralph Jones, 154½, Yonkers, polished off Jimmy Burgos, 154½, Puerto Rico, in the second.

One of the real upsets of the season on the small-club circuit was registered at the Eastern Parkway Arena, when Tommy Bazzano, 153½, Middletown, Conn., wrecked the winning streak of Artie Diamond, 158, Middle Village, by stopping him in 1:01 of the seventh. The aggressive Diamond, with 19 straight wins behind him, was slightly ahead until he ran into a left hook shortly after the seventh. Dropped for a short count, Artie was groggy when he arose, and Bazzano quickly battered him into helplessness on the ropes. Kayos shortened a pair of sixes, Gil Newkirk, 207, Wilmington, N. C., stopping Claude Rolfe, 190, East Side, in the fifth, and Harold Drucker, 158½, East Side, needing only 44 seconds to dispose of John Thomas Brown, 161, Philadelphia. In fours, Joe Heningsen, 139¼, St. Louis, outpointed Charles Bourgade, 143, Brooklyn; Fred Maby, 137, St. Albans, decisioned Joey Kraus, 139½, Brooklyn, and Sal Amoroso, 129, East Side, drew with Max Osario, 125, Puerto Rico.

Showing for the first time in a New York ring, southpaw Bob Murphy, 173, a red-headed Irishman out of San Diego, Cal., turned in a fast job on Dick Wagner, 166½, Toppenish, Wash., at the St. Nick Arena. Midway through the first round, Murphy, a two-fisted belter of the old school, dumped Wagner for nine with a vicious left hook. An artery in Dick's lip, ripped open by the punch, spurted gore in such profusion that at the close of the round Dr. Alexander Schiff, club physician, ordered the bout halted. Johnny (Red) DeFazio, 148, Bayonne, won over Ike Jenkins, 142¼, Harlem, in the semi-final eight. Ralph Giordano, 137½, Newark, whipped Murray Levine, 135½, Bayonne, in an all-Jersey six. In fours, Joe DiLiberto, 152, Buffalo, outpointed Jimmy Burgos, 152, Puerto Rico; Frank Mucci, 151, Brooklyn, won over Joey Greco, 150½, Jersey City, and Sylvester Jones, 201, Newark, flattened Nash Karahan, 189, East Side, in the first.

Hy Melzer, 145½, lanky East Sider, made the score two wins and one draw in his series with Joey Corkido, 143½, Youngstown, O., by taking a close but unanimous decision in a top eight at the Ridgewood Grove. Melzer's long reach and

(Continued on page 35)



The fight that gained for Nick Barone (left), a shot at world heavyweight champion, Ezzard Charles. Nick gained the decision over Jimmy Beau but had to go some to win their St. Nicholas Club fight in New York City.

CONNECTICUT RING NEWS
By Don Hamill

HARTFORD AUDITORIUM—Vic Cardell, 146½, Hartford, and Elmer Beltz, 147½, formerly of Los Angeles, but who is now calling Hartford home, battled to a draw decision after ten savagely fought rounds. The battle was nip-and-tuck all the way. Both came out of the fight with cuts. Cardell was cut under the left eye as early as the second round and Beltz was cut over the left eye in the fourth, and had the cut ripped open wider in the final heat. In that round Cardell staged a rally while Beltz tried hard to protect his eye. The draw decision handed down by Referee Joe Currie was well received.

Sal DiMartino, 158, Hartford, punched out a well-earned six-round decision over Henry Holt, 160, Danbury, in the semi-final. Sonny Burke, 162, Hartford, survived some rough moments to left jab his way to a decision over Eddie Plouffe, 165, Waterbury, in six rounds.

New London—Ocean Beach Auditorium: Jimmy Watkins, Jr., 134, New London, surprised by holding Teddy (Red Top) Davis, 130, Hartford, to an eight-round draw. Watkins gained an edge in the first heat by spinning Davis around with right uppercuts. Davis had an edge in the next two rounds but was again hurt in the fourth. The pace slowed in the fifth and sixth rounds which were pretty evenly fought. Davis got going in the final two rounds. In the seventh, he rocked Watkins and dropped him just before the bell rang ending the final round. Referee Pinky Morris found in tallying his scorecard that he had an equal number of points for both fighters.

New Haven Arena—Bobby Bell, 124, Youngstown, O., had a little too much on the ball for Irish Jimmy Rooney, 127, Bridgeport, and came off with the decision in their ten spot. Bell was the master-boxer from the start and surprised by taking Rooney's best punch, a hard left hook, without ill-effects. Rooney was in there pitching from bell to bell but lacked the ring savvy to cope with Bell. The flashy Youngstown boy's biggest fault was that he loafed through a great portion of the fight. The eighth and tenth were exceptionally pleasing rounds with action packed into the full three minutes. Bell had an edge of 49-46 on Referee Hughie Devlin's scorecard.

Ozzie Andrews, 135½, New Haven, and Bobby Polowitzer, 137, East Hartford, battled to an eight-round draw in a stirring contest. Luis Ortiz, 137½, New York, decisioned Tony Gag, 138, New Haven, in a four spot. In another four-rounder, Jimmy Dillon, 143, Norwood, Colo., punched out a win over Al Heath, 146½, Philadelphia.

New Haven Arena—Tommy Ciarlo, 148, Waterbury, made a bid for recognition by holding the highly touted Kid Gavilan, 149, Cuba, to a ten-round draw. Ciarlo was the aggressor from the start. He was unabashed by the Cuban's reputation and tore into Gavilan with his left hook landing solidly to head and body. Gavilan displayed a flashy style but did not appear to have any punching power. His famed bolo punch failed to stop the ever-charging Ciarlo. Gavilan seemed unable to solve Ciarlo's puzzling left hand attack but did plenty of punching on his own. The Kid's punches were cleaner and more numerous but they were not effective. Lou Bogash was the third man.

Eddie Plouffe, 163, Waterbury, came down the stretch to get a six-round draw with Eddie Harris, 159, New York, in the semi-final. Jean Robinet, 130, France, knocked out Johnny Johnson, 134, New York, in the third of a sixer. Charley Noel, 152, Brooklyn, flattened Richie Dallas, 148, Newark, in the first of a third sixer.

Hartford Auditorium—Denis (Pat) Brady, 139, New York, looked more his old self in stopping Jimmy Watkins, Jr., 137, New London, in the fourth round of a scheduled tenner. Brady put a hard, fast left hook into use which finally cut the taller Watkins down. The bout was fast and marked with heavy punching. Brady took the first round by virtue of his left hook. He was sagged from a right uppercut in the second and for the remainder of the round gave Watkins a wide berth. He had, however, piled up enough points with his left hook to hold an edge in the round.

The action slowed a little in the third with both respecting the other's punching power. In the fourth, Watkins stung Brady with another right uppercut. Brady was stirred into action. A hard left hook to the jaw felled Watkins. He took an eight count and arose unsteadily. Three hard left hooks and a right to the jaw slumped him to the canvas where he took a nine count. Then Referee Jim Peters stepped in, calling a halt.

Young Junior, 135, Springfield, had too much experience for Willie Woods, 136½, Worcester, and won their six-rounder. Sal DiMartino, 156, Hartford, won as he pleased over veteran Chester Slider, 154, San Francisco, in another sixer. Slider has slid far down the fistic trail and should no longer be fighting.

New London—Ocean Beach Auditorium: Art Suffoletta, 134½, Stratford, notched his 20th straight win since turning pro by taking an eight-rounder from Jay Parlin, 134, Newark. The bout, one of the best ever staged in New London, was a slam-bang setto right down to the final bell. Both have free-swinging styles. Parlin was dropped in the first round from a right to the breadbasket and for two rounds stayed as clear as he possibly could from the Stratford schoolboy. He discovered in the third that he could hit Suffoletta, so from then on the battle developed into a real war. In the final round Suffoletta spilled Parlin with a right to the side of the head, but the Negro boy got up to earn an even break in the round on Referee Frankie O'Brien's scorecard.

Hartford Auditorium—Teddy (Red Top) Davis, 129, Hartford, thrashed Denis (Pat) Brady, 137, New York, to avenge defeats in each of their three previous battles. As early as the first round Davis jolted Brady with overhand right leads that landed on Pat's jaw. Brady was very much in the fight for five rounds but tired and from then on was only able to muster up short spurts that failed to turn the tide of battle. The action was so hectic in the third round that neither fighter nor Referee Max Muravnick heard the bell which sounded four times.

In the fifth round Davis cornered Brady and plastered him unmercifully but Pat snapped out of it and staged a two-fisted assault of his own. It was then that Brady spent himself and was on the receiving end of a real shellacking down to the final bell.

Doc Blanchard, 128, Boston, won a much hooted decision over Eddie Freeman, 128, Worcester, in their six-rounder. In another six spot, Harry Winfield, 141, New York, defeated Willie Woods, 137, Worcester.

Here and There Around the State—Jimmy Attell has taken over the matchmaking chores at the New Haven Arena. Jim Higgins is doing a good job at the Hartford Auditorium. His cards are drawing larger crowds each week. Sal Giacobbe is making the matches for the Whaling City A. C. in New London. The Ciarlo-Gavilan fight looked so poor on paper that the fans stayed away in droves. The 1,093 that did turn out saw a good fight. Sal DiMartino, Hartford middleweight, traveled up to Holyoke where he nearly tore the house down with his draw-'em-out battle with Sammy Walker. DiMartino won by a kayo in the seventh. Elmer Beltz, Hartford welterweight, appeared in New York, where he punched out a win over Gus (Pell) Mell in a thriller.

Tommy Bazzano, Middletown welterweight, upset the dope when as a 6 to 1 underdog, he stopped Artie Diamond in a New York ring. Martin (Sonny) Burke, Hartford middleweight, with his brother, Billy, enlisted in the U. S. Navy. Eddie Plouffe, Waterbury middleweight, is a student at Arnold College and Charley DeBow, New Haven featherweight, is attending an art school in New York. Two Hartford boxers Carey Mace and Joe Corso became benedicts during the month. This writer's address is 367 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

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RIGHT FROM MEXICO CITY
by Selsso Tiborro

MEXICO CITY'S boxing is getting better and better as a result of the local promoter's intelligent hard and long work. Previously there weren't many good cards but now one can see them at almost every show. The number of drawing cards is increasing and the fans in general seem to appreciate the promoter's efforts.

The results of October matches follow: Memo Garmendia, 147, stopped Gabriel Barragan, 148, in six. Roberto Rodriguez, 136, outpointed Ave Negra, 136, in ten.

Jorge Manjarrez, 118, outpointed Beto Couary, 116, in ten. Uruapan Kid, 117, outpointed Babe Zaragoza, 114, in ten.

Nick Moran, 148, Mexico's welterweight king, outpointed Tuzo Portuguez, 151, in ten. Pituka erez, 126, outpointed Estudiante Cardenas, 126, n ten.

Gabriel Diaz, 126, stopped Gaby Macias, 127, n three. Arturo Vazquez, 129, outpointed Lupe Diaz, 123, in ten.

Negro Sandoval, 124, outpointed Luis Castillo, 123, Mexico's bantamweight king, but the match was not for the belt. Baby Vazquez, 129, outpointed Bombin Padilla, 134, in ten.

Memo Garmendia, 144, drew with Gabriel Barragan, 146, in ten. Roberto Rodriguez, 135, outpointed Pancho Velasco, 132, in ten.

Chucho Ruiz, 134, stopped Raul Esqueda, 133, n the tenth round of a sensational fight. Manuel Rivera, 134, outpointed Lalo Gallardo, 136, in ten.

BOXING NEWS FROM HAWAII
By Ted Yamachika

WHAT was expected to develop into an interesting fight between two highly-rated lightweights, the Mario Trigo-Carlos Chavez ten-round match at the Civic Auditorium turned out to be a dull, slow-moving fiasco, with neither fighter making very much effort to impress the small crowd of slightly over a thousand fans.

Of the two fighters Trigo tried harder than Chavez and as a result copped the decision, a unanimous one. Operating from a southpaw stance, Mario fought too cautiously to please the fans and some of them started walking out as early as the seventh round. While he was able to land his punches almost at will, catching Chavez repeatedly with lefts to the face and body, his punches were too light to do any serious damage.

What little fighting Carlos Chavez did was confined to short spurts during the middle rounds when he landed several sharp rights to Trigo's jaw. Throughout most of the rounds he appeared listless and failed to live up to his reputation of being a crowd-pleaser.

Carlos Chavez weighed 136¼ to Mario Trigo's 136¾.

Other results: Bobby Garza, 122¼, decisioned Tiger Rosa, 120, in five. Richard Choi, 142½, knocked out Eddie Mara, 142, in the third of four. Choi is a boy to watch. Blaine Manley, 134¾, beat Linford Chung, 138¾, in four rounds. John Amaral, 130½, outpointed Joe Santiago, 132, in the four-round opener.

MONTANA FIGHT CIRCLES
By Mel Epstein

THE Montana State Athletic Commission issued new pro boxing licenses to clubs in Bozeman, Billings and Missoula. The commission held a meeting in Great Falls recently. A new law has come into effect whereby all fighters up to the middleweight division will be compelled to use eight ounce gloves and from the middleweight division up, the pugilists will use ten ounce gloves. As yet I do not know where a club can secure ten ounce fighting gloves. Such gloves are designated by sports concerns as training gloves. Personally I believe a little judgment in the wrapping of the hands and the use of six and eight ounch gloves, the former for the light boys and the latter for the heavier scrappers, would solve the problem a lot better than the new rule, which will more than have a tendency to slow up the fights to a walk.

Ritchie Fontaine, the old rip-snorting lightweight who fought five champions of the world, including Henry Armstrong, over whom he holds a win, is the promoter of the new club in Missoula. Ritchie got off to a good start October 20th when he matched "Tiger" Snyder with Al Coyle in an eight-round top spot fight. Snyder, who hails from Ronan, Montana, stopped Coyle in the fifth round. It was a rousing fight as long as it lasted. It calls for a repeat engagement and will again sell the arena out.

Missoula fight fans showed their appreciation by coming in droves to see the show. Fontaine can be reached at the Oxford Cigar Store in Missoula.

Looks like Butte fight fans will have to wait till the new auditorium is completed next spring before witnessing boxing shows in the mining city. There is not at this writing an available place to hold shows in the city.

Joey Velez got across a good win in Spokane when he beat Carlos Chavez. Looks like Chuck Lyons will be boxing in and around Minneapolis this winter.

Fight fans can expect to take in a topnotch boxing card in Las Vegas shortly. Jack Kearns is trying to arrange a fight for Joey Maxim there at the racetrack.

IT HAPPENED IN WISCONSIN
With Pinky Mitchell
Former World Junior Welterweight Champion

THE record will show that Joe Miceli, 145, of New York beat lightweight champion Ike Williams, 142½, in a ten-round non-title bout at the Arena here, but it will not show the terrific battle these two gladiators of swat put on. Miceli's booming left hooks, punctuated by potent rights and a good left jab, shook up the champion repeatedly. With the battle against him going into the tenth, Ike set a furious pace in which he nailed Miceli with a left and right to the jaw that had the New Yorker on queer street. As he was battered around the ring it was only his great heart that kept him on his feet. As the session roared to its spectacular finish, Miceli found new strength and loosened a counter-attack that electrified a near hysterical crowd of 4625 fans who paid $14,400.

Other bouts: Arthur Portley, 129, Milwaukee, won a split decision over Walter Dykes, 129¼, Detroit, six rounds.

Ringo Harris, 182½, Detroit, outpointed Richard Hagen, 203¼, Chicago, six rounds.

Billy Grady, 131¼, Detroit, won a split decision over Tommy Baker, 126¾, Jamestown, N. Y., six rounds

Tony Gunia, 145, Milwaukee, beat Bill Salandich, 150 West Allis, six rounds.

Dick Perkins, 134½, Milwaukee, knocked out Johnny White, 140¼, Detroit, in 1:53 of the first round.

Judges, Les DeCamera and Harry Zaldins. Timer, John Eisenmann. Commission physician, Dr. William Murphy.

Rocky Graziano's explosive fists flattened the dead-game Pete Mead in the third round of a scheduled ten-round windup at the Arena before 6810 fans who paid a gross gate of $21,650.

The first round was even. Mead took the 2nd in hot exchanges with the Rock, whose wild swinging rights went wide of the target. He got the range in the third and ended it in 2:25 of the round. The bout was brief but savage. Rocky weighed 162½, Mead 161.

Other bouts: Arthur Portley, Milwaukee, 127¼, defeated Bunny Berrigan, Milwaukee, 124½, eight rounds.

Jerome Frazier, Milwaukee, 161¼, defeated Willie Wright, 157, Youngstown, Ohio, six rounds.

Kid Silvo, Detroit, 147½, outpointed Carmen Caputo, Milwaukee, 142¾, four rounds.

Torita Rivas, Milwaukee, 122¼, outpointed Rowell Prado, Detroit, four rounds.

Lloyd Triplett, Milwaukee, 156¼, outpointed Jerry Burg, Milwaukee, 159½, four rounds.

Local welterweight, Tony Gunia, dropped a split decision to the highly-touted Bobby Brown, Chicago, in the six-round windup at the Dollar Top Club. The rangy Windy City boxer held Gunia at bay with a snappy left and piled up a big lead in the early rounds which Gunia whittled down in the closing rounds by infighting.

In the semi-windup, Lloyd Triplett, 158½, Milwaukee, tired but still had enough punching power to win the decision over game LeRoy Miller, 159, of Chicago, in five rounds.

In another five, Torita Rivas, 122, Milwaukee, spotted Don Ward, Chicago, 5¼ pounds and dropped the decision. Dick Kerber, 140, Milwaukee, won a four-round split decision over Gordon Ferris, 136¼, Chicago, in the bout of the evening. Harold Williams, 190½, Milwaukee, had too much punching power for John Heinowski, 128, West Allis, and stopped him in 2:27 of round four.

Dropped into Dave's Lounge, 6962 Glenwood Avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago. He was talking on the telephone with a RING Record Book in his hand. Said Dave David, "Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis in 12 rounds in 1936 and in 1938 was K.O.'ed by Louis in one round. Just settling a bet. I get these calls regularly." He showed us a complete set of the record books, excepting 1942. He has offered $15 for one to complete his set, but as yet he is waiting. Dave, six feet, three inches tall and 270 pounds, told us George Brown, the old-time Greek middleweight, was opening a tavern next week down the street from his place. Dave is a former baseball player.

Charles Nevada, the Milwaukee *Journal* Golden Gloves tournament director, has received a gratifying response to his first call for tourney entries. They will be given free instruction at the Golden Glove gymnasium, which is in charge of Eddie Metrie. Last year the tournament was televised and fell off about 20 percent. There will be no television this year.

MINNESOTA RING NEWS
By Spike McCarthy

BOBBY ADAMS, Minneapolis's fighting young lightweight, is back in the Marine Corps, at Camp Pendleton, California. He is boxing on his company's team. The Mill City's loss is the Marine Corps' gain.

At Duluth Armory—On October 11, in Sad Sam Gallop's battle pit, Glen Flanagan, 128, St. Paul's turbulent young featherweight battler, tangled with Pat Iacobucci, 127, Italian, out of Cincinnati, in their return bout and at the end of the joust, Iacobucci was given a split decision over the St. Paulite.

In the semi windup, Tom Gallus, 174, a big lumberjack from Drummond, Wisconsin, knocked out Joe Mason, 185, of Minneapolis, in the initial stanza. Jimmy Olson, 165, of Eveleth, Minnesota, stopped Johnny Jeffers, 160, of Minneapolis, in the third. Buck McDonald, 128, knocked out Freddy Ruberg, 132, of Two Harbors, in the last round. In the opening bout Stanley Doyle, 144, of Duluth, and Hank Arnold, 142, of Minneapolis, fought a fast four-round draw. The gross was a little over 2200 clams.

Lee Savold, heavyweight contender, paid a return trip here to the Twin Cities. Looking sharp and fit, the one-time St. Peter street bardog acted like a shot to the main line in the boxing setup here. He claims that Ezzard Charles needs him a lot more than he does Charles.

At the Minneapolis Auditorium—Del Flanagan, 139, proved to his most severe critics that he can fight like a pit bulldog when the occasion demands. Twinkle Toes tangled with Johnny "Red" DeFazio, 140, a tough red-headed battler out of Bayonne, New Jersey, and the two of them thrilled the small crowd that were on hand to watch their ten-round return go. Flanagan showed that he can fight like a West 7th Street tough kid by whipping his carrot thatched rival in nine of the ten heats, losing only the fourth to the wild swinging, hard-rapping Italian boy.

In the semi-windup Bob Rossie, 148, the handsome collar ad college kid from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Don Mason, 144, of Milwaukee, put on one of the best that yours truly has seen in "I don't know how long" with the collegian winning by a T.K.O. when Mason suffered a couple of broken ribs. Big Jack Herman, 215, the handsome refugee heavyweight from Europe's concentration camps found sweet revenge at the expense of Don Jackson, 195, of Milwaukee, whom he belted out in two minutes of the first heat. It was just two months ago that Jackson spoiled Big Jack's Windy City debut by chilling him in the fourth stanza.

Georgie Price, 141, Tony Adams's pride and joy, whacked out Chico Clay, 138, a fast stepping dancer from Detroit, Michigan, in the sixth and final stanza. In the four-round opener Emil Wasalowski, 127, from St. Cloud, Minnesota, won by a T.K.O. over Raoul Prado, 128, of Detroit, after Prado suffered a badly cut optic in the last round. This also was a grade A bout. The attendance was a little over 2200 with the gross take being $3077.40.

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Eddie Lewis, veteran Minneapolis handler of fighters has taken over the affairs of Billy Smith, 1950 Golden Gloves champion. Eddie intends turning Billy into a professional shortly.

Johnny Sokel, veteran Minneapolis featherweight and now a referee, is one of the better fixed ex-boxers here in this Northwest country. Johnny, owner of a large tavern, a grocery store, meat market and extensive real estate, has no fears that the wolf of hard times will ever camp on his front steps. Enjoying good health and the friendship of thousands of northwest folks likeable Johnny is at peace with the world.

Billy Colbert, former St. Paul boxing figure, is now promoting both boxing and wrestling matches down in the state of Iowa. Wonder whatever became of Darwin Gomer? Colbert's pal.

Gus Kempf, the classy young middleweight from Watertown, South Dakota, is now a student here in Minneapolis at the Mill City Business College. Gus is studying to be an accountant.

Johnny DeOtis, former Mill City boxer, who has been a local referee for many years, turned in his referee's license and took out a manager's license, and is now handling a large troupe of local battlers. He has Del Flanagan, Emil Wasalowski, Gus Kempf and is also training Jackie Graves.

Myles Martiniz, the former St. Paul Mexican featherweight, who is now the owner of his own body and fender shop, recently became the proud father of a bouncing curly headed baby boy.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND NEWS
By Dan "Doc" Avery

VERMONT: Boxing and wrestling shows are to be seen in the following spots in this state shortly; Barre, Rutland, Brattleboro, and Burlington. Arrangements are on the way by a number of business men in each of the places mentioned to back the promotions. It is expected that the writer will act as the matchmaker for all clubs.

Around the Dairy State: Rigo Bianchi, former Vermont bantam and feather champion, is in the wholesale beer business. He is one of the leading figures in this area when it comes to sports. George LaTourneau, former Burlington feather, is planning to open a gym for the purpose of developing local talent. The state of Vermont should draw well for both sports, for there have not been boxing shows here for a number of years, although wrestling shows have been run by various persons, who had no experience in promotions of sports, and lost money.

Local talent will be used in the prelim bouts, and the main events will be of good club fighters from out of state.

Claremont, Berlin, Laconia, Manchester, Portsmouth and Nashua, New Hampshire, are ripe for promotion.

In the state of Maine: Bangor, Fort Kent, Rumford, Rockland, arrangements are on the way for the promotion of both sports. Many veteran organizations are interested in promoting such shows.

Around the Pine Tree State: Bob Johnston, expects to get his license to promote boxing bouts in Bangor. At present there is not much talent around the northern parts of Maine, but a movement is on its way to operate clubs for boxing among the youngsters. The Army bases in Portland and Bangor will be open shortly, and the promoters expect to secure some pretty good boys from those camps.

The Silverman-Rogers combine, managing fighters, should help the boxing game in the state of Maine. Chick Hayes runs a wrestling show on Monday, and on Thursday boxing. Chick has been in Portland for a good many years and has developed in the past such good boys as Paul Junior, Coley Welch, Henry Chemilewski, and many others.

Managers and fighters in the three northern states please send your news in before the first of each month to be used in THE RING. Promoters should do likewise.

For information, please write to me at my Massachusetts address, Millis, Massachusetts, as the writer will be spending most of his time covering the three northern states operating shows. All correspondence will get proper attention.

TIMELY CHATTER *in* GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

AS manager of Terry Allen, former world flyweight king, it doesn't seem proper for me to comment on his fight with Jean Sneyers for the European crown, but since my editor insists, though my report may seem biased—which it certainly is not—I'll tackle it. If, after reading what I say about the fight, there should be any doubt in the minds of our readers, then I refer them to the story of the battle as written by fistic experts assigned by their papers to do the job.

Allen, Islington's pride and joy, was the victim of a very poor decision by Referee Barend Bergstrom of Holland. The fight was staged at the Ice Rink, Nottingham, and at the end of 15 rounds there could be no question regarding the winner. That person was Terry Allen. Allen didn't win by a big margin, but he certainly had a clear edge over his rival, especially after clearly winning the last two rounds that turned the tide in his favor. The referee is one of Europe's best, yet he is not infallible. He has an excellent reputation as third man, but I'm sure he missed on this one.

When the verdict was given, pandemonium broke loose. A storm of protest, booing and hissing greeted the decision and continued long after the mill was over, indicating exactly what the crowd thought about the fight.

The bout started with Allen tearing out of his corner and taking immediate control. His speed and punching gave the Belgian a bad time. Allen built up a comfortable lead during the first eight rounds, countering Sneyers' limp left leads with effective one-two punching that several times slowed up the Belgian.

In the eighth session, a head-on collision opened an inch-and-a-half gash on Allen's head, and he presented a bloody sight as the round ended. Effective work from his seconds stopped the bleeding, and Allen, who seemed slowed down a little from this injury, fought back well against an opponent who began to pile on the pressure. Sneyers did his best work during the next few rounds, and made up considerable leeway. Up to the 14th round, there was very little difference between these two battlers. Little to choose.

But in the 14th and 15th rounds, Allen won in no uncertain fashion to clinch the fight, if I know anything about boxing. In the early part of the 14th he scored eight effective punches without a single return.

It was a weary Sneyers who went back to his corner and he didn't emerge much refreshed for the last round, which saw Allen completely the master. He pummeled the Belgian around the ring, having him hanging on when the bell sounded to end the contest. Then came the thunderbolt, and the crowd's reaction already described.

The bout was one of the fastest and cleanest flyweight battles ever seen. A return match is a natural and desirable thing, for until these two lads meet again, Sneyers is the holder of a title he won without beating its previous owner, so far as the public that witnessed the contest is concerned.

Ronnie Clayton, British featherweight king, well outpointed Jim McCann of Ireland in the chief supporting eight-rounder. Alex Buxton, Watford, with over 14 pounds at a disadvantage, was too aggressive for Alan Cooke, Warsop, and the referee wisely intervened in the third round when Cooke's both eyes were badly cut. Alan Buxton, Watford, stopped Dick Levers, Chesterfield, in the third round. Denny Dawson, Doncaster, 129, outpointed Jackie Lucraft, Islington, 126½, over six hectic rounds.

A crowd of over 10,000 fans gathered at the Empress Hall, Earls Court to witness the Testimonial Boxing Show, staged on behalf of one of the world's greatest fighters, Ted (Kid) Lewis. Every seat in the Hall was sold out weeks before the show was about to take place, and as Ted was introduced in the ring by the master of ceremonies, the large crowd gave him a grand reception. Four of his opponents in bygone days were introduced in the ring and shook hands with the old champion. Your columnist was the first, followed by Joe (Bayardo) Brooks, Matt Wells, Jack Bloomfield and Georges Carpentier, who flew over especially for the great occasion.

Jim Kenny, Polmont, 126¾, scored a good points win over Jean Machterlinck, Belgium, 127½, after ten rounds. The bout that everyone was looking forward to see between Honore Pratesi, France, 113½, and Vic Herman, Glasgow, 113¾, over eight rounds, turned out to be a tame affair, for their styles did not blend and the crowd lost their patience and gave them the slow hand clap. At the end Referee Pat Fox declared the bout a draw. Bert Jackson, Fleetwood, 127¾, and Ron Cooper, Poplar, 127¾, put up an exciting battle for eight rounds with the result of a draw. Roy Ankarah, West Africa, 128½, defeated Bernard Pugh, Liverpool, 125½, after a terrific battle over eight rounds. Jeff Tite, Leicester, 147, scored a win over Eddie Cardew, Holloway, 149¼, in the sixth round, after the referee had inspected the cut on Cardew's eye. Alf Hines, West Ham, 173¼, stopped Jock Todd, Ayr, 170, in the fourth round when the latter was forced to retire with a bad cut eye. Jimmy Cardew, Holloway, 121½, outpointed Micky O'Sullivan, Finsbury Park, 118¼, in a spirited six-round bout. Johnny McAlevey, West Ham, 184½, stopped Jack Longford, Croydon, in the second round, when the referee intervened in McAlevey's favor. Gordon Morrison, Sheffield, 135¾, showed plenty of hard punching in his professional debut when he scored a K.O over Harry Cook, Morden, 135¾, in the first round. Mick Day, Glasgow, 122¼, outpointed Cliff Giles, Cambridge, 119, in a hard-fought six-round contest.

Bill Rattray, Dundee, 145½, upset the odds at Dunoon, when he outpointed Willie Whyte, Glasgow, 146½, over 12 rounds, thus winning the Scottish welterweight title. Zeke Brown, Jamaica, 132¼, outpointed Johnny Flanagan, Whitburn, 137, over eight rounds. Hugh Riley, Edinburgh, 114¼, former British amateur champion, won his second professional bout when he outpointed Jimmy Roche, Dublin, 114¾, over six rounds.

Tony Lord, Ashton, 170¼, stopped Alan Cooke, Warsop, 174¼, in the fourth round at Hyde. Cooke received a bad cut eye, and was forced to retire. Phil Mellish, Stalybridge, 144¼, won a points decision over George Harrison, Mansfield, 140¾, after a magnificent eight-round contest. Brian Jelley, Bury, 119, knocked out Norman Cooper, Shirebrook, 117½, in the fourth round. Ken Maynard, Stalybridge, 136, outpointed Derek Smith, Manchester, 132, over six rounds.

George Stern, Glasgow, 198, stopped Frank Bell, Barnoldswick, 201, in the eighth round of a gory bout at the Leeds Town Hall. Jeff Tite, Leicester, 147¼, outpointed Kay Kalio, Nigeria, 147¾, in a ten-round bout. Ron Latham, Thurnescoe, 136½, knocked out Charlie Fawcett, Leeds, 136, in the fourth round. Johnny Carrington, the Leicester southpaw, 138½ outpointed Dennis Yearby, Leeds, 138½, in an eight-round bout. Eddie Moran, Leeds, 126, stopped Peter Morrison, Hull, 123½, in the fourth round. Vince Flynn, Leeds, 128, outpointed Johnny Finnigan, Manchester, 131, over four rounds.

Johnny Fish, Harlow, 145, outpointed Don Bailey, Crayford, 142½, over six fast rounds at Harlow. Bernie Long, Dagenham, 136, defeated Tommy Trinder, Mile End, 139, who was disqualified in the second of a six-round contest. Johnny Bartles, Nottingham, 115, knocked out Paddy Hardy, Ireland, 115, in the second of a six-rounder. Ken West, Brentwood, 144, defeated David Davies, Kilburn, 153½, the fight being stopped when Davies had sustained a badly cut eye in the fourth.

Ken Rowlands, Luton, 159, outpointed Des Jones, Tredegar, 159, over twelve rounds in a final eliminator for the Welsh middles title, at Bedford. Joe Brennan, Sheffield, 126, outpointed Joe Collins, Hackney 122, over six rounds. Gordon Sparrow, Rushden, 128, outpointed Johnny O'Gara, London, 127, over six rounds.

Dai Davies, Swansea, 128, outpointed Teddy Peckham, Bournemouth, 126½, over eight rounds at Preston. Ronnie Bissell, Rotherham, 119¾, outpointed Pete Harvey, Pontefract, 122, over eight rounds. Teddy Mason, Bournemouth, 170, kayoed Doug Mansfield, Derby, 170, in the third of an eight-rounder.

Harry Warner, London, 147, stopped Stan Bagshaw, Rotherham, 147, in the second of a scheduled ten-rounder at Morecambe. Billy Flynn, Liverpool, 136, outpointed Jimmy Fox, Bolton, 134, over six rounds. Wilf Hatherton, St. Helens, 112, outpointed Dennis Nagle, Preston, 116, over four rounds. Johnny Duckworth, St. Helens, 130, outpointed Sid Steel, Newcastle, 135, over four rounds. Ronnie Howarth, Bolton, 125, knocked out Jackie Clayton, Preston, 127½, in the fourth of a scheduled eight rounder.

Des Garrod, Paddington, 138¾, and Bert Hornby, Bolton, 136½, fought ten hard rounds to a draw at the Stadium, Liverpool. Johnny Black, Preston, 114, outpointed Terry McHale, Liverpool, 115, over six rounds. Vic Harrison, Birkenhead, 162, stopped Duggie Myers, Doncaster, 163, in the third of a scheduled eight-rounder.

Johnny Nuttall, India, 157½, outpointed Billy Carroll, Doncaster, 160½, over eight rounds at Preston. Jackie Whitehouse, Birmingham, 161, outpointed Billy Hall, Bournemouth, 157, over eight rounds. Eddie Parsons, Barnsley, 153, outpointed Cal Johnson, Jamaica, 151½, over six rounds. Tommy Robinson, Preston, 133, stopped Billy Gray, Bootle, 136, in the second of a six-rounder.

Henry Hall, Sheffield, 162, outpointed Rod Deamer, Paddington, 161, over eight rounds at Weston-Super-Mare. Terry Ratcliffe, Bristol, 150, knocked out Gordon Ashun, Bootle, 155½, in the fourth of a six-rounder. Eddie Fear, Weston, 147, outpointed Don Bailey, Dartford, 147, over six rounds. Denny Fallett, Islington, 127, knocked out Johnny Board, Taunton, 118, in the second of a scheduled six rounder. Johnny Edwards, Islington, 110, outpointed Pat Keene, Oxford, 114, over six rounds. Laurie Henry, Jamaica, 136, knocked out Doug Sherlock, Oxford, 135, in the first of a six-rounder.

Jackie Braddock, Manchester, 145½, became an overnight sensation at Jack Cappell's opening show at the Royal Albert Hall, London, when he scored a sensational win over Pat Patrick, South Africa, 147¾, in the tenth and final round. Patrick, with his aggressiveness and two-handed punching, was all set for a convincing win when they met in the center of the ring for the ninth round, for throughout he had the Manchester lad on the receiving end, but guts of Braddock was of the true British stock, and he fought back as best he could. Towards the end of the round he put everything in one last rally, and caused the Springbok to lose his gumshield and to receive a terrific right to the jaw as the round ended.

Pandemonium was let loose, with the crowd standing in their seats as they saw the game Manchester fighter having the better of the late rally. On shaking hands for the last round it was seen that Patrick had shot his bolt, and with Braddock giving all he had, soon had his opponent in a defenseless position, and after scoring a knockdown, the latter gamely rose only to be pummelled to a standstill with no defense, and the referee wisely stopped the bout with two minutes to spare, and declared Braddock the winner.

George Angelo, South Africa, 155¾, caused a mild upset when he narrowly outpointed Mel (Jinx) Brown, America, 161, over ten rounds. Tommy Proffitt, Manchester, 119¼, outpointed Tino Cardinale, Italy, 120, over ten rounds. Lew Alter, Canada, 125½, defeated Stan Rowan, Liverpool, 126¾, when the latter retired in the seventh round with a bad cut eye. Alter was ahead at the time.

Twenty thousand rain soaked boxing fans gathered at Ynysangharad Park, Pontypridd, to welcome back to the ring, 36-year-old Tommy Farr, after a layoff of ten years. Tommy was matched against Jan Klein, Holland, who in his last appearance in London was counted out in the first round of his contest with Jack London. The years seemed to have dealt kindly with Farr, and he looked very little different from the man who had spent fifteen hard rounds with Joe Louis in 1937. Seven rounds sufficed for Tommy to put the big Dutchman down and out, and he revealed that he had lost little of his former ability, for the clever boxing and aggressive fighting qualities of the Welshman were still apparent, even after his ten-year layoff. The next few months should prove very interesting as Farr intends to engage in as many contests as possible on his comeback trail with an eventual world title match as his ultimate aim, and with the present crop of heavyweights, who am I to say that Tommy Farr may not some day wear the crown he tried so hard to obtain back in the thirties.

Dave Williams, Swansea, outpointed Sammy Wilde, of Nigeria, over eight rounds. Reg Quinlan, Wales, outpointed Selwyn Evans, Wales, over ten rounds, and Malcolm Innocent, Wales, drew with Willie Brain, Wales, over six rounds.

Wally Diamond, Jamaica, 177, knocked out Ronnie Baily, Wombwell, 175, in the second of a scheduled ten-rounder at Morecambe. Bobby Rhodes, Preston 144, showed improvement to kayo Sid Tune, Barnsley, 146, in the second of an eight-rounder. George Maddocks, Preston, 158, kayoed Ray Fitcroft, Barrow, 161, in the second of a six-round bout. Ray Gould, London, 139, outpointed Al Pollard, Halifax, 135, over four rounds. Roy Evans, Lancaster, 143, outpointed Les Kirkham, Preston, 144, over four rounds.

Norman Tennant, Dundee, won his flyweight eliminating contest against Joe Murphy, Glasgow, in the ninth round at Dundee. The referee stopped the bout in Tennant's favor after Murphy had received a bad cut eye. Jackie Turnin, Leamington, outpointed Peter Guichan, Dunfermline, in an eight-round featherweight bout. Willie Myles,

Dundee, outpointed Ron Perry, Stalybridge, in an eight round bantamweight contest.

Eddie Vann, Shoeburyness, knocked out George Nuttall, Stockport, in the fourth round of a heavyweight bout at Wolverhampton. Gene Fowler, Canada, outpointed Nick Fisher, Nantymoel, in an eight-round cruiserweight contest. Eric Davies, Stourbridge, knocked out Joe Bytheway, Wellington, in the fifth round. Roy Baird, Birmingham, won a points decision over Sid Williams, Willenhall, over six rounds.

Wally Thom, Birkenhead, continues his winning sequences at the Stadium, Liverpool. His latest victim was Danny McKay, Edinburgh, who was outpointed in a hard-fought ten-round contest. Micky Flannigan, Birkenhead, stopped Jackie Wakelan, Wakefield, in the fourth round. Eric Marsden, St. Helens, outpointed Roy Thomas, Liverpool, over six rounds.

Israel Boyle, Nigeria, and Bill Shaw, Manchester, fought a hard-hitting eight-round bout to a draw at Carlisle. Dave Finnie, Hawick, outpointed Bert James, Langley Park, over eight rounds. Dave Brandon, Langley Park, outpointed Jack Thomas, Nigeria, over six rounds. Reg. Hunt, Derby, scored a points win over Jim Featherstone, Ilkeston, over six rounds. Dick Levers, Chesterfield, outpointed Johnny Carrington in a six-round lightweight contest. Jeff Fowler, Derby, outpointed Arthur Bailey, Heage, over four rounds.

Teddy Gardner, West Hartlepool, gained a clear points win over Black Pico, Cuba, over ten rounds at Newcastle. Sid Charles, Jersey, outpointed Mark Harrison, West Hartlepool, over six rounds. Ernie Vickers, Middlesborough, knocked out Billy Walsh, Jarrow, in the second round.

Ron Pudney, the Croydon middleweight, knocked out Geoff Heath, Worcester, in the second round at Northampton. Jim Wellard, Northampton, knocked out Darkie Sullivan, Derby, in the third round of a middleweight bout. Nat Thomas, Grantham, stopped Roy Davies, Spratton, in the fourth round.

Ken Loban, Jamaica, outpointed Derek Alexander, Willenhall, over eight rounds of a cruiserweight contest at Walsall. Eric Skidmore, Wednesbury, outpointed Wal Burgoyne, Oldbury, over six rounds. Ken Davies, Stalybridge, outpointed Jack Swevalls, Holland, over six rounds.

Johnny Flannigan, Whitburn, scored a good points victory over Hugh Smith, Sunderland, after eight rounds at Edinburgh. Jim Dwyer, Glasgow, outpointed Eddie Carson, the Scottish bantamweight champion, over eight rounds. Jock Bonas, Edinburgh, outpointed Chris Kelly, Liverpool, in an eight-round featherweight contest. Jim Scott, Edinburgh, stopped Jim Craig, Dundee, in the third round.

Noel Heid, Nigeria, knocked out Hugh McDonald, Glasgow, in the fourth round of a heavyweight contest at Watford. Ken Rowlands, Luton, knocked out Ted Dexter, Bradford, in the second round of a middleweight contest. Gus Grubb, Glasgow, knocked out Ken East, Watford, in the sixth round.

Vic Herman, Glasgow, gained a good points win over Tino Cardinale, Italy, after eight rounds at Paisley.

Aaron Joshua, India, defeated Johnny Molloy, St. Helens, in the first of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Stadium, Liverpool. Molloy received a bad cut eye. Vince Marshall, Manchester, kayoed Morry Jones, Liverpool, in the second of a scheduled eight-round affair. Alf Bentley, Liverpool, knocked out Alf Smith, Manchester, in the first of an eight-rounder. Tommy Mason, Liverpool, outpointed Frankie Warburton Chorley over four rounds.

Tony Lord, Liverpool, outpointed Mac Joachim, India, over eight rounds at Cheltenham. Denny Dawson, Sheffield, outpointed Ivor Simpson, Basingstoke, over eight rounds, while Freddie King, of Wandsworth, drew with Hugh Mackie, British Guiana over six rounds. Stan Hooker, Croydon, outpointed Johnny Ling, Doncaster, over six. Wally Beckett, Carshalton, kayoed Terry Fear, Pontypool, in the fourth of a six-rounder.

Jimmy Pearce, Middlesborough, stopped Glyn David, Wales, in the seventh of a ten-rounder at Middlesborough. Laurie Morrow, West Hartlepool, outpointed Pete Harvey, Pontefract, over six rounds. Ernie Vickers, Middleborough, outpointed Denis Rowley, Wales, over six. Ronnie Redburn, Billingham, knocked out Paddy Wallace, Middlesborough, in the first of a six-rounder. Jimmy Davies, Choppington, knocked out Johnny Marshall, Wolviston, in the first.

Dai Davies, Skewen, defeated Frank Kelly, Liverpool, in the sixth of an eight-rounder at Neath, Wales. Tommy Davies, Cymgorse, outpointed Ron Cooper, Pyle, over ten rounds. Selwyn Evans, Newbridge, outpointed Ken Millard, Llanelly, over eight rounds. Len Anthony, Llanelly, drew with Arthur Thomas, Skewen, over six. Sid Williams, Llanelly, outpointed Eddie Joseph, Swansea, over six rounds.

Billy Daniels, Bow, knocked out Ron Bissell, Rotherham, in the first of a scheduled eight-rounder at Rushden. Johnny Favell, Spratton, kayoed Larry Young, Covent Garden, in the first of a six-round bout. Peter Morrison, Hull, outpointed Alf Clarke, Bow, over six rounds. Johnny Hunt, Northampton, stopped Eric McDonald, Bermuda, in the fourth of a six-rounder. Ossie Wilson, Northampton, and Frank Priest, Northampton, drew over six rounds.

Bobby Boland, Dundee, scored a big upset when he outpointed the reigning British bantamweight king, Danny O'Sullivan, Finsbury Park, over ten rounds at the Earls Court Stadium, London. Boland's win was clear cut, and this, coupled with O'Sullivan's two previous defeats at the hands of Luis Romero, Spain, and Ray Fitton, Manchester, make his forthcoming world's title go with Vic Toweel, Johannesburg, in South Africa, look pretty silly. Alex Buxton, Watford, knocked out Jimmy Davis, Bethnal Green, in the ninth of a ten-rounder. Rod Deamer, Notting Hill, outpointed Joe Beckett, Norwich, over eight rounds. Charlie Tucker, Walworth, defeated Gerry Spears, Barrow, the latter retiring at the end of the third. Neil Phillips, Glasgow, outpointed Johnny Hudson, Covent Garden, over eight rounds. Billy Dixon, West Ham, outpointed Peter Fallon, Birkenhead, over eight rounds Bill Brennan, Doncaster, defeated Noel Read, Jamaica, the referee stopping the bout in the fourth when Read had a badly cut eyebrow.

Ronnie Clayton, Blackpool, defeated Jackie Hughes, Wales, who was disqualified in the fourth of a ten-rounder at Birmingham. Ray Corbett, Birmingham, outpointed Stan Rowley, Wednesbury, over four rounds. Johnny Barton, Lancaster, outpointed Ernie Comley, Oldbury, over eight rounds. Eric Davies, Stourbridge, outpointed Chris Jenkins, Stourbridge, over six rounds. Willie Schagen, light-heavyweight champion of Holland, conceded ten pounds to Jimmy Carroll, Stockport, and drew with him over ten rounds.

Two new British champions were crowned at Jack Solomons' first show of the current season at Harringay Arena, in front of a crowded house.

The first was Randolph Turpin, Leamington, 158, who knocked out the holder of the middleweight crown, Albert Finch, Croydon, 159½, in the fourth of a scheduled fifteen-round contest. The outcome was never in doubt, for Turpin punished Finch severely before applying the coup-de-grace in the fourth session.

In the other title tilt, Don Cockell, Battersea, 174¾, won the vacant cruiserweight honor, when he knocked out Mark Hart, Croyden, 174½, in the fourteenth of a fifteen-rounder. Cockell, who until a month ago was ill with rheumatism, showed remarkable form, and boxed extremely well.

Algar Smith, Stoke Newington, 141¼, nearly came a cropper in his eight-rounder with Alan Buxton, Watford, 138½, for after being way behind in points, he was extremely lucky when Buxton was forced to retire in the fifth round with a badly damaged eyebrow.

Alex Buxton, Watford, 159¾, outpointed George Angelo, South Africa, 157½, over ten rounds at Jack Cappell's Albert Hall promotion. Buxton won by virtue of his dictating the bout throughout. Jackie Braddock, Manchester, 146½, scored another remarkable win when he won a close points decision over Emanuel (Titi) Clavel, France, 147, over ten rounds. Braddock took an early lead, but ran into trouble in the seventh round when Clavel caught him with a beautifully placed right cross. It dazed the Manchester boy and he took two counts of nine before the bell came to his aid. The last three rounds showed Clavel moving more and more ahead, but Braddock's early lead notched him the win. Ray Fitton, Manchester, 120¾, gained a scrambling points win over Theo Medina, France, 120¼, over ten uninteresting rounds. Freddie Hicks, Bermondsey, 119¾ and Eddie McCormick, Deal, 122, fought eight rounds to a draw. Joe Lucy, Mile End, outpointed Vince Marshall, Manchester, 135, over six rounds, while Brian Anders, Brighton, 174¾, knocked out Vic Phayer, Woolwich, 175, in the fourth of a six-rounder.

BOXING IN PANAMA

By Arturo Le Conte

ROCKY McKAY, 125½, Panama's youthful 126-pound champ, belted the daylights out of former world champion Harold Dade, 126½, in a featured ten-round mill. Rocky had the gathering hurling their hats away from the opening clang when he covered Dade with a three-minute salvo of flying thumps. In the second chapter, Dade was forced to take an eight-count under a tigerlike attack launched by Rocky.

Rocky again went to work in the third and had the former world champ again on the deck for an eight-count. In the fourth, Rocky confined his great talents to boxing only and in the fifth he went on his typical slugging spree and had Dade on the canvas for the third time.

With the sixth going to McKay by a wide margin, little Dade bounced back, taking cantos seven, eight and nine, but in the tenth, "The Rock" rolled in fine fashion, forcing his foe to give ground. McKay's win over Dade was his fifth straight during 1950.

His victims for the year are Tolentino Diaz, Kid Zefine, Francisco Colon Garcia, Federico Plummer and Harold Dade.

In an eight-round go, Kid Allen took the measure of Silvester Wallace in a lightweight toss-up and Leslie Thompson whipped Ampudia II.

This writer's address is: The *Star and Herald* Co., Arturo H. Le Conte, Apartado 159, Panama City, Panama.

ARUBA, N.W.I., RING NEWS

By Jimmy Lambert

AFTER a two months' vacation touring the United States on my home furlough, yours truly returned to Aruba just in time to witness the return of boxing after a lapse of over a year. However, judging from the very poor attendance and the exceptionally poor decisions given on this card, it may have also been the end of boxing in Aruba.

The Phillipsburg Sporting Club really went all out to make the card a great success, but with lack of cooperation from the sporting public, the club wound up in the red again.

Damaso Pereira, 156, Venezuela, versus Young Carpentier, 151, Aruba, were the contestants in the main event of ten rounds, and though Pereira easily outpointed his inexperienced opponent, the two judges awarded the fight to Carpentier to the amazement of the entire crowd and press writers.

Sugar Boy Nando, 155, St. Martin, took a big step forward by easily outboxing Slipping Tiger, 159, Curacao, in the eight-round semi-final.

In the other preliminaries, Baby Atomic Bomber, 148, Venezuela, made it two in a row when he easily outscored clownish Kid Bugla, 148, St. Lucia, in a six-rounder.

Ray Convey, 136, Saba, put on the best performance of the evening when he stopped highly-touted Kid Pepsi-Cola, 136, Aruba, in the second round by a T.K.O.

In the opener, Smiling Joe, 122, St. Martin, won a close decision over Kid Atlas, 131, Bonaire.

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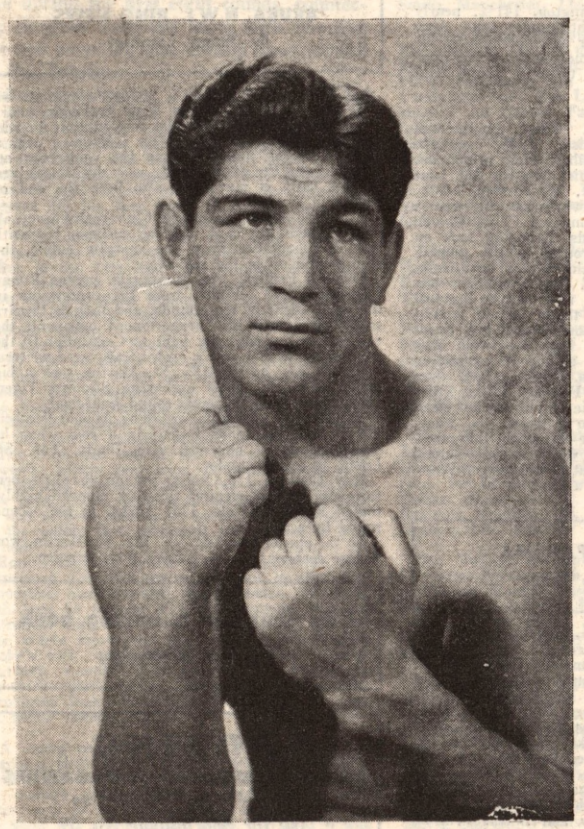
CONTINENTAL CLOSE-UP

By CHARLIE PARISH

Mitri replaced by Ritter as Paris favourite—Danish stars seeking work with rival promotor—Peter Mueller hits the jackpot—Jean Stock loses prestige—World title bout planned for Sweden—Return of Stan Reypens—Gas and hot air at the Palais des Sports.

THE sensational victory of French middleweight Claude Ritter over the highly-touted Tiberio Mitri in Paris recently struck a deadly blow at the Italian's prestige in Europe and America. Ritter, who is 25 years old, has been mixing with top-grade men for the past three years, but it was first in 1949 that he began fighting regularly in the middleweight division. He is by no means a wonderman, and has been defeated twice by Kid Marcel, twice by Jannilli, as well as by Bobby Dawson, the coloured American, at present domiciled in the French capital. After making a successful Spanish tour in 1948, Ritter was tabbed as a likely prospect for French welter honours, but on his return to France the Parisian was flattened inside one round by Gus Degouve, and was then beaten successively by Omar Kouidri, Soldevilla, and Kid Marcel, and wound up the season by losing to Titi Clavel in a bout for the welter title. Since joining the middleweight ranks, Ritter has enjoyed much better fortune, however, and confirmed the good opinion held by his mentor, Louis Cop n, when he beat Luc Van Dam in Paris, early 1950. Mitri must have figured to be on a soft touch, as Ritter has no claims to a title of k.o. king, and Mitri has been proved an excellent glove artist who shows up best against men with little science —and no murderous punch. Sceptics are whispering that Mitri fully intended to lose the fight against Ritter in order that Jim Norris and the I.B.C. of New York might lose interest n holding the Italian to that tiresome five-year contract which they hold on his services. Whatever the reason, Mitri has not shown himself exactly overjoyed with the contract since his return from America, where he can hardly become the tremendous favourite he was in Paris and in other European fight capitals The fact that Ritter's manager received an offer from America for a title fight with Jake La Motta would seem to prove that the Italian cannot have been such a big draw Prior to the bout with Mitri, incidentally, Ritter was extremely anxious for a shot at the French middles title, held in the capable hands of Kid Marcel, who is quite able to beat the Parisian battler for a third time, if necessary. After his victory over Mitri, Ritter's interest in the French crown suddenly evaporated, despite his nomination as official challenger.

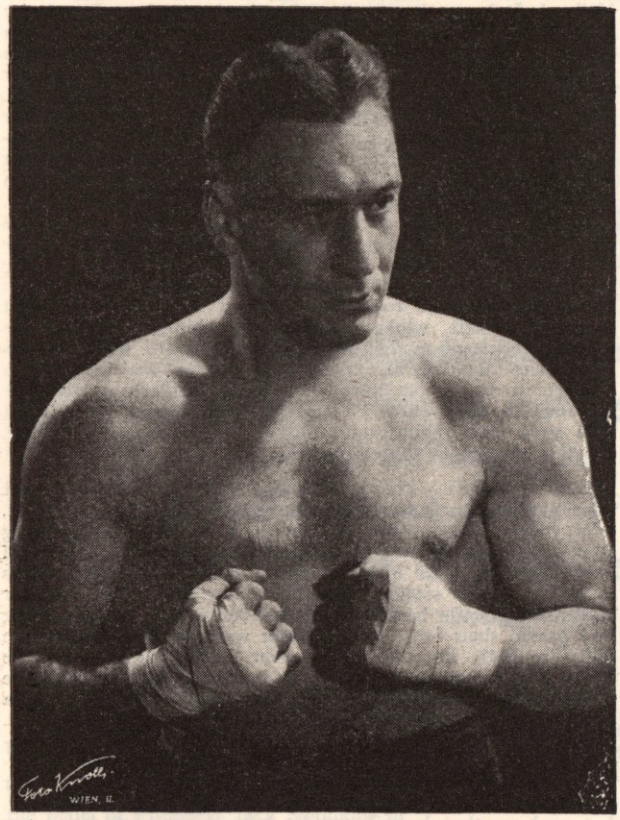


Pride of the Rhineland is Peter Mueller, hard punching middleweight.

Another fighter in France is likewise feeling the draught after losing unexpectedly—Bobby Dawson. The American negro had enjoyed as much hero-worship in Parisian rings as had Tiberio Mitri, but one defeat, at the hands of Jean Stock, changed all that. French fight scribes who had previously lauded the coloured fighter to the skies have no good word to say for Dawson to-day. Reason? He has dropped out of fashion. The smart set who gather at the big shows in the Palais des Sports do not necessarily mind if their favourite drops a verdict, but he must continue to show original talent, something both Dawson and Mitri were completely lacking in their recent defeats.

The great success enjoyed by Bernard Madsen, the Copenhagen promoter, has put the rival Danish promoting firm of Christensen and Thalbitzer temporarily out of the running. Madsen, as mentioned previously in these pages, has only been organizing programmes for three years, whereas his opposite numbers have been in operation for the past 27 years. Christensen has several good fighters in his team, including Svend Wad, a good lightweight, Christian Christensen, hard-punching welter, and the square-built, rugged Erik Jensen, who campaigns as a cruiser. Wad and Jensen are undefeated to date, whilst Christensen lost one bout in the paid ranks to the Flying Finn, Yryoe Piitulainen In order to get work for these fighters, Christensen and Madsen have got together in pairing up fighters from both stables, with Danish championships as the prize Thus Martin Hansen and Christensen met for the middleweight title, and it is intended to match Svend Wad with Joergen Johansen for the lightweight crown. There have been no Danish national champions since the war, due to the small number of professionals in competition.

Peter Mueller, the current German middleweight champion, has caused rather a furore in international circles during recent months by his convincing wins over first-class imported talent. Next to Hein ten Hoff and Conny Rux his name is probably the most familiar of the present crop of German fighters, and he hopes to be right on the champion's doorstep when the E.B.U. authorises Germans to compete for European honours. Mueller was born in Cologne 23 years ago, commenced boxing for cash in 1947, during which year he lost two bouts out of 14, and the following year was undefeated in 10 contests. Most of his victories were scored via the quick route, and in 1949 he captured the middleweight title from Carl Schmidt, who was disqualified in the third round Two months later, in July, he was surprisingly knocked out in defence of his title by Hans Streu, and as he had previously been flattened by Dieter Hucks in one round, Mueller's name began to lose its magic value From his early days in the ring the Cologne fighter had sought to amuse the crowd in the Max Baer fashion, which earned him the title of "the Cologne Ape." However, after marrying the daughter of Jupp Thelen, Cologne's ace promoter, later in 1949, Mueller took a grip on himself and sought to rid himself of the nickname. One gentle-



The Austrian giant, Kurt Schiegl, anxious for a second chance in British rings.

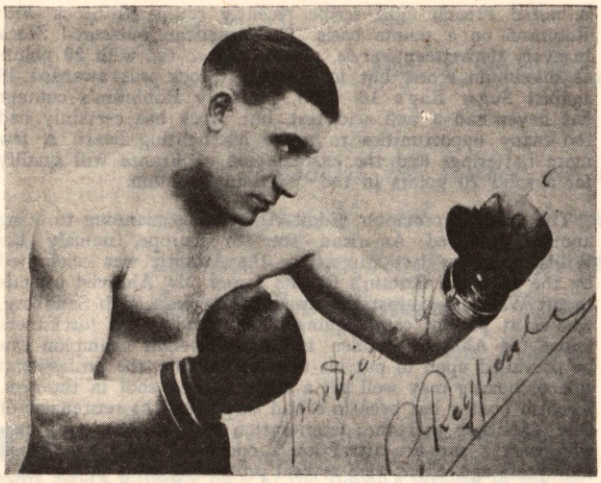
man was slapped in the eye for using the term in his presence. The year 1950 brought such fine performances from the Rhinelander that he is now one of the most popular and sought-after boxers in Germany. Mueller kicked off with a points win over Schmidt, then a series of kayoes over Schneider, Raadschelders, etc., a victory over Serge Barthelemy and a quick but unsatisfactory win against Ken Stribling of America. In September last, Mueller recaptured the German title, winning it back from Stretz with a third-round knockout. Stonewall Jackson was then despatched so quickly that he sailed back for America after the fight, whilst Jean Wanes and Gilbert Stock were outpointed, and Marini was battered into submission in six rounds. To-day, Peter Mueller is the recognised ace drawing-card of Cologne, which may be described as Western Germany's fight capital. Providing he continues to concentrate on his profession, he will very shortly be mixing with the elite.

Seldom has a fighter captured the imagination of the Continental sport-enthusiasts to such an extent as Ray Robinson. The aimiable Sugar has hardly been allowed one moment's privacy since his arrival in France recently, and his every remark, opinion, and activity has been carefully reported to the general public. He has been photographed at the golf links, in the street, at night clubs, and even in consultation with mannequins regarding the purchase of clothes for his attractive wife, but very seldom has he been pictured with the gloves on. Main reason for this is the fact that Robinson sparred only three rounds for his bout with Jean Stock, whereas the French slugger participated in no less than 100 rounds. However, the Sugar was on to a soft touch when he tackled Stock, who has seldom been able to stop an opponent with one punch. The Frenchman's chief weapon has been his hitherto enormous capacity for soaking up punishment until the other man tired from his own efforts. Then Stock would elect to carry the fight to his adversary and wear him down with heavy clouts to the body. Naturally, no individual can continue to absorb punches like a schoolboy collecting stamps without showing the effects in due course. Of late, the ex-stevedore has been very much on the losing end, and his bouts against Omar Kouidri and the light-hitting D'Ottavio were not sufficient to warrant a bout with a murderous hitter like Robinson. Stock got the bout solely on the merits of his surprise win against Bobby Dawson, who was so hopelessly off colour against the Frenchman that he was accused of having sold the fight or having spent several weeks on the ran-tan.

A noted French fight scribe recently compared Stock with Robinson on a points basis. The American outscored Stock in every department, style, punch, and so on, with 20 points as maximum score, but for courage, Stock was awarded 19 against Sugar Ray's 16. Well, probably Robinson's courage has never had a real acid test, but Stock has certainly had too many opportunities to prove his fighting heart. A few more batterings and the ex-champion of France will qualify for a solid 20 points in the "used-up" column.

The Swedish promoter, Eddie Ahlqvist, is planning to bring another coloured American star to Europe, namely Ike Williams, whose last trip across the Atlantic was celebrated by the defeat of Britain's Ronnie James Mr. Ahlqvist intends to pit Williams against the Swedish-American, Bob Sandberg, who is at present campaigning in the land of his forefathers under the Ahlqvist banner If the lightweight champion can be prevailed upon to put his title on the line, the professional side of boxing may well get a much needed shot in the arm. Swedish boxing has been in a bad way since the retirement of Olle Tandberg and the deterioration of Elis Ask, two men who were a sure-fire attraction a couple of years ago. Some four years ago, there were several promoting firms in the field, and the emergence of such men as Tandberg. John Nilsson, Nisse Andersson, Ask, Raadik, and Piitulainen, made the Swedish man-in-the-street fight conscious to a high degree, but the rapid defeat of Nilsson by Freddie Mills, the reluctance of Woodcock to defend his European title against Tandberg, and the recent defeats of Elis Ask in America have contributed to the present apathy of the public Eddie Ahlqvist, who is simultaneously promoter, manager, sports journalist, and publisher, still has faith that the palmy days of three or four years ago will return Permission must be obtained from the police before a boxing match can be arranged, and in Malmoe there has been a ban against pro. boxing since the unfortunate death of Jacques Beneto (otherwise Jack Bennett) following

Francis Bonnardel, French feathers champion, who wishes to avenge his defeat by Cerasani.



Stan Reypens, Belgian Welter on the comeback trail.

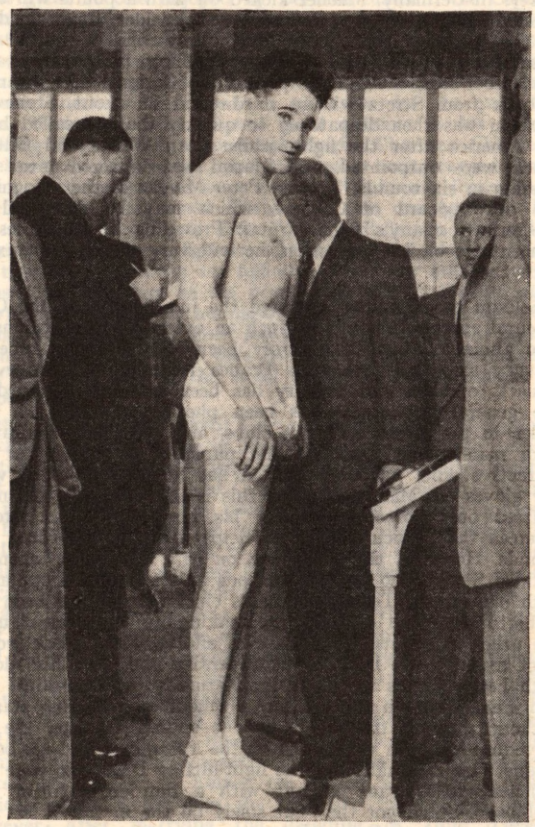
his knockout by the Finn, Oiva Purho. Therefore Swedish boxers must gain their ring experience slowly, being less fortunate than their Danish colleagues, who are certain of some eight fights a year at least.

Making his way back to the top class is the one-time Belgian welter champion, Stan Reypens. At the commencement of 1950 he dropped his laurels to the hard-hitting Emile Delmine, and then suffered defeat at the hands of Alois De Wulf, whom he had previously stopped. After these consecutive setbacks, Reypens dropped out of circulation, and he was written off by most as a rocket which had quickly burnt out. However, this season he has come through with several convincing wins against good material, such as Bruno Marostegan, of France, Franco Peiro, of Spain, and Etienne Delannoit, brother of the more able Cyrille. Boxing got into Stan's blood at an early age; always interested in the sport he had the opportunity of watching one of Europe's best welters, Felix Wouters, in training at his native village of Herenthout, near Antwerp. Wouters had been mobilised at that time (1939) and encouraged the youngster to assist in his training. The occupation put an end to Reypens pugilistic progress, but immediately after the cessation of hostilities, the young Belgian got in touch with Wouters, who recommended him to contact Jean Swevers, manager of Wouters prior to the war. Swevers took the youngster into his amateur team and had the satisfaction of seeing Reypens carry off the Belgian amateur title in 1946. Stan joined the paid ranks in the following January, and lost one bout during that year to Camille Milo, whom he knocked out later in their return clash. His first real success was the winning of the Ghent welter competition in 1948, when he knocked out the current Belgian title-holder, Delmine, in six rounds. In March, 1949, he stopped Willy Wimms in 10 rounds to become the new Belgian welter champ., and commenced to operate in the international field. He won over Pierre Le Mentec, Charles Humetz, stopped Milo, and flattened the experienced Fernand Demeyer. In 1950 his first victim was the blond French star, Gilbert Ussin, who was beaten on points, and six days later Reypens dropped the duke to Eddie Thomas at Abergavenny over 10 rounds. This defeat appeared to put the Fleming out of gear, for he suffered a bad reverse at the hands of Emile Delmine, the elegant but fragile new champion, who won in the 10th round. Reypens has taken a new lease of life, however, and appears to be rising like a phoenix from the ashes at the time of writing. He still has a good run in front of him—he was born at Herenthout on November 28th, 1923, and a summary of his record makes impressive reading. Out of 35 bouts disputed he has dropped only four decisions, with one bout drawn. Stan's immediate objective, of course, is a crack at his erstwhile conqueror, Emile Delmine, with the Belgian title on the line. Both men carry the necessary weapons to bring in the crowds, a knock-out punch and a fighting heart.

Boxing managers are notoriously glib at inventing the odd excuse to explain away the defeat of one of their boxers. They are seldom taken seriously unless manager and fighter have returned from an unsuccessful bout outside the national boundary. French boxers suffer especially from this persecution complex, it would seem, as recent comments in the Parisian press give one to understand that a French battler cannot win a bout in Britain, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Holland, Italy, or Denmark, unless he beats the ref to it by kayoing the native son. For example, Gilbert Stock loses on points to Peter Mueller in Germany; according to the French press and Marcel Josie, manager of the Stock brothers, Mueller entered the ring eight pounds heavier than the Frenchman. The official weigh-in, though, showed Stock to be about four pounds the heavier! The mentor of Pierre Montane would appear to be more subtle in his approach. Following Montane's poor showing against Sadok Bahri, manager Huat claimed a million francs damages from the promoter at the Palais des Sports, Gilbert Benaim, as a gas leak in the lightweight champion's dressing-room had fouled the air and caused Montane to be lethargic in the ring. His chief witnesses, however, were reluctant to support Huat's far-fetched theory; Tiberio Mitri had used the same room and claimed he detected a faint aroma of violets, whilst even Montane himself chose to be flippant. Lack of evidence compelled Huat to withdraw his allegations; besides, Mr. Benaim is hardly the gent for a manager to be at cross-purposes with, particularly as Montane was due to meet Billy Thompson for the European title at that very same fightdrome. But it will be long before Mr. Huat is allowed to forget the affair.

Boxing Briefs.—Mr. Jack Breckler, the Luxembourg fight expert who managed several champions during recent years, tells your correspondent that most of the old Luxembourg stars are in a good way of business. Emil Konter runs a hotel in Echternach, Mike Maurer, the durable heavyweight, works in an ambulance station, and Jim Graser runs a pub. Maurer and Konter made half-hearted come-backs after the war, but had passed their best, whilst Graser was due to meet Freddie Mills in 1947, but the bout never transpired . . . Jan De Bruin has had offers to fight out in Argentina, providing he could defeat Claude Ritter; this De Bruin achieved by a narrow margin . . . Billy Smith, who trained Breitenstraeter, Hein Domgoergen, and Besselmann, has died in a concentration camp in the Eastern Zone of Germany . . . Since winning the European title from Terry Allen, the Belgian star flyweight, Jean Sneyers, has been kept very busy in the ring. Let us hope that he will not be burned out with too many fights, as was Cyrille Delannoit a couple of years ago . . . Three Frenchman we predict to be favourites for next season are the ex-amateurs, Raymond Degl'Innocenti, heavy; Maurice Vallet, middle; and Jacques Bataille, feather.

Charlie Parish.



Franz Ehringer weighs in prior to his successful bid for the Luxembourg middles title.

I HAVE BIG HOPES OF JACK GARDNER

By JAMES BUTLER

New British heavyweight champion can lick Savold—Johnny Williams is in the running again—Sugar Ray Robinson unbeatable at his weight, but would he have held Kid Lewis, Jack Britton and Mickey Walker?—They must teach Jim Kenny the art of in-fighting—Danny O'Sullivan not good enough for Vic Toweel.

JACK GARDNER'S businesslike victory over Bruce Woodcock before 18,000 fans at Britain's largest boxing hall—Earls Court—has completely altered the plans of Promoter Jack Solomons in the New Year Gardner's overwhelming victory is indeed a tonic to British boxing, but neither Solomons nor many of the experts reckoned the ex-Guardsman from Market Harborough would win the British and British Empire title so easily. Woodcock, in spite of set-backs against American heavyweights, was considered to be too experienced and too heavy a hitter with his speedy right for the challenger, who could hardly be termed much more than a novice.

Yet here was the moustached Gardner standing up and outboxing his experienced rival. We had expected Bruce to be confident and Jack a little overawed. Instead, Gardner came out almost cockily, and it was Woodcock who backpedalled, hiding his jaw behind his left shoulder in the manner adopted when facing the likes of Savold.

Gardner began by outboxing the champion, sticking out his left like a piston, but onlookers still thought Woodcock was waiting the opportunity to whip across the right. Followers of the Doncaster heavyweight were certain Gardner would go out like a snuffed candle once the right got going.

Bruce got his right going in the sixth round. Time after time he cracked "Big Jack" on the chin, but Gardner didn't even halt in his stride. He stuck his left in Woodcock's face and surprised many of us with the accuracy of a left hook which did more than any other punch to beat Woodcock.

After the seventh round even Woodcock knew his championship days were numbered. He certainly revealed himself as a beaten fighter when, after catching Gardner with a series of good punches, he laughed pathetically as Jack, not even shaken, came forward and belted Bruce about the head.

Woodcock's left eye was completely closed, and he had no chance of saving his titles, so at the end of the 11th round retired wisely, because he was in for another good hiding had he continued.

SPECULATION now is going on as to just how good is the new British heavyweight champion. I prefer to see him in other fights before I form too definite an opinion. While he looked good against Woodcock, there is no denying Bruce was but a shadow of the old champion, and it would be fatal to judge Gardner on this one great showing

Jack, however, is only 24, which means he is young enough to learn and improve. At just under 15 stone he is big enough to beat the world, and he seems to be capable of taking a big punch, which is not one of the normal assets of most British heavyweights.

Certainly, he is one of the best prospects we have had—*prospect*, mark you! I prefer him to Phil Scott, Reggie Meen, Jack Petersen, Ben Foord, Tommy Farr, Len Harvey, Jack London, or Woodcock. He has the weight that Petersen and Harvey lacked. He is a better puncher than Tommy Farr, and is tougher than the other fighters I have named.

John Simpson, his manager, tells me Jack is going to take it easy for some months. His trip to South Africa with the Jack Solomons' circus for the big promotion in Johannesburg will do him good There is the long sea voyage, good food, sunshine, and plenty of rest for him, because he will not be taking part in any very serious fighting.

There is, of course, plenty of talk of matching Jack with Lee Savold at London's White City next June for the Solomons' version of the world heavyweight title. Although that match at first looks bad for Gardner, I have a hunch, the British heavyweight would upset Savold, who will be 37 by June, and will only have had two fights in two and a half years and will have slowed up considerably.

Gardner has a great chance of victory. He has no psychological fears of American opponents; is tougher than Woodcock, younger, and more ambitious. I think he could lick Savold once he got over the first three or four rounds.

However, I know Solomons intends to give Gardner a warming-up fight first against an American opponent at Earls Court in March. Pat Comiskey, the big Irishman, who cut Johnny Williams' eye on the night of the Savold-Woodcock slam, has been suggested either for Gardner or in a return with Williams.

WILLIAMS, who made a great comeback by stopping the young American, George Kaplan, the same night as Gardner beat Woodcock, is after a return fight with the new British heavyweight champion Until Williams fought Comiskey I rated him a better prospect than Gardner He was matched with Gardner at Leicester for the right to fight Woodcock, but after this fight was agreed upon he took on Comiskey. What a blunder!

Comiskey beat him mainly by opening a deep gash under his eye, because up to this time Williams had the beating of the big Irish-American heavyweight. This cut not only cost him the Comiskey fight but, in my opinion, also the Gardner fight.

Johnny went into the ring with the scar very prominent, and he seemed apprehensive of Gardner from the start. On the other hand Jack was confident, and began making a target of the damaged eye from the first gong. He succeeded in opening the old wound almost immediately, and Johnny was in trouble again.

Williams made a wonderful rally, and almost stopped Gardner, but Jack recovered and went on to win a narrow decision. Williams was so exhausted by his efforts that he was taken to hospital, and some folk feared he would be finished as a fighter. He showed this to

be wrong information against Kaplan, although, of course, Kaplan, is no great fighter.

Certainly, Johnny Williams is a natural challenger for Gardner's title when the British Boxing Board of Control call on Jack to defend his championship. And what an attractive match it will be if only half as good as their last fight.

Sugar Ray Robinson took Paris and the Continent by storm during his recent European tour. Many folk are asking if he is the greatest welterweight and middleweight of all time. That is some question! I don't know many fighters of his weight who would have beaten him, but I think fighters like Jack Britton, Ted Lewis, and Mickey Walker, in their prime, would have outgamed him. These boys were really tough battlers, could take everything coming their way, and would then go in and wear the opposition down.

And Len Harvey, as a middleweight, might have tied Robinson up quite a bit. After all, Len was barely 12 stone when he held Walter Neusel, the German heavyweight, to a draw. Certainly, Harvey was not as colourful a fighter as Sugar Ray, but he was a spoiler, and often brought the best fighters in the world to his own way of fighting.

WHAT a pity Jim Kenny, the Scottish featherweight champion, had so little knowledge of in-fighting when he came to London to bid for Ronnie Clayton's featherweight title.

Kenny, only 22, has a good left, and a right that has knocked out many a good featherweight, but he was a complete baby at in-fighting, and how can any boxer expect to win a title without an elementary knowledge of this fighting essential?

My advice to the advisers of Kenny is to give him a good rest, and before he has another fight to hire a good in-fighter to teach him the art at which the Americans always excel. Kenny's lack of knowledge at this side of boxing was hard to believe.

All he did when Clayton came inside was to hold with his left or right. Not once do I recall his striking the clever Clayton in the body. And while he held, the champion, who made the Lonsdale featherweight belt his own property, belted Kenny about the body without mercy, causing the Scot to gasp as he sank left hook after left hook to the body.

Danny O'Sullivan, the British bantam champion, just wasn't good enough to win the world title from the South African, Vic Toweel, at Johannesburg, and was well beaten and forced to retire at the end of 10 rounds after suffering several knock-downs. There could not be any excuse offered for Johannesburg altitude.

It was obvious to me that this world title fight was something of a farce, because O'Sullivan was not impressive when losing to Bobby Boland before leaving for South Africa. And as Boland was stopped in three rounds a few weeks later by Gaetan Annaloro, of Tunis, the chances of O'Sullivan winning the world title seemed slight, and if he had won, both Boland and Annaloro would have had better claims for the title.

Boxing in London is expected to remain quiet while Jack Solomons is in South Africa, and while pantomime on ice continues at Earls Court, but it will flare into activity in a month or so once Solomons returns. Ezra and Braitman, too, who have kept their nursery going at Hoxton Baths, are confident they can put on more attractive shows at the Empress Hall.

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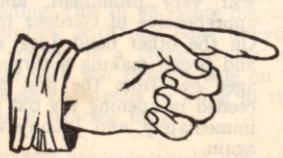

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